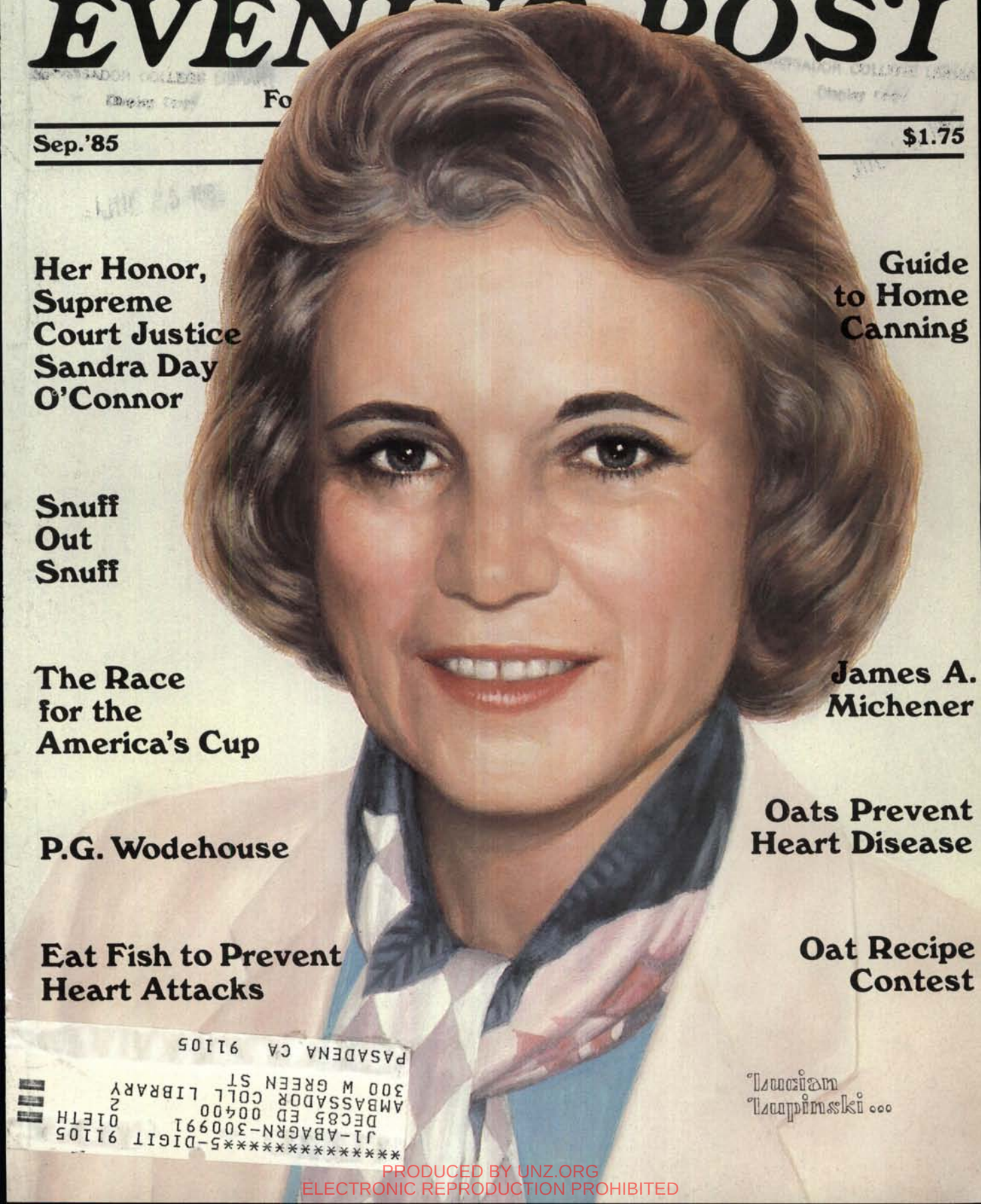
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Sep.'85 $1.75



Her Honor, Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor

Guide to Home Canning

Snuff Out Snuff

The Race for the America's Cup

James A. Michener

P.G. Wodehouse

Oats Prevent Heart Disease

Eat Fish to Prevent Heart Attacks

Oat Recipe Contest

Lucian Lupinski

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BELLS OF THE WORLD'S GREAT PORCELAIN HOUSES

25 original and distinctive bells—each designed and produced by one of the world's most famous porcelain houses exclusively for this collection.

Connoisseurs of the world's finest porcelain bells have always sought to own at least one magnificent object from each of the world's great porcelain houses. For each house has its own hallowed traditions and its own distinctive style. Until now, to assemble such a collection, a person had to seek out each individual source. But now the Danbury Mint is assembling such a collection for you.

A collection impossible to assemble in any other way.

Imagine owning a collection of bells created and crafted by 25 of the world's most renowned porcelain houses. Wedgwood®, Royal Doulton, Spode, Royal Worcester of England. Bing and Grondahl of Denmark. Haviland of Limoges, France. Noritake of Japan. Kaiser and Bareuther of Germany. Royal Tara of Ireland. Gorham, Pickard, Franciscan of the United States. This is what collectors dream of, precisely the right bell from each maker.

Original designs each reflecting the pride of its maker.

Each of the 25 bells in this collection is different, distinctive, unique. Thus the bells are of various sizes, ranging from approximately 3½″ to 5¾″ in height. There are different shapes, different colors, different varieties of porcelain. Each bell reflects the pride and traditions of its maker and, in many cases, the heritage of the particular nation involved.

You will recognize the Wedgwood bell immediately, as it is made from the classic Blue Jasper Ware which Josiah Wedgwood originated back in the 1700s. Typically English will be the bell from Royal Worcester—crafted of incomparable Fine Bone China. Bing and Grondahl of Denmark is producing a bell with their world-renowned blue underglazing. Pickard of the United States has created a bell with a solid wood handle—definitely American Colonial in inspiration.

A solid wood display will be furnished at no extra charge.

Your collection will be one of the highlights of your home, deserving a special place of honor. You will be proud of your handsome solid wood display—the perfect showcase! You will receive it, fully assembled, ready for wall hanging or freestanding display.

An exclusive edition.

To enhance the collection's importance, the bells will not be sold in stores. Nor will they be available individually. They can be obtained only from the Danbury Mint. For production planning purposes, we ask that the attached reservation application be returned by November 30, 1985.

Convenient subscription plan. Satisfaction guaranteed.

You will be pleased to learn that the issue price of each bell is only $29.50. And this favorable price is guaranteed for all 25 bells!

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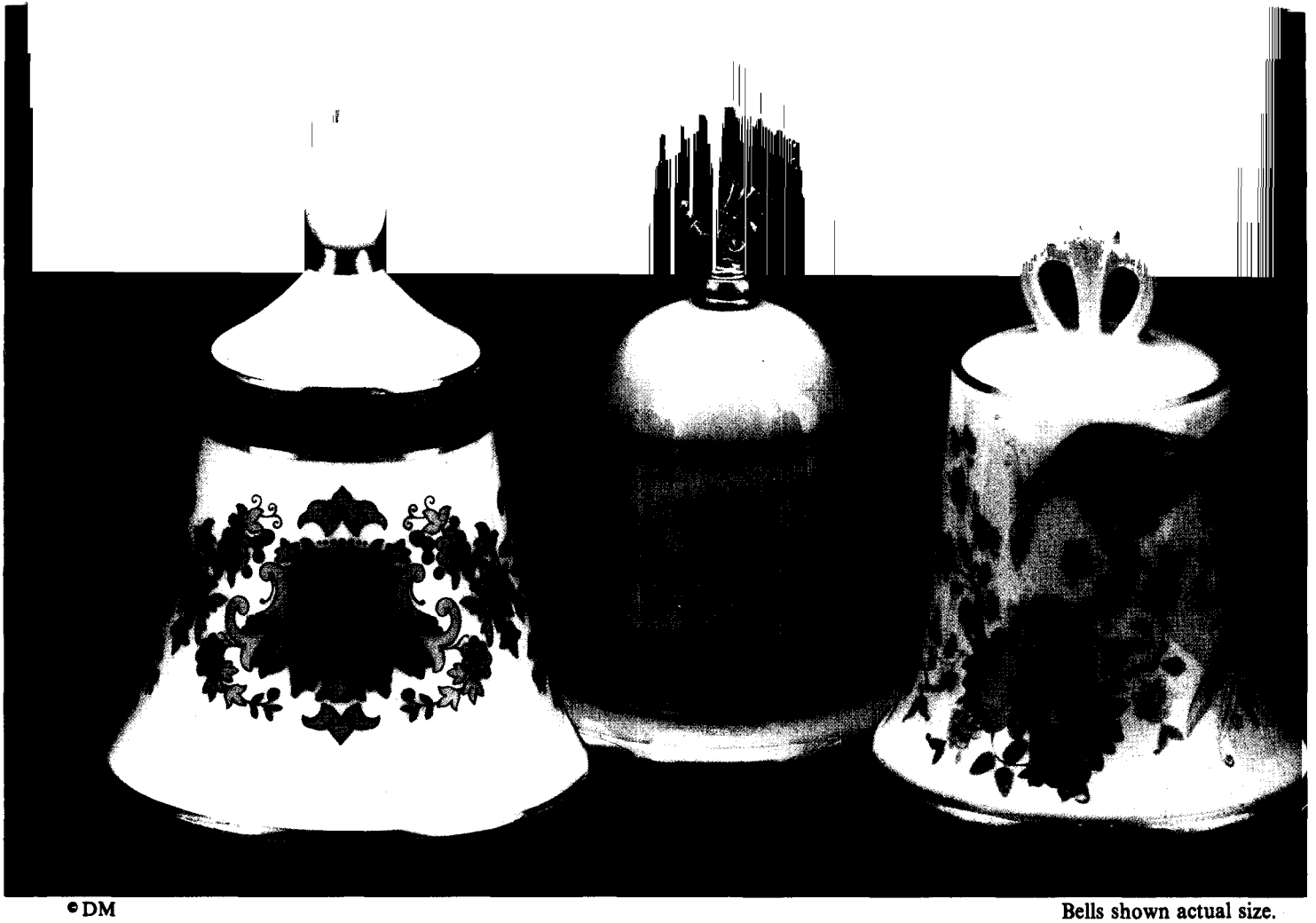

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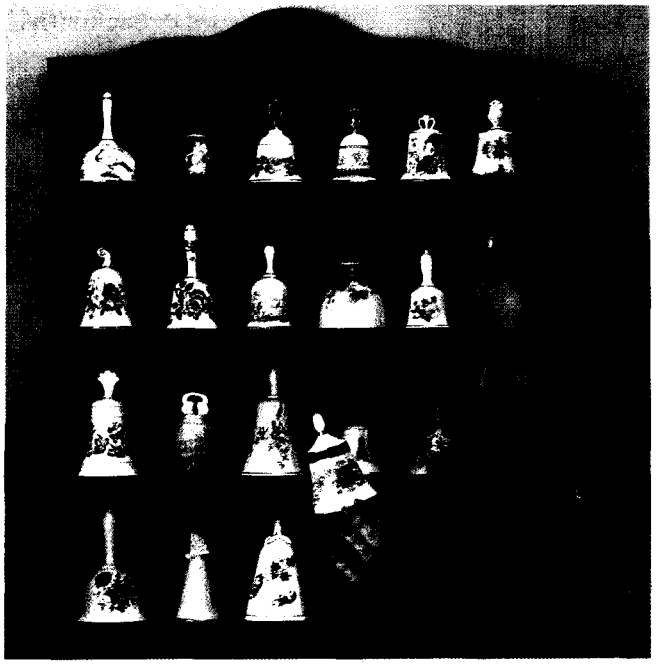
Bells shown actual size.

No payment is needed now. You will receive your bells at the convenient rate of one per month and you will be billed separately for each shipment. As a further convenience, you may have each bell charged, as shipped, to your VISA or MasterCard.

If you should receive any bell you are not entirely pleased with, you may return it upon receipt for a prompt replacement or refund. Naturally, you are free to cancel your subscription at any time.



Shown above is the solid wood display that will be included at no additional charge. Can be used for wall hanging or freestanding display.

To be enjoyed today... and passed on to future generations.

There has never been a more enjoyable, more affordable, more convenient way to acquire beautiful bells from all 25 of these world-renowned porcelain houses. You will be complimented on the scope, beauty, and diversity of your collection. It will be a source of pleasure for you and your family now and for generations to come.

To begin your collection, return the reservation application today. We know you will be delighted!

BELLS OF THE WORLD'S GREAT PORCELAIN HOUSES

M-310

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
P.O. Box 5250
Norwalk, Conn. 06856

Please return by November 30, 1985.

Please accept my reservation to the *Bells of the World's Great Porcelain Houses.* I understand this is a collection of 25 original and distinctive bells, each designed and produced by one of the world's most famous porcelain houses. The collection will be issued at the rate of one bell every month at a cost of $29.50 per bell (plus $2.00 shipping and handling). A handsome wood display will be sent to me at no additional charge.

I need send no money now. I will pay for each bell as billed on a monthly basis. Any bell I am not completely satisfied with may be returned upon receipt for replacement or refund, and this subscription may be cancelled by either party at any time.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check here if you want each bell charged, as it is shipped, to your: ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA

Credit Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

Allow 8 to 12 weeks after payment for initial shipment.

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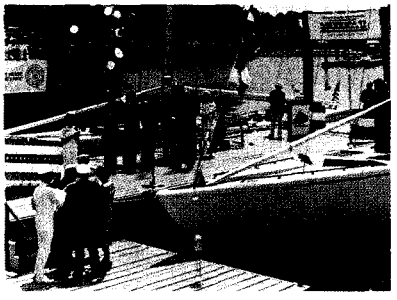

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(Cover painting by Lucian Lupinski)

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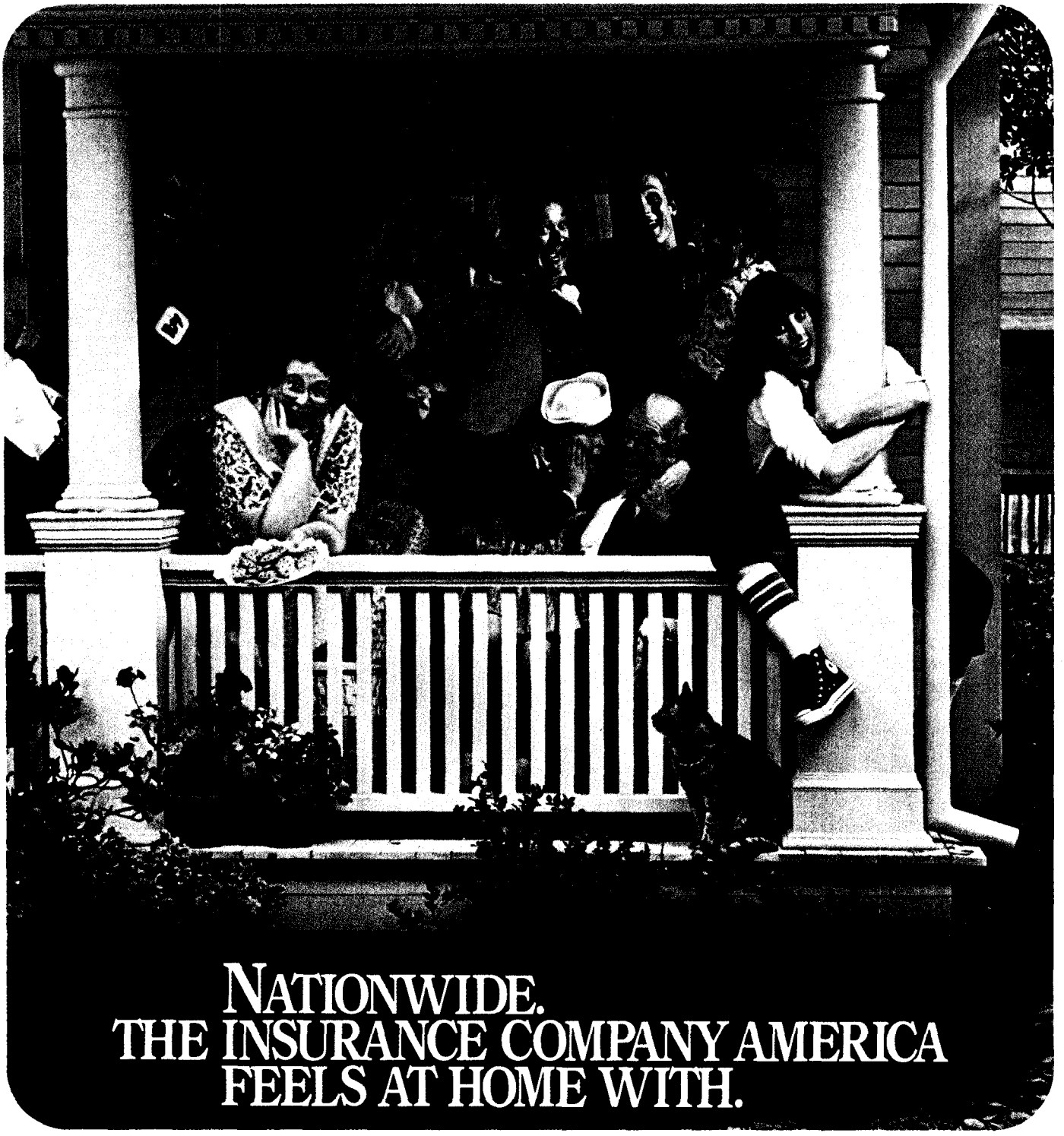

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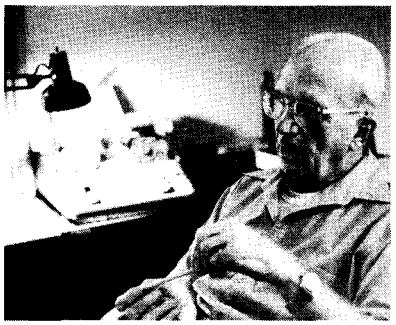

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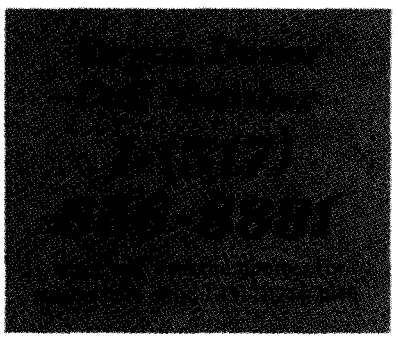

When you have—a transplant organ need, or organs to give—call.

Fiction: P.G. Wodehouse—returns for a round of golf at "Squashy Hollow." **68**

Letters

Neglected Lutherans

While your article on Christian schools contained many interesting facts, it was unfortunate that you omitted reference to the school system of the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod, for it is the largest of any Protestant denomination.

Furthermore, from 1965 to 1983 the number of students increased 15 percent to over 198,000.

Steven Kaatz
Valparaiso, Indiana

Expanded Pupils

I counted 17 students in Mary Sparks' Christian-education class. Dr. Paul A. Kienel's statement about class size being related to academic success is certainly true. As a public-school teacher I have had 33 to 35 kindergarten students all year and have been expected to teach them the letters, sounds and blending, plus numbers, counting, combining and subtracting—not to mention science, social studies, music, art and motor skills, with ethics thrown in for good measure. The amazing thing is that with the help of part-time aides, some excellent parent volunteers, I succeeded. Forty-one percent of the class scored in the *high* area of a nationally normed test, while only 11 percent were in the low area. Think of what I could have done with only *17* students!

Glenda Blackshaw
Ridgecrest, California

Odor-Eater Pills

You asked for further personal experience information. This suggestion could help comfort many concerning the odor of garlic and onions.

Try dicing the cloves to the size of a small pill and then swallowing them with a drink of milk without chewing. This method, I have found, retains all the benefits of pure, unadulterated garlic with no undesirable garlic breath.

Bill Ohlmacher
Anchorage, Alaska

The "Fennel Solution"

I'd like to suggest fennel seed as a breath refresher.

continued on following page

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ANNOUNCING

Goldilocks

by Carol Lawson

The first doll in an enchanting new suite of fairy tale dolls by this renowned British artist.

Crafted in fine porcelain.

Individually hand-painted. $60.

Please mail by September 30, 1985.

Once upon a time there was a little girl who lived in a wonderful world of make-believe. The little girl grew up to become an artist of renown, re-creating that fairy-tale world again and again in some of her finest work.

Now Carol Lawson, for that is the little girl's name, has created her very first costume doll: Goldilocks. Inaugurating a suite of dolls that portrays the most delightful heroines from the world's best-loved fairy tales.

Carol Lawson's Goldilocks is thoroughly enchanting. She has been handcrafted with all the charm and care of the fine collector dolls of yesteryear. Her bisque porcelain head, hands and feet have been sculptured in meticulous detail, and her lovely face painted by hand.

Goldilocks' costume has been designed just for her. With all the special little touches one would expect from a Carol Lawson creation. Notice, the blue satin bow perched atop her golden curls . . . her ruffled pink-and-white polka dot dress accented with tiny satin rosebuds. Even her own pet teddy bear.

The result is a completely entrancing new collector doll that combines the finest craftsmanship with the very special magic of a Carol Lawson original.

Goldilocks is available exclusively from Franklin Heirloom Dolls, and only by direct application. The price for this delightful Carol Lawson doll is just $60—which may be paid in convenient monthly installments.

Each imported doll will bear the distinguishing mark of Franklin Heirloom Dolls and will be individually crafted under their close supervision. Each will be accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity bearing Carol Lawson's signature, together with a specially written commentary about the fairy tale that inspired this lovely work. In addition, a stand will be provided on which to display the doll at no additional charge.

To acquire Goldilocks for yourself, or to present to someone special for Christmas, the accompanying application should be returned by September 30th.

Doll shown much smaller than actual size of approximately 12" in height.

© 198

RESERVATION APPLICATION

GOLDILOCKS by Carol Lawson

To receive in time for Christmas, please mail by September 30, 1985.

Limit: One doll to a collector.

Franklin Heirloom Dolls
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my commission for "Goldilocks," a collector doll of fine hand-painted bisque porcelain designed by the internationally renowned artist, Carol Lawson.

I need send no payment now. I will be billed in 3 monthly installments of $20.* each, with the first payment due when my doll is ready to be sent to me.

**Plus my state sales tax and a total of $3. for shipping and handling.*

Signature _____

ALL APPLICATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

Mr./Mrs./Miss _____

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

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I've been using that. I carry a small plastic (adult cap) medication container in my purse filled with the seed. I just tap out about a dozen seeds in my palm, discreetly tip my tongue to it and go about my way. I don't eat garlic, but I may. I really didn't understand how to eat a clove!

Ruth Holstein
Address Withheld

Ramps Are Champs

I enjoyed Patrick Perry's article on "Garlic and Onions." However, one onion was omitted that is enjoyed by natives of West Virginia each spring. That is called a "ramp" by most people, but in the dictionary it is known as a rampion—resembles a scallion.

My husband attended the ramp dinner per enclosed ad. I like ramps now, but not cooked—even though I enjoy onions prepared any way at all.

Merely thought a future article should include the ramps! Many folks I know look forward to getting ramps yearly, and some cold-pack them for use later in the year.

Nancy Arnold
Blue Ridge Summit, Pennsylvania

Benefits of Garlic

I loved the May/June article by Patrick Perry, "Garlic and Onions: More than Meets the Nose." As Mr. Perry pointed out, researchers in 1944 ". . . experimented with garlic and produced an antibacterial and antifungal oil more potent than penicillin against one form of typhoid bacteria."

I'm writing to report that recent research reported by Moses A. Adetumbi, a doctoral biology student at Loma Linda University, Loma Linda, California, shows that garlic extract is highly effective in inhibiting the growth of the common yeast *Candida albicans*.

And the report describing the Adetumbi research stated: "In a further study, the fungistatic activity of garlic extract was compared with that of [the antifungal drugs] nystatin, griseofulvin and ampothericin B against 17 strains of fungi. Garlic demonstrated a broad spectrum of activity against the 17 fungi strains—and was even more effective than nystatin against pathogenic yeasts, particularly *C. albicans*."

Although *Candida albicans* has been generally considered to be a relatively benign "critter," research studies by Kazuo Iwata, the Japanese mycologist, in the late '60s and '70s show that *C. albicans* produces both high and low molecular weight toxins. Moreover, Iwata's experimental study in mice showed that these toxins can cause profound changes in the immune system and the nervous system, even up to "paralysis of the extremities."

Clinical observations by hundreds of physicians have now shown that a treatment program designed to curb the growth of *Candida albicans* in the gut and the vagina can help countless people with chronic and sometimes "incurable" health disorders, ranging from psoriasis and autism to depression, memory loss and the premenstrual syndrome.

In my own practice, I've been able to help hundreds of patients by using a sugar-free, yeast-free diet and other supplemental nutrients, including linseed oil. Moreover, many of my patients (and those who write to me) report that garlic and garlic extract play a significant role in contributing to their improvement.

William G. Crook, M.D.
Jackson, Tennessee

Wells Refreshing

I wish to commend Holly G. Miller for the fine article she penned on the

reigning Miss America, Sharlene Wells. Ever since Sharlene became Miss America, many popular periodicals and magazines have deliberately attempted, I feel, to negatively exploit Sharlene's characterized principles of integrity. However, in this interesting article Sharlene is presented in a fair, unbiased view by the writer. Again, my compliments to the writer. Indeed she is a strong, intelligent, lovely young woman who fears not the intimidation of many. She's a fine example of purity of the current Miss America title. Undoubtedly the honoring of more exemplary women like Sharlene should be sought after.

Roger G. Quijada
Tucson, Arizona

Lysine Helps

Over the past several years, I have spent a considerable amount of time in the sun. Extended exposure to sun rays caused a "sun rash" to appear on the same spot on my forehead and sun blisters on my lips. It seemed that no matter what kind of lotions and ointments I used, nothing prevented this from happening. Three or four years ago, I happened to read one of your articles about lysine and decided to give it a try. I have been taking 500 mg daily since then—and no more rash or sun blisters! This worked for me, and I am grateful for your advice.

C. James McCormick
Vice Chairman, Golf Hosts, Inc.
Tarpon Springs, Florida

L-lysine and Pregnancy

Would taking L-lysine for herpes hurt the unborn baby if continued during pregnancy?

My granddaughter takes 1,000 units a day—and it has been of great help—but we are worried about taking anything during pregnancy.

Esther Gallagher
Brockton, Massachusetts

Dr. Richard Griffith, professor of medicine at Indiana University, is probably the world authority on the use of lysine. He told us his daughter took it throughout her pregnancy. "Her only side effect was twins," he said jokingly. Nevertheless, the Society would not wish to recommend even a seemingly harmless food element like lysine for a pregnant woman until a great deal of animal research has been done. Our letter follows.

Lysine and Herpes

I am a new subscriber to *The Saturday Evening Post*. As a person who can expect two or three herpes sores on my lips per year, I read with interest the many letters about L-lysine and decided to try it.

I started with only 500 mg per day for several weeks, and when I did

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break out I increased to 1,000 mg. The infection was very much smaller, did not burn or throb and disappeared quickly without the use of other medication. I can honestly say it was the best "blossom" I ever had!

L-lysine really works.

Dorothy H. Muller
Rumson, New Jersey

Food Suspects

Just going through some past issues of the *Post*—Oct. '84—a letter from Harold Sherwin, Spokane, Washington, told about an article in the April '84 issue of *SEP* on arthritis, which suggested the elimination of six suspect foods. He followed the suggestions and was so helped I would like to know what the six foods are. If it is possible, I thank you very much.

I also am a lifetime reader of the *Post* and have been much helped by L-lysine for shingles of the fifth nerve (in the scalp and ears) 27 years ago. I have taken B_{12} injections all this time for comfort from pains in my ears and side of face. The lysine has taken away the pains in my face almost entirely, and I have only taken it about a month —one 500 mg tablet a day. It's great.

I also have purchased the corn meal from my health-food store. I do enjoy your Maynard G. Stoddard stories. We all need more humor in our lives, and he knows how to cheer us along. I look for his stories first.

Alma A. Boeing
La Mesa, California

Thank you for your inquiry. In the article "Arthritis: Are Food Allergies an Answer?" by B.A. Vinocur that appeared in The Saturday Evening Post, *April 1984, Vinocur lists six foods that seem to cause the most problems for arthritis sufferers with food allergies. They are: pork, wheat products, "nightshades" including potatoes and tomatoes, milk, eggs and alcoholic beverages.*

Dangers of MSG

Ms. Timson's letter in the July/August issue called "Glutamate Glut" called attention to a situation that has long been ignored by food processors and the FDA, and I think more of us who suffer severe allergic reaction from monosodium glutamate should make ourselves heard.

I know I have for years read every label on food products and have not purchased anything listing MSG. If there are indeed millions of us, think of the sales the frozen- and packaged-food processors, soup companies, etc., are losing as a result of putting this unneeded chemical in their products.

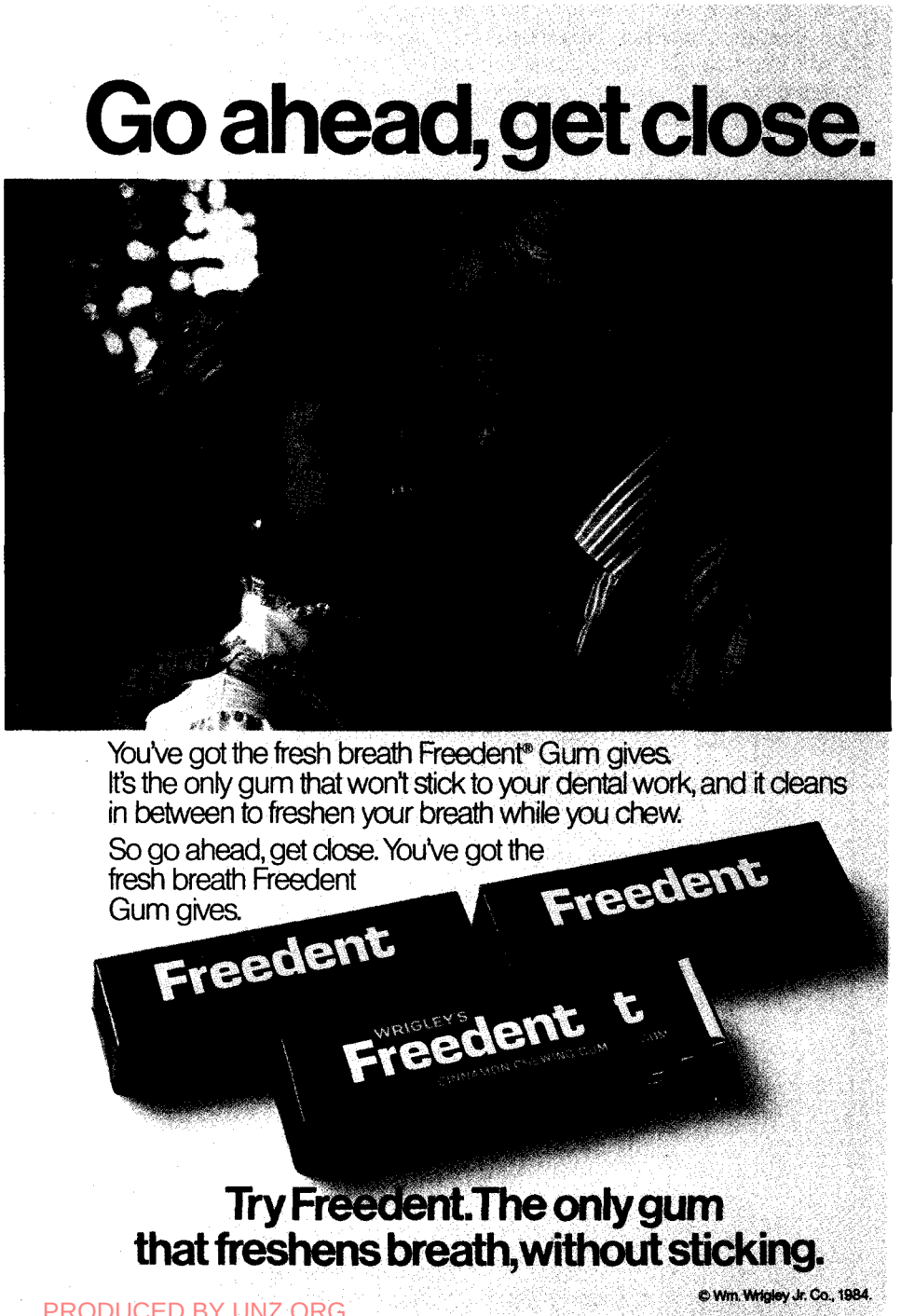
I take a risk of severe edematous reaction every time I eat in a restaurant. No matter how careful one tries to be, MSG appears in salad dressings, pre-prepared, frozen portions (which chain restaurants serve to a large extent) and in dishes such as vegetable plates, etc. I wish I could agree with Ms. Timson that restaurants have stopped using it.

I will second the motion that an article on MSG is long overdue.

Barbara McConnell
Fallon, Nevada

Self-induced Disease

For some time the medical literature has been replete with articles on various aspects of the high cost of health care. One component of the health-care cost equation that is rarely mentioned is the fact that a great majority of the money spent on health care is for self-induced diseases that are largely preventable. Cardiovascular disease, principally coronary


Go ahead, get close.
You've got the fresh breath Freedent® Gum gives.
It's the only gum that won't stick to your dental work, and it cleans in between to freshen your breath while you chew.
So go ahead, get close. You've got the fresh breath Freedent Gum gives.
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Try Freedent. The only gum that freshens breath, without sticking.
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artery disease and stroke, accounts for approximately 50 percent of all deaths in this country and is certainly largely aggravated by smoking and a high-fat, low-fiber diet.

Twenty-seven percent of all cancer deaths are from lung cancer, largely promoted by smoking. Thirty percent or more of all cancer deaths in this country are due to use of tobacco. Likewise, many other cancers are strongly related to the meat, potato-and-gravy, high-fat, low-fiber diet. If one adds to this the problems related to the people killed and injured from drunken driving and the diseases induced by alcoholic beverages, as well as those other diseases such as gall-bladder disease, diverticulosis and diverticulitis (which are highly related to diet), one can readily see that we are going to have a very difficult job containing health-care costs as long as we, as physicians, do little or nothing to educate the people that it is necessary to change their lifestyle and eating habits if they want to avoid these disease processes.

Ira E. Bailie, M.D.
Turlock, California

Chemical Culprits

I have been reading with interest your articles and letters on the subject of tobacco use. I am an ex-smoker, and I remember when cigarettes were generally pure tobacco leaf—Philip Morris, Lucky Strike, Camel, etc. My husband's grandfather died at the age of 84 and always had a Camel cigarette hanging from his lips. He had no cancer or emphysema. In the years before and during WWII one never heard of lung cancer.

It was about the end of WWII that the tobacco companies began adding "tars" and "flavorings" to their products. When cigarettes were filtered, more "tar" and "flavor" were added to overcome the effect of the filters so they would have taste. These additives have been carefully guarded secrets of the industry. Since these ingredients are inhaled into the body, where are the Food and Drug Administration's protective screening and labeling laws?

I suggest that the tobacco additives are the real carcinogenic culprits, rather than the tobacco itself. If my suspicions could be proved, then the tobacco industry is, indeed, guilty of mass murder. In their own defense, they seem to carefully focus their arguments on the tobacco plant. Let's hear what chemicals are being added!

Vinita M. Neff
Organ, New Mexico

Judged for Smoking

Re R.G. Schipf's letter in the April issue: Common sense tells you that Christianity governs your conduct of your body and in the judgment you'll have to answer for smoking. Remember—you don't smoke, the cigarette smokes. You're just the sucker.

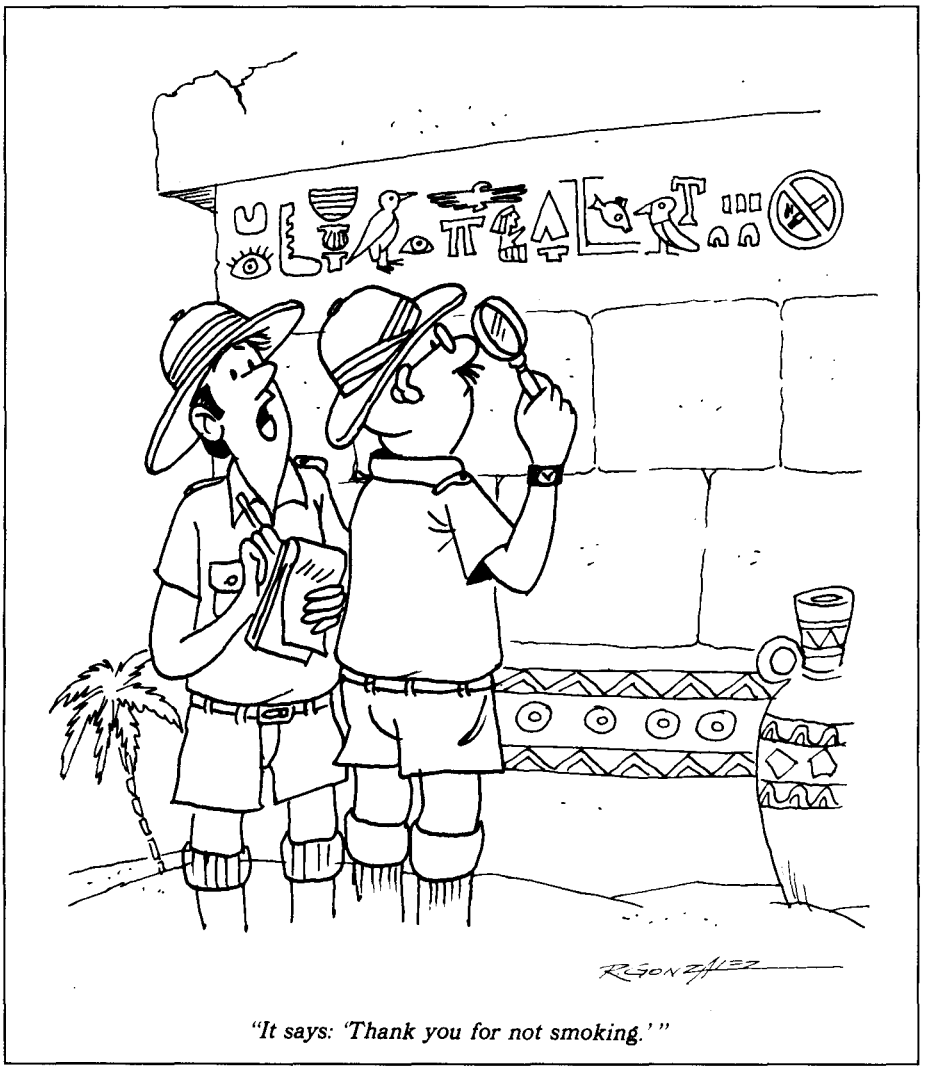
Joseph R. Cooper
Ventura, California

Re "Suing the Tobacco Companies," (Lawrence White, July/Aug. 1985):

I have the deepest sympathies for the survivors of the victims of tobacco abuse. I watched my father turn from a healthy man into a frail, weak, skeletal shadow, due to the effects of almost 50 years of smoking. Even though he did stop smoking several years before he died, the damage had been done. He realized that he had literally caused his own death and was bitterly sorry for using tobacco for so many years. He would not have considered using alcohol or drugs, of course, but it took the doctors years to convince him that he too could be one of the statistics.

About ten years ago, I gave up a two-pack-a-day habit, due largely to the pleas of my little daughter. Even at the age of five or six, she knew smoking could kill. I find it hard to believe that in today's informed society there can be many smokers or "dippers" who are not aware that the use of tobacco can kill.

I would suggest that the survivors of the victims of tobacco abuse turn to their legislators; after all, our federal government subsidizes the tobacco farmers to the tune of millions of our tax dollars. Their ground and their labor could be used to the common good, instead of the ulti-



"It says: 'Thank you for not smoking.'"

continued on following page

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Now you have the opportunity to acquire...

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

PEWTER SCULPTURE

Fully clad in copper from the actual Statue of Liberty

The Danbury Mint is proud to offer a magnificent pewter sculpture of the Statue of Liberty, entirely clad in copper from the actual Statue in New York harbor! *Indeed, a collectible of such meaning, beauty and interest may never come your way again.*

Commemorating the 100th anniversary of the world's most famous symbol of freedom and liberty

In 1886, President Grover Cleveland dedicated the Statue of Liberty, a gift from France honoring our democratic traditions. Today, the Statue of Liberty is being restored. In 1986, her centennial, she will be rededicated. The Danbury Mint is offering this beautiful sculpture in honor of this historic occasion.

Fully clad in copper from the actual Statue of Liberty

As the Statue of Liberty is refurbished, some of the copper must be removed. This has been made available to the Danbury Mint, and is being incorporated into each sculpture. Each will be fully clad in copper which until very recently was part of the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor! Moreover, the copper will be finished to replicate the weathered green patina of the venerable Lady.

Handcrafted with precision in American pewter

Each sculpture is meticulously crafted from rich American pewter, unsurpassed in its dignity. No other metal could have imparted to this sculpture the same noble bearing and stateliness.

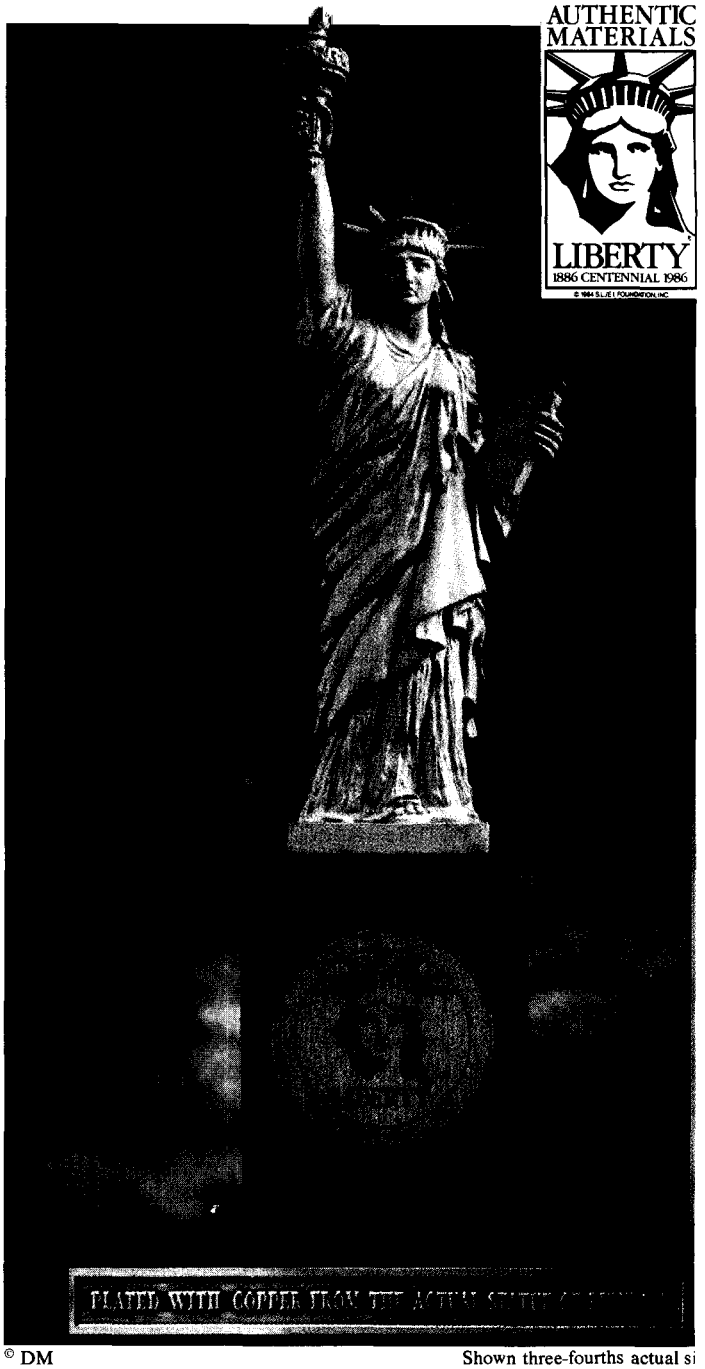
Your purchase contributes to the Statue of Liberty's restoration

You'll be pleased to know that a percentage of the sculpture's purchase price will be contributed to the Statue of Liberty — Ellis Island Foundation, Inc. Consequently, your purchase contributes to the Statue of Liberty's restoration. Accompanying your sculpture will be a Certificate of Authentic Materials, signed by Lee A. Iacocca, the Foundation's chairman.

A meaningful and unique heirloom

The original issue price of *The Statue of Liberty Pewter Sculpture* — complete with hardwood pedestal — is $150. This is an exceptional value when you consider that its authentic copper could make it irreplaceable in the years to come.

You will always be remembered for bringing this magnificent heirloom into your family. Don't miss this once in a lifetime opportunity, send in your reservation today!



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Shown three-fourths actual si

RESERVATION APPLICATION

The Danbury Mint
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P.O. Box 5245
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

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THE STATUE OF LIBERTY PEWTER SCULPTURE

Please return by November 30, 1985.

Please accept my reservation for *The Statue of Liberty Pewter Sculpture*, a pewter sculpture of the Statue of Liberty, clad in copper from the actual Statue. The sculpture comes with a hardwood pedestal at no extra charge.

I need send no money now. I will pay for the sculpture in four convenient monthly installments of $37.50 each, the first being billed before shipment of my sculpture. If I am not satisfied, I may return my sculpture within thirty days for a replacement or refund.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check here if you want each installment charged to your:

☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Credit Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

Allow eight to twelve weeks after payment for shipment.

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mate harm of so many people. It is our right and our responsibility to refuse to use their products, and to educate our children in that direction. If these lawsuits can bring this to the public attention—well and good, but that will not cut the problem off at its source.

Carole J. Drennan
Abilene, Texas

Long Smoky Road

The letters show that a lot of people have their heads on straight concerning nicotine addiction, and if the others had the *Post* and read it they would "pooh pooh" the evidence.

Our food and drug bureaucrats are not doing as they should: Declare nicotine a drug and make it available on Rx only! They are overzealous on quite a few helpful and harmless concoctions under the influence of AMA. They should be insulated from them and from "on the take" congressmen and tobacco lobbyists so the public would have a reliable guide.

If the cigarette tax were raised sky-high, the addicted ones would evolve black market. If the manufacturers were denied advertising in any media they would find a loophole.

Traveling in England last year I saw a billboard: "We are not supposed to tell you how good Winstons taste, so here is straw in lips and on the other end a raspberry." The picture, a soda straw in lips and on the other end a raspberry. English humor, but a loophole.

It will take as long to stop people from smoking as it took to get to this point of addiction.

Curtis M. Kindgren
Orlando, Florida

Jaundiced Jokes

I recently read, with dismay and frustration, the supposedly humorous article titled "You know you're getting older when...", which appeared in the June '85 *Post*. Congratulations—you've managed to keep alive the following stereotypes of aging:

1. Old people are sexless;
2. Old people are inactive;
3. Old people live in the past;
4. Old people are weak and out of shape;
5. Old people are constantly fatigued;
6. Old people are hypochondriacs;
7. Old people are forgetful incompetents.

Do the editors of the *Post* or the writer of this article plan to age? If so, it might be in their best interests to avoid setting themselves up as eventual objects of ridicule. Such "jokes" are an insult to our older generations and about as funny as racial slurs.

Patricia Robinson
Fresno, California

"Is that what you'd call it a slight scheduling mistake?"

Maynard Stoddard Good

Your column of "Letters" is more entertaining than "Dear Abby." I always read it before getting further into my favorite magazine.

With regard to smoking, I finally got off my soapbox. I have learned that people who want to shorten their lives by this method will do it—come hell or high water. So let 'em!

Just promote high-lysine, Maynard G. Stoddard and perhaps a wildlife dish for the man in South Dakota.

Cecelia Phillips
Sequim, Washington

The Best Medicine

This is a simple letter of gratitude for the homey humor of your article "One of Those Days—All Week." I had suffered a heart attack and was confined to my bed in intensive care. Feeling a deep sense of self-pity, completely dehumanized by an array of tubes, monitors, etc., I was hopelessly depressed and frightened.

My Lord Jesus had assured me that I would never be alone. I felt my faith grow stronger, but I'm a very "laughing" person and couldn't find anything in my present situation to even snicker about. I've always believed that laughter is the best medicine, only to discover there was nothing to laugh about.

A volunteer candy striper came in to my room with a selection of magazines and books. I was fortunate to select *The Saturday Evening Post* and turned to your humorous experiences. My smiles turned to wide grins and then to loud laughter.

Finally the nurse rushed to see why my monitor was behaving so erratically. She was armed with an assortment of medical-torture trinkets. After a series of several blood pressure tests and vicious stabbing to replace my intravenous feeding, she replaced the catheter and I settled down.

I will never forget your experiences on the roof. I could actually see the homicidal elm limb attacking you, and your neighbors passing by outwaving you.

Lois' remark, "Are you still up there, dear?" was only too personal—sounds just like my Betty. From the moment I finished reading your article my outlook has brightened and my heart has strengthened. Your brilliant piece of humor stays only an arm's length away from me. I reread the worn pages daily and have any visitors read it also.

Thank you for your gift of laughter.

Jack Festen
Princeton, Illinois

Stoddard Funny

Proverbs 17:22 says "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine. . . ." and my heart is truly merry as each month I wait patiently for the *Post* to arrive so that I can read any articles by Maynard Good Stoddard.

Mr. Stoddard is one of the funniest, wittiest writers that I have ever read. Who could believe a story about a plant from the garden thriving on milk and draining the neighbor's cow next door? Or, peering through the bottom of a Coke bottle to read the bus schedule? Or, finding three of his best neckties hand braided into the rug made by his wife? How is it possible that any one person here on earth could be so funny?

As my husband and I are missionaries here in Mexico, my favorite article was Mr. Stoddard's description of his trip into Mexico. As I read the article and remembered many similar

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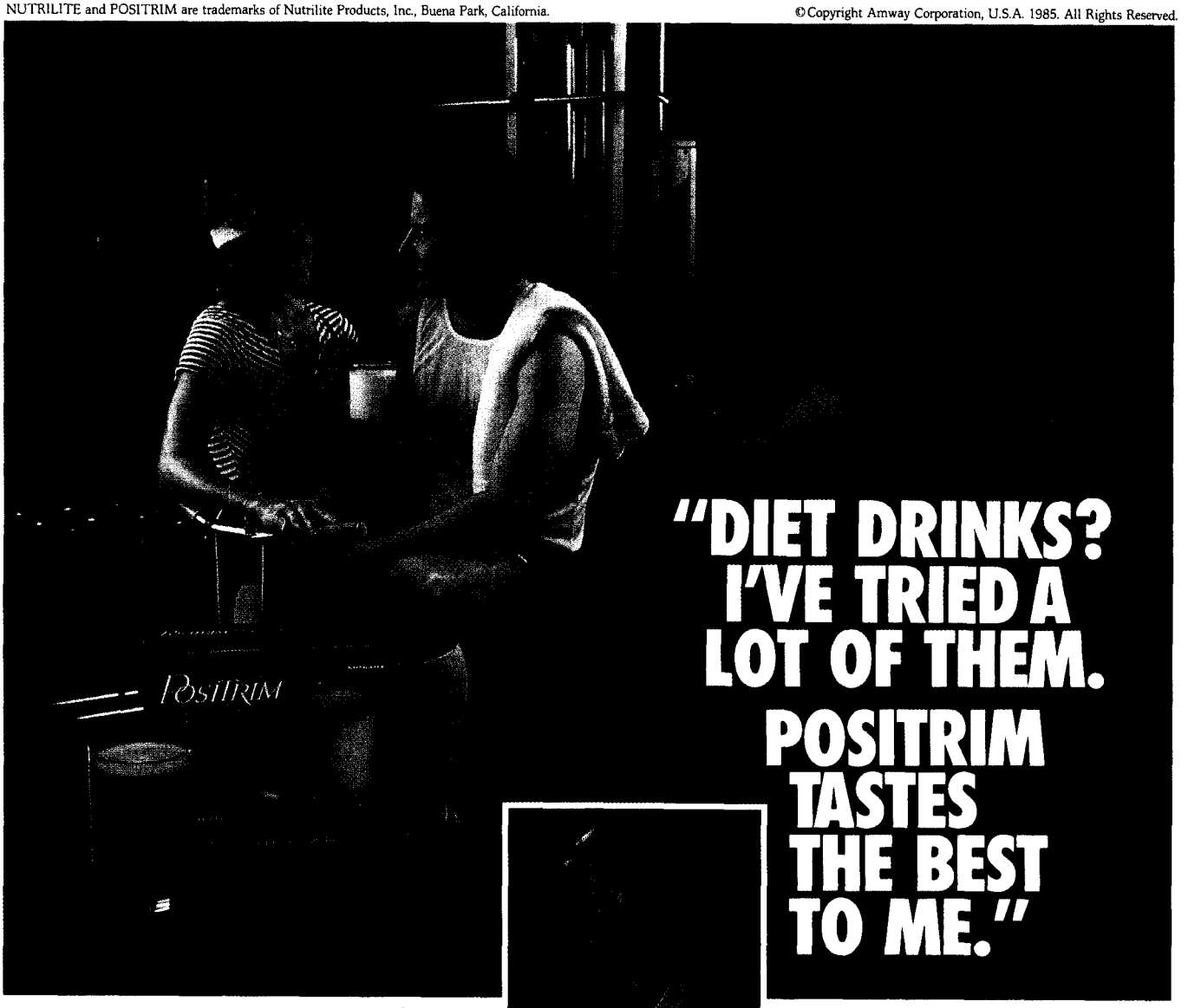
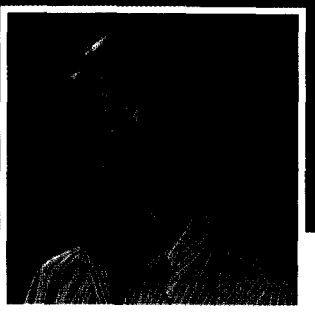


"DIET DRINKS? I'VE TRIED A LOT OF THEM. POSITRIM TASTES THE BEST TO ME."



—Roger Krause, Grand Rapids, Michigan

"POSITRIM™ Drink Mix tastes absolutely great — not like a diet drink at all. And it works! I lost weight and POSITRIM is helping me keep those pounds off.

"Best of all, POSITRIM fits my lifestyle whether I'm at home, eating out or traveling. POSITRIM makes it easy to stick with my weight loss program, and it gives me peace of mind. I know I'm getting the nutrition my body needs, without a lot of unnecessary calories."

Live a healthier, happier life!
For additional help, ask your Amway distributor about the Betterlife Guide to *Weight Control*. It's easy to read, entertaining and offers a personalized approach through behavior modification for long term weight control.

You've tried the others — now try this!

POSITRIM Drink Mix comes in two great flavors — Dutch Cocoa and Vanilla — that make it easy to stick with a weight control program. It tastes so good you'll actually look forward to making it your next meal.

With POSITRIM you *know* you're getting the nutrients you need because each drink is nutritionally complete. Yet POSITRIM has only 280 calories when mixed with 2% skim milk.

A weight control system that works!

POSITRIM Drink Mix is part of the POSITRIM System for Weight Control — a program that is complete, safe and effective. Flexible menu plans with different levels for people of different sizes are included in every POSITRIM Drink Mix package. By following the menus, you can start with a short-term, rapid weight loss program, then go on to reach your long term goal through gradual weight loss. And with the BetterLife Guide to Weight Control, you learn how to maintain your desired weight — the toughest problem of all!

POSITRIM Drink Mix and the POSITRIM System for Weight Control follow the dietary guidelines from leading health organizations such as the American Heart Association, the American Cancer Institute and the U.S. Department of Agriculture. They recommend limited amounts of cholesterol, salt and fat intake (particularly saturated fat) and increased amounts of complex carbohydrates. The POSITRIM System provides a balance of protein, carbohydrates and fat at a daily level of at least 900 calories. A diet below 800 calories per day is considered risky by leading nutrition experts and regulatory commissions.

The POSITRIM System takes guesswork out of eating right! And best of all — you'll lose weight without sacrificing good nutrition or all the foods you really like.

See your Amway distributor today!

Let your Amway distributor introduce you to a system that works. Should you need help in finding a distributor, dial toll-free (except in Hawaii and Alaska, please write from there) 1-800-253-4463. In Michigan, dial 1-800-632-8723. Amway Corporation, Ada, MI 49355. Amway of Canada, Ltd., London, Ontario N6A 4S5. 1-800-265-6026.

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experiences, I laughed and cried until my side hurt.

Lynn Schreiber Crow
Cd. Victoria, Tamps. Mexico

Family Fun

Our family (with children ranging from 6 through 13) thoroughly enjoys your magazine. Some of your humorous articles especially lend themselves to being read aloud, thus providing corporate fun. Thank you very much.

Patricia Souder
Montrose, Pennsylvania

Lively Legend

I read with interest the article "Legends That Will Not Die," especially the part about Babe Ruth.

I was living in Danville, Illinois, (100 miles south of Chicago) in 1932, and the night bellboy at the hotel where I was night clerk and I decided to go to Chicago for the first game of the series at Wrigley Field.

We had seats in the left-center field bleachers. We saw the Babe point to right-center field and then hit the ball that way for a home run. But nothing has ever been written about an incident before that which involved the Babe. When the Yankees took the field at the bottom of the first, Ruth was in left field. He was back close to the brick wall in left talking to fans, and his back was to the home plate. He did not know the inning had started until he heard the crack of the bat, and here came the ball to left field. He turned and caught it on the first bounce. It was an easy out had he not been out of position.

He just laughed and waved to the fans he had been talking to in the bleachers.

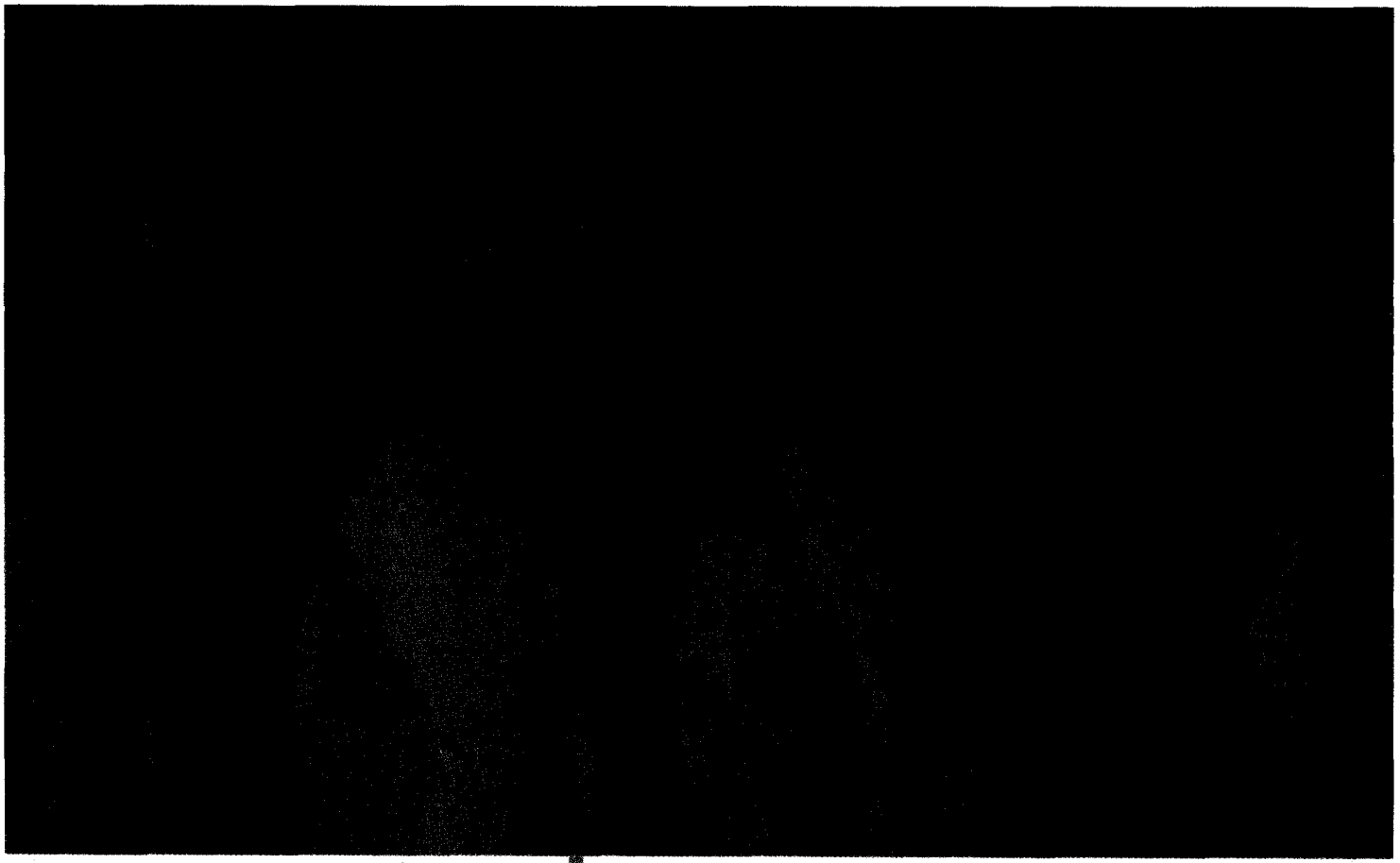
I really enjoyed Mr. Stuller's article. I also really enjoy the *Post*.

Jim Rundle
New Orleans, Louisana

Duggin's Dew Dry

Thanks to Arthur Earle of Toronto for his letter regarding your old series.

I have several "Glencannon" books left by my father and found a "Tugboat Annie" in a bookstore.


Do something about osteoporosis.
Present this coupon when you buy Os-Cal 500 or 250 Calcium Supplement. Your retailer will deduct 50¢ from the regular price subject to terms below.
To Dealer: We will reimburse you for the face value of this coupon plus 8¢ for handling provided that you and the customer have complied with all terms. This coupon is good only when redeemed by you from a consumer at time of purchasing specified brand. The consumer must pay any sales tax involved. Any other use constitutes fraud. Invoices showing purchase of sufficient stock to cover coupons submitted must be shown upon request, and failure to do so may void all coupons submitted for redemption on the offer. Cash value 1/20¢. Offer limited to one coupon per purchase. Void in Canada and Puerto Rico. Mail coupons to Marion Laboratories, Inc., P.O. Box 1623, Clinton, Iowa 52734. COUPON EXPIRES DECEMBER 31, 1986. STORE COUPON
50¢ OFF
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CALCIUM
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500 MG SUPPLEMENT
OS-CAL
250
60 TABLETS
OS-CAL
500
60 TABLETS

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There must be more. You should occasionally publish a list of what is available for us oldies.

My brother, during WW II, had a chance to visit my aunt in Glasgow and made a day trip to Kirkintilloch to see the origins of the famous Duggin's Dew. To his intense disappointment he found that the town was dry as a bone. Another leg pulling from author Guy.

However, it is available. My son brought me a bottle from Florida (bottled in America).

George Dickson
Ocqueoc, Michigan

Teacher's Lesson

As a teacher who has taught hundreds of tobacco-age young people in community colleges and who is now seeing where their so-called welfare allowance (that the babies are supposed to get) really goes, may I congratulate both the *Post* and Lawrence White for your fine article "Suing the Tobacco Companies" (July/Aug. '85).

Your social consciousness may help awaken the poets and writers in our country to do something about a No. 1 drug addiction we have tolerated much too long.

Frank Anthony
Windsor, Vermont

Halley's Comet

Your article "Halley's Comet Is Coming," May/June '85, brings back memories galore. In 1910, Halley's Comet was the attraction of the whole area.

I lived at the corner of Tillie and Hayden streets in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Every night everyone came out to watch it. It was indeed an "experience of a lifetime."

The Wabash and the Pennsylvania railroad tracks were parallel to Hayden Street. We would stand on the bank and have a perfect view. It was a thrill for young and old alike. I was 13 years old. I am looking forward to enjoying this experience again this fall or winter if it is visible in this area.

Ida M. Perry
Harleysville, Pennsylvania

Before your body does.

If you don't give your body the calcium it needs, it draws calcium from your bones. You don't feel it. But someday, this bone loss could lead to osteoporosis.

Supplementation with Os-Cal® has been shown to reduce this bone loss. And right now, you can save 50¢ on the purchase of Os-Cal—not only on Os-Cal® 500, but also on Os-Cal® 250 with vitamin D* to aid absorption.

So we suggest you do something about calcium deficiency. Now.

Because your body will get the calcium it needs. One way or another.

*The need for vitamin D is dependent on individual dietary factors.

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CLIPPING PENALTIES AMONG THE CANNED GOODS

Coupons are turning grocery stores into mathematical mazes.

by Bud Herron

Illustrated by Jerry Pressler

If you took all the coupons used in the United States in a single day and placed them end to end, they would stretch from. . . .

Let me try to say this another way.

If you gathered all the coupons and all the proofs of purchase distributed in the United States in a single day and stacked them on top of each other in Death Valley, the stack would reach all the way to. . . .

That's not exactly what I mean either.

If you collected all the coupons, all the proofs of purchase and all the rebate certificates available in the United States on a given day and piled them up in the Grand Canyon, my wife would sort through all of them to find one coupon for 10¢ off on an 89¢ jar of pickles.

The world—at least my corner of it—is being overrun by money-saving offers.

Where have the old days gone?—the simple days when my wife said to me: "Would you stop by the grocery store on your way back from the coffee shop and pick up a can of corn?"

Today my wife says: "Would you pick up a can of corn on the way home? Here is a 20¢ coupon on the purchase of Green Giant in the 17-ounce size. And, here are coupons for 15¢ off on Stokely in the 17-ounce size and 10¢ off Del Monte in the 10-ounce size. Check the unit price of each, then figure the worth of each coupon based on a percentage differentiation of base prices.

"This will give you the best buy. But . . . before you buy that can of corn, compare the final tally with the regular unit price of the store brand. Then compare the store brand to the price of the generic corn. The generic corn is not on the same aisle as the brand-name corn, which might save on the store brand versus the generic.

"After you have determined the best price, check the grocery basket with dented cans in it. It is over by the meat counter. If you can find the kind of corn you have selected, only in a dented can, you sometimes can save an additional 20 percent."

To put this scene in perspective we must remember that the total price of the corn, without coupon, was 59¢.

Into this effort to save 20¢ on the can of corn, I figure she has invested 5 minutes finding, clipping and filing the coupon. We each have invested another 10 minutes giving and receiving instructions on how to use the coupon. I have invested 10 minutes trying to remember what she said once I get to the grocery store. My running hither and yon around the store has extended my time there by about 15 minutes.

That figures out to be a combined time loss of 50 minutes for one can of corn. Figuring a modest value for time at the federal minimum wage ($3.35), the can of corn —minus the coupon savings —has cost me $3.19. (Just think of what that can of corn would cost a doctor being paid $35 an hour!)

There is a solution to all of this, of course. I recommend it to all husbands with wives caught in the great coupon game. (And to be fair to the fewer in number but no less harassed, wives whose husbands are coupon freaks.)

Do as I do. Accept the coupons. Even ask for more. Then when you get to the store, throw them all in the trash and choose the can of corn with the most colorful label. On the way out of the store, throw the sales receipt in the same trash container.

As long as she doesn't get in your wallet and count the money, there is no way for her to find out. If she does find out—big deal! That just means she'll do what my wife did to me about six months ago: She will ban you from ever grocery shopping again.

I know it will hurt, but that's the sacrifice you may have to make to save money.

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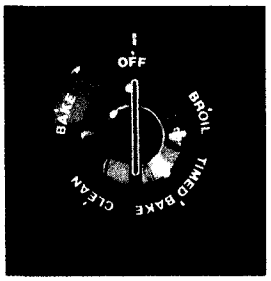
Whirlpool ranges and ovens. Great cooking. Easier clean-up.

At Whirlpool, we know you have more to do than cook and clean. That's why our ranges and ovens are designed to make your world a little easier.

Let us tell you how.

Handsome new styling. A variety of sizes.

Our ranges have been redesigned for a contemporary appearance to look better in your kitchen. This beautiful design has made our control knobs easier to read. And our control panels easier to clean.



We're well aware that different families have different cooking needs. That's why Whirlpool® ranges and ovens are available in a full line of sizes and styles. A full line of colors, including Platinum and Toast. And, not surprisingly, in your choice of gas or electric.

Smart features help you cook beautiful meals.

At Whirlpool, we want you and your family to enjoy every meal. So with our electric ranges you can carefully adjust the controls for more precise cooking. And you get surface elements that heat up and cool down fast. With Whirlpool ovens you get our Balanced Cooking system to help cook your food evenly. And make every meal delicious.

Self-cleaning ovens make your day easier.

Our continuous- and self-cleaning ovens are designed to do the work for you. You also get Spillguard™ cooktops that lift up and wipe up easily. Grates, burners and bowls that you can lift out. Even control knobs that you can remove. It all adds up to easy cleaning...and an easier day for you.

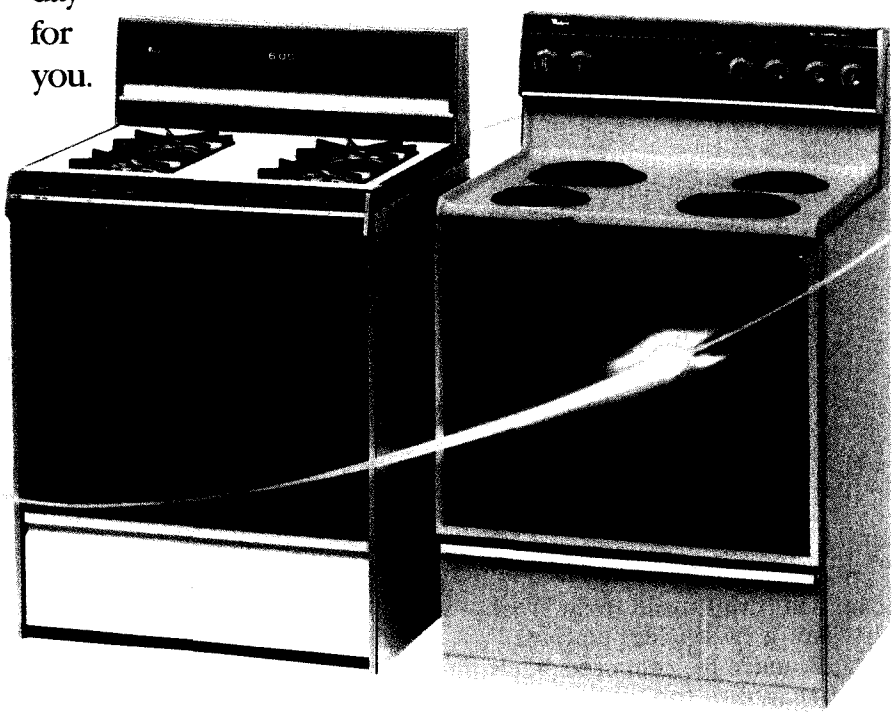
A promise of quality that we stand behind.

Every Whirlpool appliance is backed by our promise of good, honest quality. It's a promise that we're proud of, and we support it with helpful programs that include our toll-free, 24-hour Cool-Line® service.* To us, it's just another way we can save you some time...and make your world a little easier.

*Call 800-253-1301.
In Alaska and Hawaii, 800-253-1121.
In Michigan, 800-632-2243.

Whirlpool
Home Appliances

Making your world a little easier.



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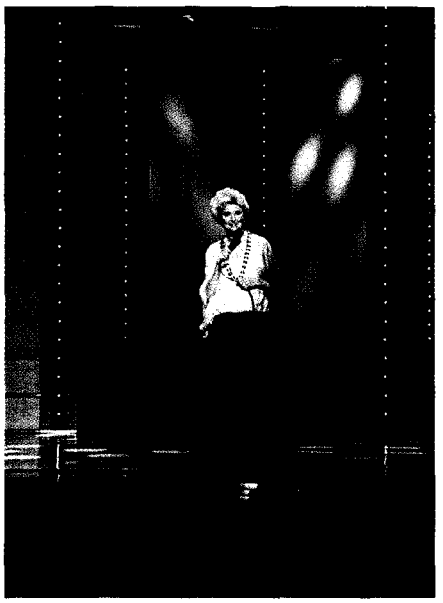
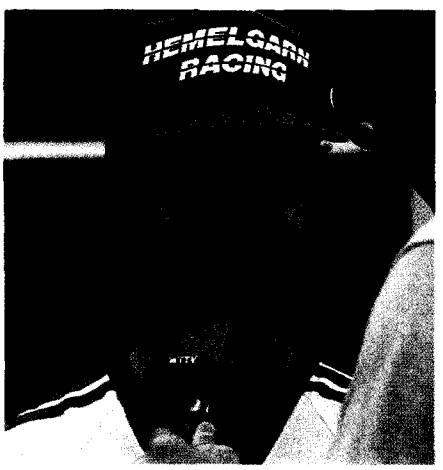
Post People



"I've Grown Accustomed to Your Face," sang ***Dolores Hope*** to her husband, ***Bob Hope***, during the "Bob Hope Birthday Special" aired by NBC in honor of the actor-comedian's 82nd birthday. And after 51 years of marriage, no song could have been more true or more touching. Dolores sang from the stage as Bob sat in a front balcony box just above. Seated with him were Charles, Prince of Wales, and Princess Diana.

Craig MacFarlane, a blind athlete who serves as a consultant for the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports, advises young Americans to "resist peer pressure to



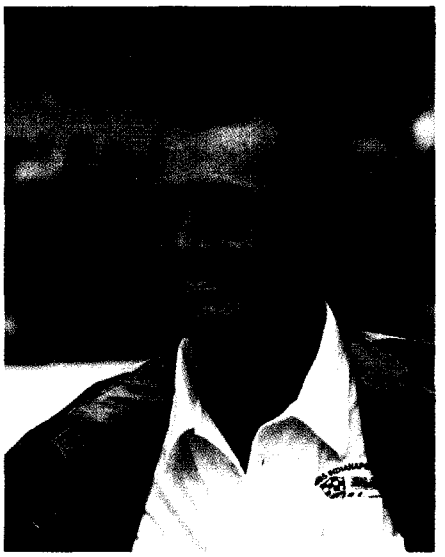
smoke and drink—and treat your body like a well-oiled machine." Craig, 22, made his comments while in Indianapolis for the annual 500-mile race in late May.

Blind since age two, Craig holds 102 gold medals in wrestling against both blind and sighted opponents. He also competes in downhill skiing, waterskiing, swimming, golf and track.

"Dreams and visions are what I have based my life on," said Craig. "If you can't see yourself driving in the 500, you'll never do it. It's that way with anything."

TV's Western gambler Bret Maverick and detective Jim Rockford may be gone, but ***Jim Garner***, who vitalized them with humor, is on a roll.

Although that roll includes putting

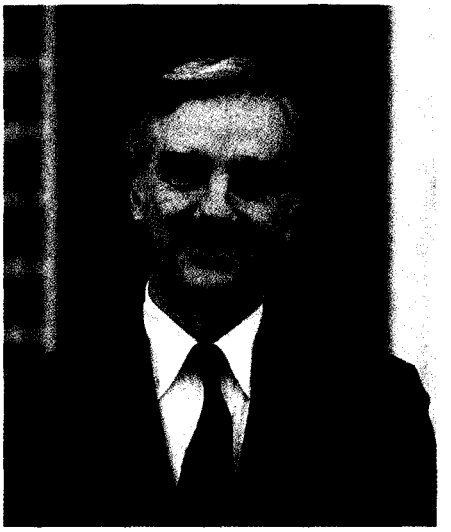


a golf ball into the cup four days a week, it has also meant an Emmy possibility for *Heartsounds* with Mary Tyler Moore, as well as starring roles in *Murphy's Romance* with Sally Field and the five-night miniseries *Space*.

These recent film romps have led to a question: Now that Wayne, Gable, Cooper and Bogart are dead, is James Garner Hollywood's last real man? You have only to ask the female stars who compete to play opposite him for the answer.

Innovation and insight into the future are family traits for Harvard's president, ***Derek Bok***. Dr. Bok is the great-grandson of Cyrus Curtis, who founded The Curtis Publishing Company in 1883 and acquired *The Saturday Evening Post* in 1897.

In a recent report to the university's board of overseers, Dr. Bok chided educators for not using more modern technology in their instruction. He said that in programing machines to teach, "we may think more about how students learn."



Although the field is different, the crusader spirit is alive and well in the family lines.

As the top-40 hit record "Find a Way" makes ***Amy Grant*** known in the pop-music field, the gospel singer has been a familiar face on national television this summer. Her credits include several appearances—on ABC's "Good Morning America," "CBS

Nightwatch," "Entertainment Tonight" and the Cable News Network.

Amy, a long-time resident of Nashville, has come far since she was introduced to *Post* readers as a budding young gospel singer in our April 1982 issue.

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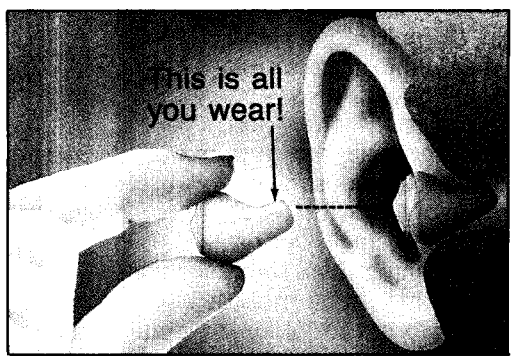

Mail the postage-paid card today! When you complete and mail the attached card, we'll automatically enter you in our ***Sweepstakes Drawing.*** *Enter again at participating Miracle-Ear Centers.*

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SSS NG UP ARDEN

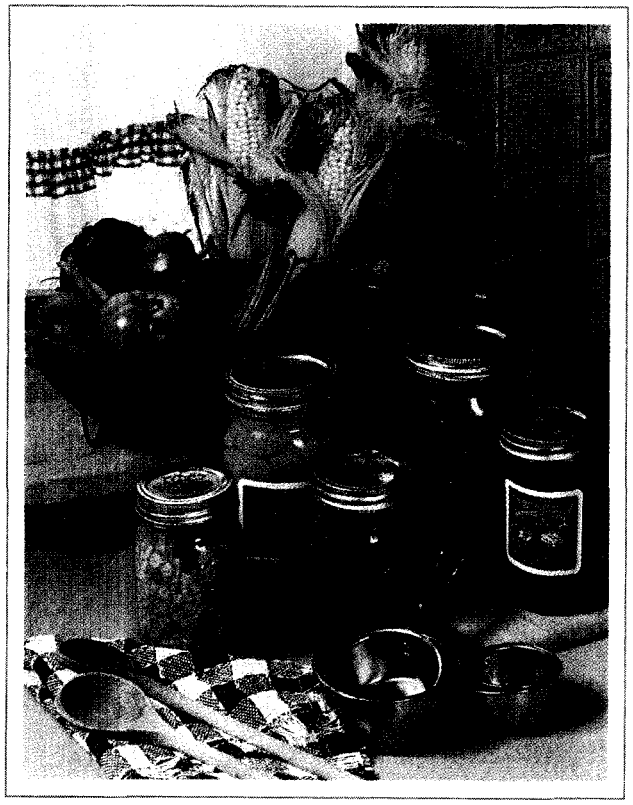
hes and spring seems atches from the summer righten your meals.

lotte Turgeon

Nature has its glories, but to many, a pantry lined with rows of home-canned fruits and vegetables is the most beautiful of sights. The bounty of summer, packed away in precious batches, in cans or in freezer boxes to be brought out and savored on some cold winter's day, must have universal appeal, for nearly 40 percent of American households still can and freeze food at home.

Tomatoes top the list of canning favorites. Their high price in stores makes canning them at home highly (as they say in business) cost-effective. Pickles and relishes are the runners-up; then come jams and jellies—pride of county fairs—and other vegetables and fruits.

Many people don't have the time or the space to put up large stocks for years to come, so small-batch canning has become the preferred method of most homemakers. Working with two to four pints at a time is not tiring and requires little more equipment than that found in most kitchens. The work can often be done along with other kitchen chores.



Canning doesn't have to be the daylong, exhausting chore it once was for grandmother. Small-batch canning can give results like this with less effort than many believe.

Canning

Whether canning large or small quantities, only two methods are acceptable: hot-water-bath canning and pressure canning. Open-kettle canning may be used for fruit jellies only. Oven canning and microwave-oven canning do not meet modern standards of safety from deadly botulism or spoilage.

Hot-water-bath canning: Only high-acid foods (fruits, pickled vegetables and some tomatoes) can be safely processed by the hot-water-bath method. Pack the jars with either raw or slightly cooked, hot food; fill with liquid according to the recipe used; attach lids and closures according to the manufacturer's directions; and place in a kettle of hot water on a rack that allows water to circulate under the jars. The water level should be one inch above the jar lids. Add more hot water during processing if necessary. Bring the water to a boil before beginning to count the processing time. When the time is up, remove the jars from the hot water and set them two inches apart on towels or a wire rack until thoroughly cool. To avoid a sudden temperature change, which may cause the glass to crack, do not set the hot jars directly on a cool surface or where cool air will blow on them.

Pressure canning: All vegetables except some tomatoes must be processed under pressure to be absolutely safe. The temperature of boiling water (212° F.) is not hot enough to kill deadly organisms that may dwell in meats, fish and the low-acid vegetables. Steam pressure of ten pounds indicates the water inside the pressure cooker is at 240° F.—hot enough to make the foods safe if they are processed for the recommended time. As an extra precaution, all home-canned low-acid foods should be boiled uncovered and stirred often for 15 minutes before being served.

The pressure saucepan, which will process four pint jars, builds up pressure and loses pressure more quickly than the pressure canner and, therefore, requires more time for adequate processing. Although the time for processing in the pressure saucepan and the shorter time for processing in the pressure canner are both given, the directions with the recipes that follow are intended for use with a pressure *saucepan* rather than the larger pressure *canner*.

Pressure-canning guidelines: Follow these simple steps in using your pressure cooker for canning. Remember, all authorities on canning agree that pressure canning is the ONLY safe method for processing nonacid foods.

1. Clean and wash all working surfaces. Make sure all your supplies are on hand and ready to use.

2. Use only jars in perfect condition, free from nicks, cracks and sharp edges. Wash jars and lids in hot, sudsy water, rinse thoroughly and let stand in hot water until ready to use. Use new lids and closures, and follow manufacturer's directions in exact sequence.

3. Select fresh, firm products according to the size and degree of

continued on following page

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Win a FREE Jenn-Air Microwave Oven in our Oats Recipe Contest

Whereas: Oats are high in soluble fiber. And. . .

Whereas: Soluble fiber is good for lowering LDL cholesterol, one of the most important risk factors for heart attacks. And. . .

Whereas: Recently disclosed data reveal that Chinese who had low serum cholesterol had far fewer cancers as a group than Chinese with higher serum-cholesterol levels (see July/Aug. *SatEvePost*).

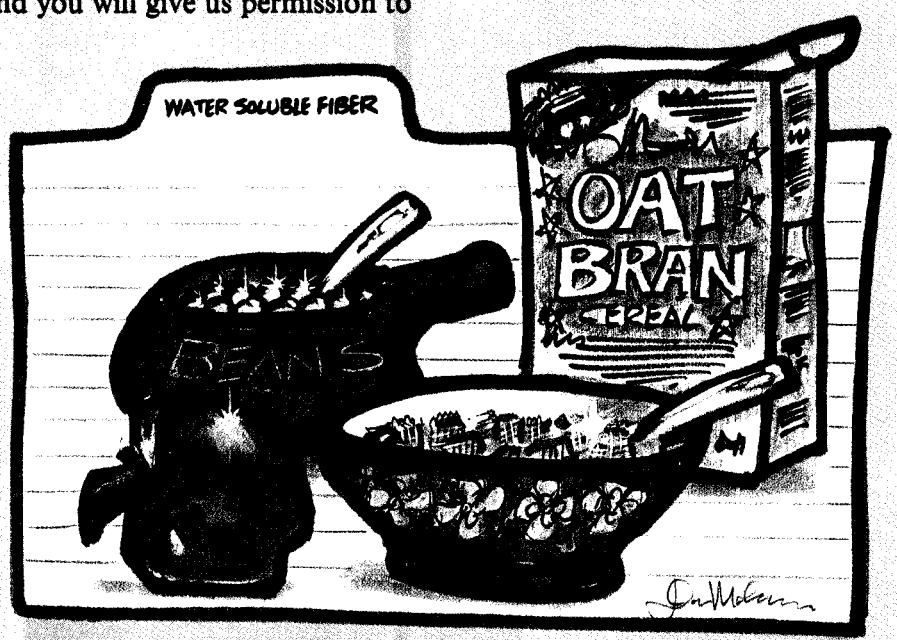
Whereas: You all know of Dr. Anderson's research, which has shown that diabetics can reduce their insulin requirements by eating oats, because they contain soluble fiber. (Adult-onset diabetics can sometimes go off their insulin completely with their doctors' blessings after eating soluble fiber contained in oats and beans.)

Whereas: We believe you can't lose by feeding your family oats. In following this belief, we are looking for the best oat recipes, be they casseroles, muffins, breads, pancakes or whatever. We are especially interested in ingenious ways of adding variety by camouflaging oats in milk shakes, slurries, ice cream, soups, salad dressings and so on.

We, The Saturday Evening Post, do hereby pledge to publish all chosen recipes, typed or legibly printed. You will be acknowledged as the author and creator, and you will give us permission to print your recipe forever and ever. Only original recipes, please.

We do further pledge to award the creator of the best original recipe a Jenn-Air Custom Microwave Oven, with 1.4-cubic-foot capacity, digital timer, automatic temperature probe and five power levels, delivered to your door anywhere in the U.S.A. Oat recipes for health. . .microwave-oven cooking for convenience.

We declare this contest open to all but *SatEvePost* employees and their families. The contest will end on November 30, 1985.



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ripeness. The rule of thumb is two hours from garden to jar. Obviously this is not always possible, but the quicker the better.

4. Wash food thoroughly, several times if necessary; but don't soak the food, because valuable vitamins and minerals will be washed away.

5. Fill hot jars with hot food and leave a half-inch head space for fruits and a one-inch head space for vegetables.

6. Work out air bubbles with clean plastic, nonmetal rod or knife.

7. Wipe rim of jar clean of seeds, pulp and juice.

8. Adjust the lids and closures on jars according to directions.

9. Place rack in pressure cooker. Add five cups of boiling water.

10. Set the hot jars on the rack. Turn heat high.

11. Place cover on the cooker and lock in place.

12. Allow a steady flow of steam to emerge from vent pipe for five to seven minutes.

13. Place pressure regulator on vent pipe. Start counting processing time as soon as desired pressure is reached. Adjust heat to keep pressure at required level. Pressure regulator should maintain a slow, steady rocking motion.

14. Turn off heat at end of processing time and remove the cooker from heat.

15. Let the pressure return to zero. Do not try to hasten the process by removing the pressure regulator, by running cold water over the top or by opening the petcock. This might release the seals on the jars.

16. When the pressure registers zero, remove the pressure regulator and let the canner stand for two minutes. Release the top gradually and lift the cover away from you to prevent any possible scalding by steam.

17. Remove the jars from the pan and set on a rack or damp towels; leave space between the jars. Do not move again until thoroughly cooled.

18. Stay close to the kitchen when you are using a pressure cooker. If the rubber gasket has been checked and the petcock and safety valve are clear, you will have no trouble; but plan to do something nearby just in case.

The most experienced canners do *not* recommend home canning the following vegetables:

Cabbage, except sauerkraut; cauliflower; celery; cucumbers; eggplant; lettuce; onions; parsnips; turnips; or vegetable mixtures.

Freezing Methods

Freezing is preferred to canning for a number of fruits and vegetables and is equally good in some cases. The size of a freezer depends on space and the number of people it is to service. Good planning makes even a small freezer a worthwhile investment.

Containers: Containers and wrappings for freezing should protect the food so it will retain garden-fresh color, taste and texture. The ½-pint, 1-pint and 1½-pint rigid containers with straight bottoms, sides and tops pack easily in the freezer and stack well in the cupboard. When using them, be sure to leave ample head space to allow for expansion and to press the covers firmly into place. The heavy-plastic freezer bags are more easily filled if first placed in a plastic box; they must have as much air as possible pressed out before sealing. Glass jars made for freezing are decorative and useful for gifts.

Labeling and storing: Write the contents and date on masking tape and place the label on the container top where it can be easily read. As soon as the containers are sealed, put them in the freezer; for fast freezing, set them apart for 24 hours to allow air to circulate. When frozen, pack them close together.

Fast freezing means moisture in the food turns into tiny crystals, best preserving the natural texture and flavor. Slow freezing produces large-size crystals, which break down cell walls

Cucumbers and other vegetables, freshly packed in vinegar and spices, are the perfect solution for all who relish the tang of home-canned pickles.

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in the fruits and vegetables and make the thawed product less satisfactory.

Remember! Freezing stops the growth of organisms that cause spoilage but does not kill them. Once the food becomes warm again, which can happen during a power failure or if your freezer is accidentally disconnected, the organisms begin to grow and multiply. Partially thawed foods should be cooked or canned immediately or should be destroyed. Do not refreeze thawed foods.

Freezing guidelines for vegetables:

1. Use only ripe and freshly picked produce.
2. Wash and prepare vegetables according to recipe directions.
3. Wash fruits quickly in cold water and prepare according to recipe, using ascorbic acid to prevent discoloration when necessary.
4. "Blanch" or boil vegetables according to directions. This stops the action of enzymes, which make the vegetables grow. If enzyme action is allowed to continue, the vegetable can become coarse and flavorless. Enzymes defy freezing but cannot withstand heat.
5. Drain the blanched vegetables and plunge immediately into cold water. Allow the same amount of time for cooling as for blanching. Drain thoroughly and follow the directions for packing.
6. The freezer temperature should be 0° F.

Preparing just two to four half-pint or pint containers at a time from the recipes we offer below will provide added interest in your winter menus.

Broccoli

Broccoli, like other members of the cabbage family, should be frozen, not canned. One pound of raw broccoli will yield one pint of frozen, which will serve two to three people. In small kitchens, do not process more than four pounds at a time. Divide the broccoli so that you blanch no more than one pound at a time.

Freezing: Trim the leaves and large stalks; divide the broccoli into bunches about one inch in diameter with tender stems.

Soak in a bowl containing two quarts of water mixed with half-cup of salt for 15 minutes. Drain, place in a steaming basket and plunge into boiling water for three minutes. Drain and dry on paper toweling. Pack into containers, leaving no head room. Seal and freeze.

Brussels Sprouts

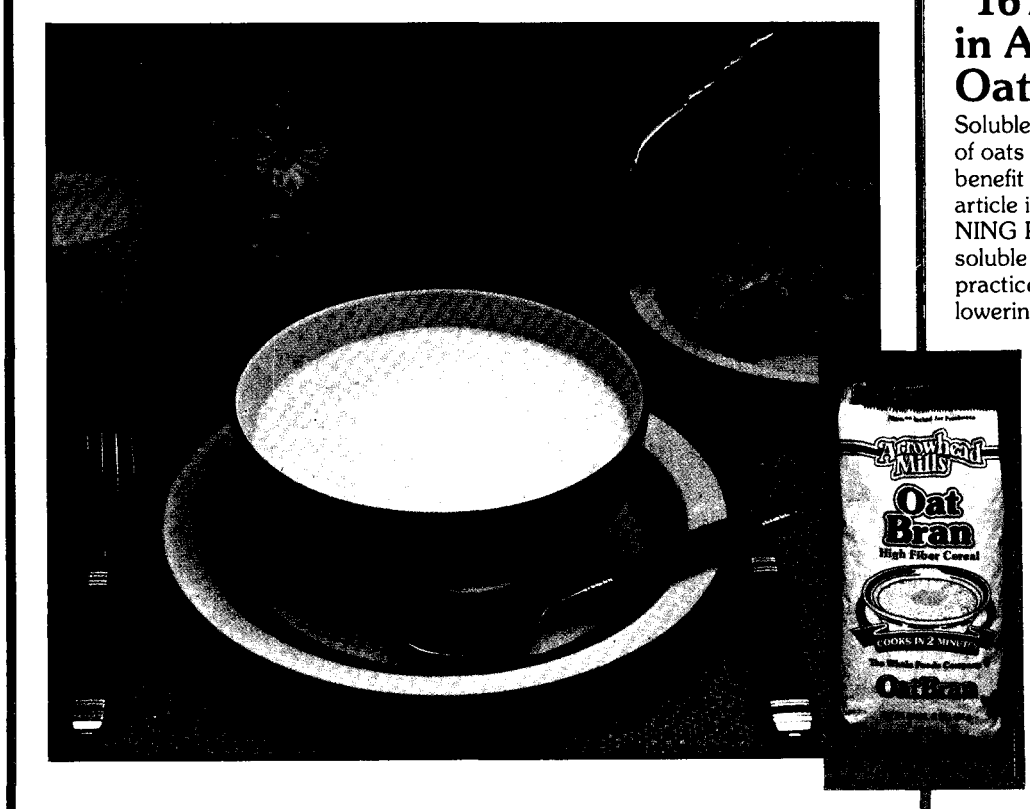
Brussels sprouts, another cabbage, are best preserved by freezing. One pound yields one pint of frozen sprouts.

Freezing: Choose only bright-green heads and sort according to size for blanching and freezing.

Wash well, remove any loose leaves and trim the bottom stems. Blanch in boiling water; allow three minutes for small, four minutes for medium and five minutes for large sprouts. Drain and plunge into very cold water for three to six minutes. Drain and dry on paper toweling. Pack into containers, and leave no head room. Seal and freeze.

Cauliflower

Select tender, snow-white heads for freezing. Two medium-size heads yield three pints of frozen cauliflower.



"16% Soluble Fiber in Arrowhead Oat Bran"[1]

Soluble fiber contained in the bran of oats may provide the best health benefit of this delicious grain. An article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST[2] states that "water soluble fibers, such as oats, seem in practice to be especially effective in lowering cholesterol."

16% soluble fiber and 28% dietary fiber are concentrated in Arrowhead Mills Oat Bran. It is your best fiber buy.

Delicious as hot cereal or made into muffins—plus it can be easily used in dozens of other ways to add valuable fiber to your diet.

[1]Copy of independent lab analysis available by writing Arrowhead Mills, Hereford, Texas 79045

[2]Reprinted with permission from The Saturday Evening Post Company © 1980 Jan/Feb 1980 pp. 35 et seq.

Arrowhead Mills

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Freezing: Trim any brown imperfections and soak the heads in a water-salt solution (four teaspoons of salt for each gallon of water) for 30 minutes to remove any insects.

Break into florets, cut away the large stalks and break and cut florets into pieces about one inch across. Blanch for three minutes in salted, boiling water. Plunge immediately into cold water. Drain, dry and pack the cauliflower loosely into containers; leave no head space. Seal and freeze.

Corn

Although corn cans and freezes well, the exceptionally long processing time required for canning corn makes freezing more desirable for those of us on tight schedules. Two to 2½ pounds in husks yields one pint and may be processed as cream style or whole kernel.

Select ears with plump, tender kernels and thin, sweet milk. If the milk is thick and starchy, process as cream style. Husk the corn, remove the silk and wash the ears.

Freezing: In a saucepan mix two quarts of corn cut off cob, one pint water, one-fourth cup sugar and two teaspoons salt. Boil lightly for ten minutes. Do not drain. Cool. Pack into containers, leaving one-half inch head space. Seal and freeze.

Spinach (and Other Greens)

Because canning requires a long processing time, we prefer to freeze our freshly picked spinach and other greens. Select young, tender leaves. Two to six pounds of leaves yields two pints.

Freezing: Wash leaves well and remove the tough stems. If desired, cut leaves of chard into pieces. Heat the greens in boiling water for two minutes. Plunge into cold water and drain.

Pack into containers and leave half-inch head space. Seal and freeze.

Tomatoes

Hybridization has produced sweeter and meatier varieties of tomatoes that, though delicious when eaten raw, can no longer be considered acid fruits.

Canning: Because there may be questions about the safety of some species of tomatoes when processed in the hot-water bath, we will only describe the pressure-canning method here. Process four jars at a time, which will require six pounds or two dozen medium-size tomatoes.

Sort tomatoes by size, wash well and dip a few at a time into boiling water for 30 seconds. Slip off skins and drop tomatoes into jars. Fill jars to within half-inch of top. If the tomatoes are very juicy, pour off the excess juice into a bowl and press the tomatoes down gently, getting in as many as possible.

Cut some of the tomatoes in halves and quarters to fill in any empty spaces. Add half teaspoon salt and half teaspoon sugar to each pint jar, if desired. Wipe the rim of the jars and adjust the lids. Place the jars on a rack in a pressure saucepan containing two inches of boiling water. Process 35 minutes at ten pounds pressure (15 minutes at ten pounds in pressure canner).

Quick Cucumber Pickles

(Makes 4 pints)

4 cups cucumbers, chopped
2 cups onions, chopped
1 green pepper, chopped
1 red pepper, chopped
2 teaspoons canning salt
¼ teaspoon turmeric
1 cup cider vinegar
¼ teaspoon mustard seed
¼ teaspoon celery seed
½ cup sugar

Combine chopped cucumbers, onion, peppers and salt and stir for 2 or 3 minutes. Line a colander with 3 thicknesses of damp cheesecloth and drain the vegetables for 15 minutes. Place remaining ingredients in a saucepan and bring to a boil. Add vegetables, bring to a boil and simmer for 5 minutes. Pack in hot, clean jars to within ½ inch of top. Wipe rims and adjust lids. Process in hot-water bath for 5 minutes. Remove jars from the water and cool.

Whole Green Tomato Pickle

(Makes 2 pints)

1 pound small green tomatoes
2 sprigs dill
2 cloves garlic
½ cup cider vinegar
1½ cups water
1½ tablespoons canning salt
1 teaspoon pickling spices

Put tomatoes in jars; add a garlic clove and a sprig of dill to each jar. Combine vinegar, water, canning salt and the spices contained in a small muslin bag in a saucepan and bring to a boil. Cover and simmer for 10 minutes. Remove the muslin bag and pour the boiling brine in the jars, leaving ½-inch head space. Adjust lids. Process in a hot-water bath for 15 minutes. Remove jars and cool.

CENTER FOR THE STUDY OF SOMETHING WHICH, ON THE FACE OF IT, MIGHT SEEM TRIVIAL, BUT ON CLOSER EXAMINATION TAKES ON GLOBAL SIGNIFICANCE.
SCHWADRON

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If you want to

for good... Your doctor can help

4 out of 5 people fail.

Fifty-six million Americans are smokers, and the majority of them want to quit. Thirty million Americans have tried... and failed. In fact, 4 out of 5 smokers who try to quit fail even short-term, and many of those who succeed short-term eventually return to smoking.

Why is it so difficult to quit smoking... for good?

There are three factors—social, psychological, and *physical*—that work together to continually reinforce the smoking habit. Social factors include the need to feel part of a peer group of smokers. Psychological factors include smoking cigarettes in stressful situations. These two factors must be addressed for smoking cessation to be successful. However, nicotine dependence is a third, often unrecognized factor that can undermine a smoker's willpower during attempts to quit.

Nicotine dependence is a powerful reinforcer of the smoking habit.

The average smoker gets more than 120,000 "nicotine jolts" in a year, as nicotine travels to the brain within 7 seconds of a puff from a cigarette. Recent studies confirm that many smokers develop a physical dependence on the nicotine derived from smoking cigarettes. Because the body becomes accustomed to the effects of nicotine, smokers trying to quit often experience withdrawal symptoms. These include craving for tobacco, irritability, anxiety, difficulty concentrating, restlessness, headache, drowsiness, and gastrointestinal disturbances.

How your doctor can help...

Treatment programs are now available to help smokers who genuinely want to quit. Your doctor can advise you on ways to overcome the physical symptoms of smoking withdrawal while dealing with your social and psychological motivations for smoking.

How a program can help...

If you sincerely want to quit and are determined to succeed, you have to confront all three factors of the smoking habit. You shouldn't expect to overcome your problem by dealing with only one factor. Your doctor can help you with all three factors by providing you with medication to overcome nicotine withdrawal, materials that address the social and psychological aspects of smoking, and valuable counseling and follow-up. Your doctor will determine what treatment is right for you.

Your doctor is the key.

Merrell Dow has conducted research in the field of smoking cessation and is providing support to health professionals to increase their effectiveness in helping patients who really want to quit for good achieve smoking cessation.

If you want to quit smoking, your chances are now better than ever before. See your doctor. Follow your doctor's advice. Once you start a quitting program, check back with your doctor to keep him or her informed of your progress. Patients who follow a program for 3 months are much more successful than those who follow one for shorter periods of time.

Merrell Dow

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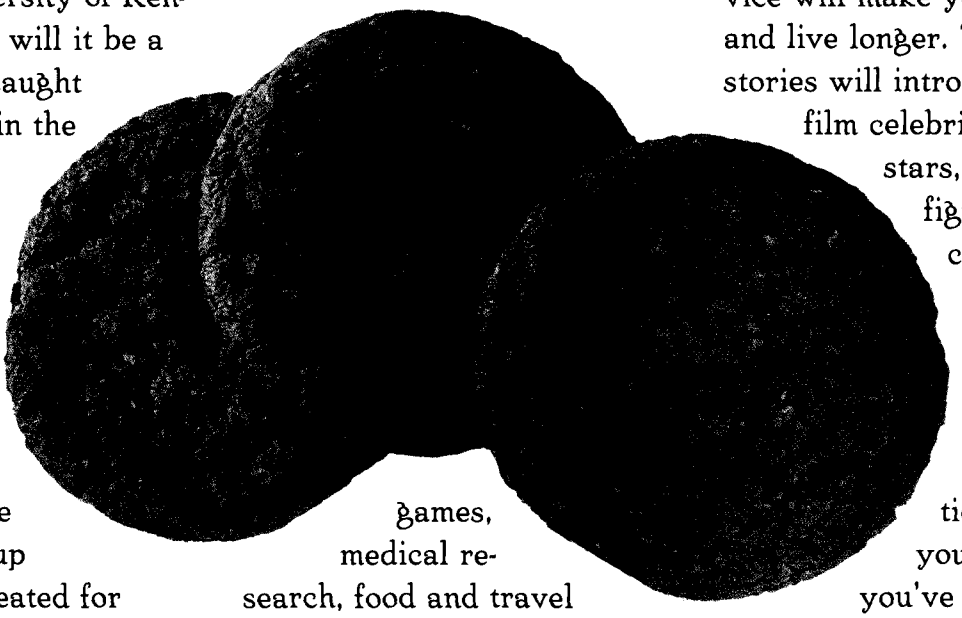
COOKIES THAT K

. . .FREE with your POST subscription or renewal

Thanks to Dr. James Anderson, University of Kentucky, no longer will it be a disgrace to get caught with your hand in the cookie jar. This world-renowned authority on the effects of oat bran in preventing diabetes, heart attacks and cancer of the colon has come up with a cookie created for your good health, a long-awaited departure from the calorie-laden temptations currently flooding the supermarket shelves.

Best of all, this is the way the cookie crumbles: A generous sample of these salutary snacks will be sent to you *free* just by sampling (or renewing your subscription to) *The Saturday Evening Post.*

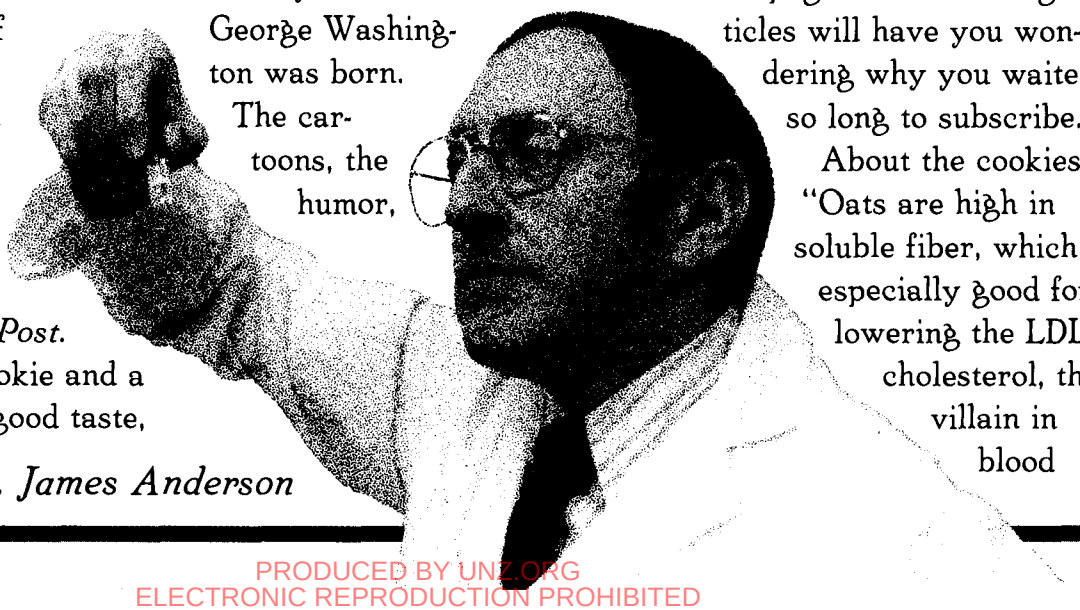
Think of it—a cookie and a magazine, both in good taste, both created with your good health in mind. The *Post*'s famous fiction, fact-filled articles, cartoons and humor, games, medical research, food and travel tips are the icing on the offer.



For fun, for fiction, for fact—you'll find them all in the slick, colorful pages that have evolved from a concept sired by Benjamin Franklin three years before George Washington was born.

The cartoons, the humor, the puzzles, the contests and the games are famous for family entertainment. Today's health tips and medical advice will make you feel better and live longer. The feature stories will introduce you to film celebrities, sports stars, religious figures, successful business people and political personalities. Travel articles will take you to lands you've longed to visit; "The Perfect Squelch" will keep you chuckling; "Where do you think you are?" will keep you guessing; recipes will have you heading for the kitchen; and page after page of illuminating articles will have you wondering why you waited so long to subscribe.

About the cookies: "Oats are high in soluble fiber, which is especially good for lowering the LDL cholesterol, the villain in blood



Dr. James Anderson

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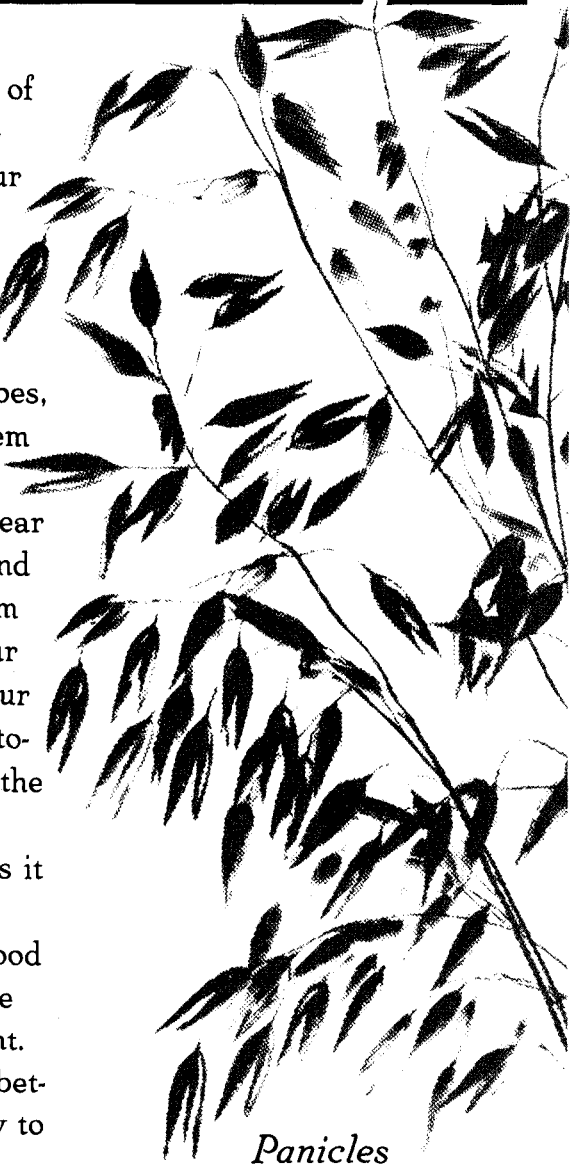
NOW THEIR OATS.

vessels," Dr. Anderson explains. (High LDL precedes heart attacks and strokes.) "Oat bran also is good for hypoglycemics," he says, "because it evens out the blood-glucose levels and prevents the dips in blood-sugar levels that cause depression and those nervous feelings between meals." Dr. Anderson further points out the importance of oats as a cereal grain containing almost twice as much lysine as wheat.

Having followed Dr. Anderson's research on oat bran and water-soluble fiber for years, we believe it's time for the Girl Scouts to adopt his recipe. Until then, you can fill your cookie jar by subscribing or by renewing your subscription to the *Post*, or by supporting the research efforts of the Saturday Evening Post Society.

Included in our shipment of cookies will be a sampling of Dr. Anderson's other high-fiber oat recipes. And if our Society members will mail in their own favorite oat-bran recipes, we'll pass them along.

So. . .let's hear it for oats! And let's hear from you. . .by your mailing in your subscription today. Signing the card or the coupon brings it all—cookies, recipes for good health and the best in family entertainment. You can't put your pen to better use. It's a delicious way to good health—and a wholesome road to good reading.



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WHO'LL KEEP

Yesterday's Americans marked out the way. A sure and steady line of greatness . . . of reliance on God . . . of right purpose and right conduct. The line was well-drawn, and it lies before us still. But who'll make sure we follow it? Who'll keep us true to our heritage?

Helping shoulder this task are two distinctive institutions, two separate schools sharing Portland, Oregon as a home and the Bible as a foundation:

Western Conservative Baptist Seminary

is training America's future ministers. At Western they learn not only to care for our needs, but to kindle our conscience. To open our eyes. To guide our feet.

Multnomah School of the Bible

offers collegiate and graduate-level instruction centered in the Scriptures to help young men and women be truly educated and meet this generation's demand for truth.

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US ON TRACK?

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VETS ON PETS

HOW TO OUTTHINK YOUR DOG

A few tips about canine psychology can help you stay top dog with your pet.

by H. Ellen White, D.V.M.

Raising a pet is much like raising a child—it can be both frustrating and rewarding. "If a child annoys you, quiet him by brushing his hair. If this doesn't work, use the other side of the brush on the other end of the child."

The advantage of a pet is that you can choose what you are getting. When selecting a puppy, study the breed characteristics of the animal of interest. Place more emphasis on behavioral characteristics than on cuteness, for behavior determines the enjoyability of the pet.

You can follow certain guidelines. Males are more likely to be aggressive and destructive than females. Often, owners feel confident that castration will take care of these undesirable traits; it is true that castration is likely to be successful for a limited number of undesirable behaviors, such as roaming, mounting other dogs or people, urine marking and aggression toward other dogs.

A dog on a short leash won't necessarily mind, but a little twist of canine psychology can bring him to heel.

Select your puppy from a litter that is healthy and has received adequate nutrition and medical care. Because the behavior of the puppies will likely resemble that of the mother, watch the interaction of the mother with members of the family, strangers and other dogs or cats. Puppies should be adopted between the ages of six and eight weeks for optimal socialization with both dogs and people. Adoption before six weeks may hamper the puppy's relationships with other dogs; adoption after eight weeks interferes with socialization to people.

During this weaning and adoption period the puppy acquires many social responses that can make it a desirable pet. However you behave toward a new puppy, you will be unwittingly reinforcing its actions. The reinforcement can be positive or negative. Positive reinforcement increases the probability the puppy will repeat his behavior; negative reinforcement decreases the probability. Negative or positive reinforcement must occur as the behavior takes place, not afterward.

I prefer positive reinforcement in house-training. Often, people think that by chastising a puppy for soiling the house, they are providing negative reinforcement—but because the chastising usually occurs after the fact, it is really only punishment and is not helpful in preventing future behavior.

Obedience training should begin when the dog is a juvenile. During this process, the owner should establish his dominance over the dog. Dogs are social animals, and peace in their society is maintained by dominant-subordinate relationships. Dogs also relate to people as they would to members of the canine pack: They will attempt to dominate their owners. Do not take a subordinate role to your dog in any encounter. Unruly puppies who start controlling their owners at an early age may create serious problems when they grow up.

Owners can also control behavior between dogs. Dogfights are often a sign of the dogs' failure to establish a dominant-subordinate relationship. Owners often make the mistake of siding with the underdog out of a sense of fairness; instead, the owner should decide which dog is dominant—usually the dog that eats first and controls the most desirable resting place. The dominant dog should be treated with all the respect that belongs to the top dog.

The arrival of a new baby can spur another kind of dog aggression—sibling rivalry. The best solution: Withdraw all attention from the dog when the baby is not present, but provide affection and food tidbits when the baby is present. In this way, the dog will come to appreciate the appearance of the baby. A similar approach may be used on dogs that fear or dislike certain people, such as the mailman, or just men or women in general. Gradually expose the dog to the disliked person while presenting the dog with rewards.

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Dogs may also become aggressive when attempting to guard what they perceive as their territory. When you are present during such an occurrence, bring the dog under voice and hand control. You may be able to condition the dog to be less aggressive by providing positive reinforcement when people visit.

Remember—it is really up to you as the owner to determine whether you'll run your dog or he'll run you.

Questions for the Vet

Dear Dr. White:

My grown dog (Lhasa apso), has "bowlphobia." She will not eat food out of her bowl but will eat when her food is placed on a paper napkin. If someone fills her bowl with food, she will go hungry and cry because of her persistent fear of the bowl. Have you ever heard of a similar case? Is there any way to cure this? This started after a neighbor had taken care of her for the weekend. Could something have gotten in her bowl that frightened her?

Ann Marie Simmons
Rochester, Michigan

Dear Ann Marie:

This is indeed an unusual case. Perhaps you should purchase a new bowl of a different shape and size. I recommend positive reinforcement training with the new bowl.

Start with the dog's favorite food tidbit or treat in the bowl. When she approaches the bowl, talk to her in a calm, soothing manner. When she takes food from the bowl, praise and pet her. If she makes an emotional response to the new bowl, ignore her. Take the bowl away and try again at another time. Do not praise or pet her except when she has the "goodie" from the bowl. These policies should please you and your dog.

H.E.W.

Dear Dr. White:

We have a wire-haired pointer who is very intelligent, aggressive in her bird hunting and a one-family house pet. Never have I felt an animal's devotion more than Katie's devotion to our family.

What stumps us is her behavior when we leave—be it at home, in the truck or in her pen. Besides the continuous barking, she also rubs her furry sides on upholstered pieces or bedspreads.

Can you give us any pointers about what to do?

Flo Picone
Smithsburg, Maryland

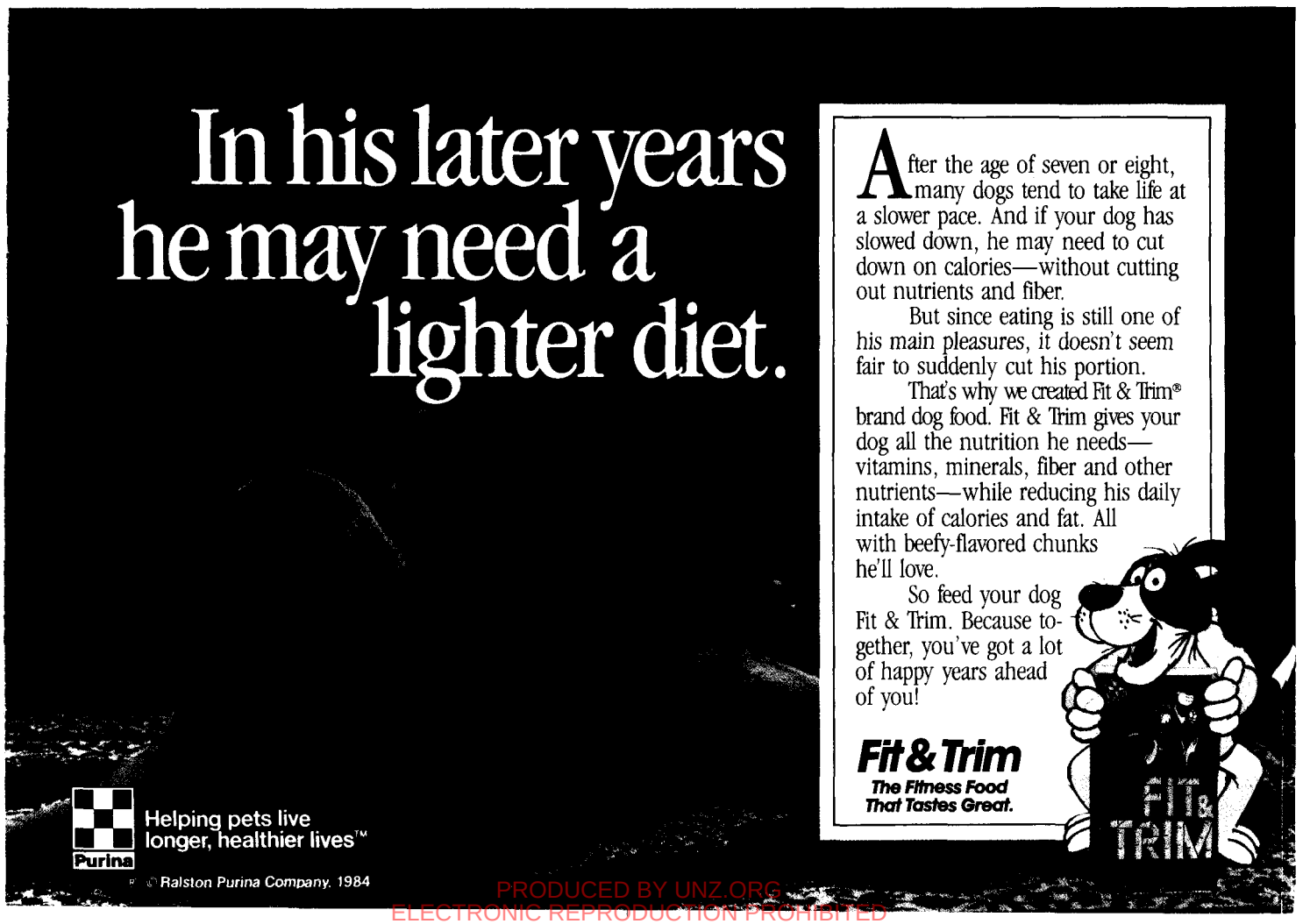
Dear Flo:

Your dog is showing signs of separation anxiety similar to those suffered by young children when their parents leave them. Naturally, you cannot explain to the dog that you will be back shortly.

I recommend giving the dog some type of long-lasting food reward to create a positive emotional state that overrides the separation anxiety. The dog should be left alone initially for only brief periods, which can then be gradually increased.

H.E.W.

Send your questions for the vet to: Vets on Pets, *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. Because of the volume of response, the editors regret we cannot reply personally to all letters.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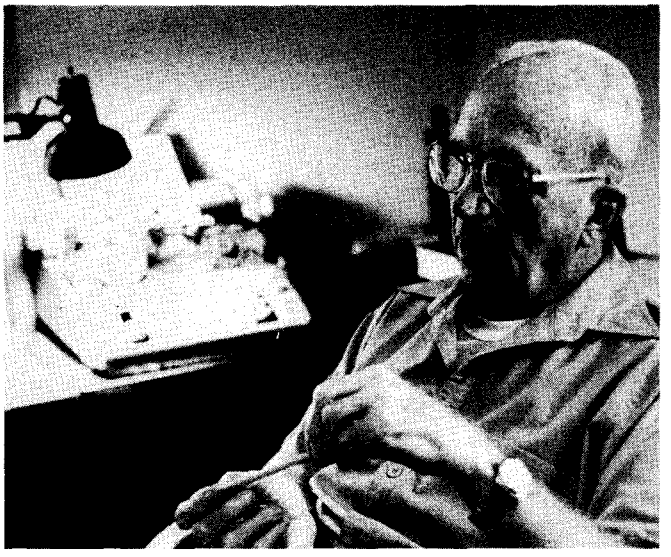
AT HOME WITH JAMES A. MICHENER

A hunt-and-peck typist with a methodical routine of daily writing, James A. Michener has written 28 books in his 38-year career as a novelist. He says he has 15 more he'd like to do.

by Jenny Andrews Harwell

James Michener sits amid the sunny haze that filters through the blinds at his patio window. His big, blue easy chair has been made comfortable through much use. Like the chair, he is a comfortable sort of man.

His hands are laced together, almost gently, then extended, gesturing, as he talks about his life and work. He recently completed a new book about Texas and, more recently, returned from a trip to Alaska, where he did research for his next work. He has "about 15 more" he'd like to do, he says—he is 78.



Michener and his wife, Mari, have just moved into their Austin, Texas, home, and the place is only partly furnished—a gracious but unpretentious house, on a winding, tree-lined street.

In spite of his enormous success as a writer, James Michener believes in living simply. A primary reason for that, no doubt, is the hardship he endured as a child. "I had a hard time," he admits. The man is prone to understatement: As an abandoned infant, he was taken in by a Quaker widow, Mrs. Mabel Michener.

He learned early what hard work means, watching Mrs. Michener take in laundry so she could feed her charges. She did not always succeed. Young Michener had to live occasionally in poorhouses, where he met men whose lives had taken turns he vowed his would never take.

"I'm not glad it happened," he says now. "Sure, if you survive something like that, you have character. You have guts. You've got to stand tall. The trouble is, most people don't survive that sort of thing. I was subjected to it, and I did survive, and I got stronger, but I would rather have had it the other way.

"It was painful," he goes on. "But I was good in athletics, and that gives a boy a certain *ipso facto* that he doesn't have to rationalize or worry about. If you talked to many of my friends, they would say that I've shied away from anxieties over any of it."

From his early life came a deeply ingrained work ethic. "I've never been able to balance working and not working," he says. "I work too much. I had my first job at age 14 and had some very tough jobs." (He worked in amusement parks, on a coal ship and as a seaman in the British merchant marine, among other things.) "But I also traveled widely. I know I went as far as Canada when I was 14. I would just take off, with no money and no thoughts about how I would come out."

He picked up odd jobs along the way, he says: "I never had any unpleasant experiences. I was arrested a couple of times and was treated very well. They would, in those days, put you up, and feed you, and send you on your way. I was never lonely. It was a different world then. Clean. Simple."

Although he spent his fair share of time knocking about as a youngster, Michener was a serious student—the valedictorian of his high-school class—and later graduated *summa cum laude* from Swarthmore College. Books, music and art had been encouraged by his industrious foster mother, and his passion for the three has never waned.

"I was always happy doing whatever I happened to be doing," he points out. "When I applied for a job, I was always promoted. I was a teacher, and I took it seriously. If I worked for a firm, I wanted to see it progress. I still do. I think if you ask around the profession, you'll find that I'm probably the easiest writer to work with that's ever been. I think there's nobody who would tell you different. The point is, why should I be difficult?"

Michener published his first book in middle age (40). His sales have been impressive ever since. He's never been a starving author.

"I have undoubtedly devised a system which produces wonderful books—for me," he explains. Michener's writing system is as uncomplicated as his lifestyle. He is up about 7:30 each morning, has a bit of juice and some cereal and gets to the typewriter, an antiquated manual contraption that "they had left over at the university." He types quickly, using one finger on each hand, hunched slightly forward over the machine, glancing from time to time at research notes he keeps handy.

"I turn out an average of 5 pages a day," he says. "Of course, some days are wasted. I do a lot of retyping, and turn out with maybe 2 pages of 'keeper' copy. I work in large blocks of 50 to 100 pages, and at the end of a block, I rework it."

Michener knocks off shortly after noon, showers, shaves and dresses. "In the afternoons, I look over the mail. I take walks—I love to walk,"

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What's this woman doing?

Several years ago, I was a teacher in Akron, Ohio. One evening my wife and I were visiting a group of faculty friends. One of them began discussing a very simple small business that a person can start at home — a "home money project", as he called it. But when he told me how much money it brought in, I almost dropped my coffee cup on my lap.

My wife and I discussed the project as we were driving home. We decided to try it.

The project kept us busy about 8-9 hours each week. We used our dining room as an office and kept supplies in one corner of our hall closet.

At first our income was small — $75 to $95 per week. But, as the months passed, our "kitchen table" income climbed to over $680 per week.

Let me emphasize one thing. This is very important. Our "money project" is moral, honest and downright enjoyable. And, it's 100% your own. It doesn't involve working for anyone else.

I explained the project to my mother in Akron, Ohio. She was 71 years old and lived by herself in an apartment on West Market Street. Within the first 90 days she made over $3,000. All by herself!

As our curiosity grew, we discovered a variety of other people making money but with somewhat different projects...

I talked with an Iowa housewife who's been earning thousands of dollars for over six years. She uses one bay of her garage as a work area.

- She makes up to $200 per week in her spare time.
- She provides a needed service to her community.
- She works exclusively at home... using a card table. She doesn't need a special office of any kind.
- She works for no one else. There is no selling involved. Most of her clients call her at home. In fact, she installed a phone in the garage.
- Her service is so simple that almost anyone with a flair for crafts could start the same business in their own neighborhood within 20 days. The photo above shows her busy with one of her craft projects.

OVER $35,000 PER YEAR

Two New Jersey housewives I spoke with started a similar project two years ago. Both of them have young children at home and households to run — in addition to their home-based business. Currently, their part-time project is bringing in over $35,000 a year.

A California couple using the same project we used made $14,870 in just five months.

Obviously, this is exceptional income. What you make will be up to you. But the income potential from some of these projects can be staggering. A husband and wife team I spoke with started a money project similar to ours. Last year, operating full time, they earned over $108,000 — all at home on their farm in western Wisconsin.

TRY THIS TEST

1. When your Guide arrives, select one project. Read the directions carefully. Remember to begin slowly.
2. Try it for six months.
3. At the end of this trial period, examine your income. If you're not satisfied with the results, return the Guide and we will REFUND YOUR FULL PURCHASE PRICE... NO CONDITIONS... NO DELAYS.

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The complete story of several of our money projects recently appeared on a national television series. Other projects have been featured in numerous newspaper and magazine articles throughout the U.S. and Canada.

HOW TO START

First, you must be willing to work. All of these projects require time, energy and creativity.

Second, you'll need some working space in your home or apartment. A telephone will help, too.

Third, our projects are tested and workable. No envelope stuffing schemes, no "party plans", no door-to-door selling. None of that nonsense.

You won't need "money" to begin. Many of the projects can be started for as little as $25 to $50.

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You won't have to wait. Most of these projects can be started in *just 15 days*!

Quite frankly, we're happy to share them with you. Because they involve creative projects that can be duplicated in thousands of neighborhoods all over America. The opportunity is nationwide. We won't be competing with you and you won't be competing with us. That's why we've put everything in a simple, easy-to-follow Starter Guide. It shows you step by step how to begin each project.

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To prove that you can make extra money at home, you have our positive 100% money-back guarantee. Order your guide. Keep it for up to *six months*. This gives you time to actually *try* a project yourself. If you're not satisfied, just return it. We'll send you a full refund within three working days... no nonsense... no excuses.

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he says. The walks are a time of introspection, of mulling over details and working out knotty problems that have come up during the morning session.

"Some of my books have been 720 pages long, and it's taken me two years to write them," he says. His research can take as long as three years. "By the time I get through researching a subject, I could teach a graduate course in it. And I reject a theme if it doesn't have a significant meaning. When I'm through with a book, though, when I've worked so hard with the material, I wipe it clean.

"A lot of my writing," he admits, "comes from out of the heart, not just from research. I tell young people that that is the best way to write. I don't advise anybody to work the way I do. My method works for me, but there's a better way to write, and that is to write out of one's self."

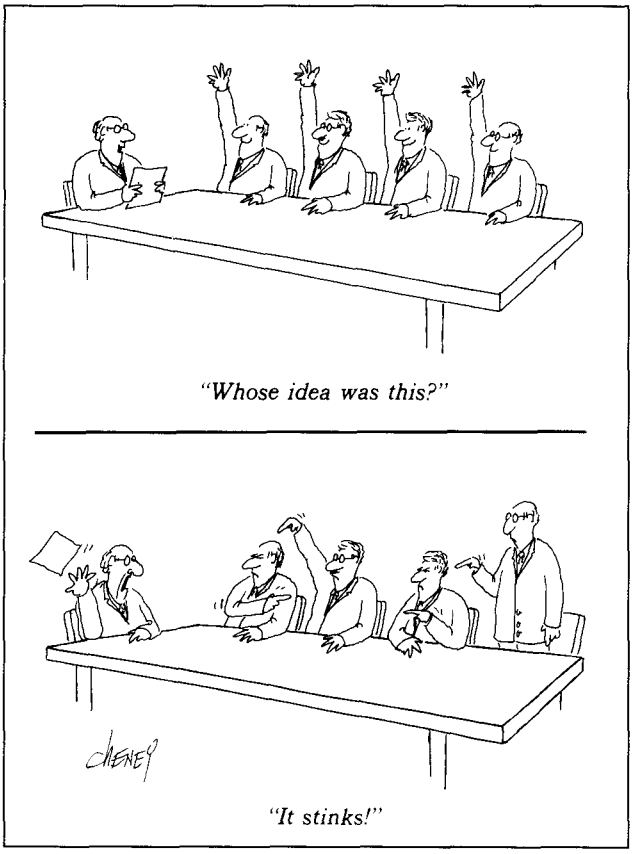
Do writers have a mission?

He ponders the question. "I don't know if they have a mission or not. I do know that a writer's work can have a very profound effect. I have a great deal of respect for humorists, as well as for 'serious writers,' because both have the power to do some good. A book—" he pauses, "leaves a record."

Michener is gratified that he can share his success with others. He has given away more money—several million dollars—in support of the arts and budding artists than most dream of making in a lifetime. Moreover, he gives of himself to those who are eager to learn. "The cause is almost automatic," he explains. "My wife and I never had children, and we have both profited enormously from the public-education system. We're sort of obliged to give something back."

Michener wishes that he himself could have been exposed to a professional writer while he was still in college. "It would help young people who want to write if they could meet someone who is just like them, only a few years older, who is actually *doing* it! They would realize that it *is* doable, not an impossible dream."

One reason the reading world devours such novels as *Chesapeake, Centennial, The Drifters* and *The Covenant* must surely be Michener's keen concern for the human condition. His interest in young people is a prime example. "When I was writing my book on young people [*The Drifters*]," he recalls, "I thought 85 percent would come around and do all right. Maybe be better than they were before. The other 15 percent were dead ducks then, and they were never coming back. After I wrote *The Drifters*, it was a very painful thing. Everywhere I went, someone would come up to me—a minister, a doctor, a lawyer, the principal of the local school—I mean, the top people in the community, and there would be a moment of hesitation, and they would say, 'We have a son, or we have a daughter, who is messing up his life.' "



"Whose idea was this?"

"It stinks!"

Michener spreads his hands in exasperation and shakes his head sadly. His voice is charged with emotion. "It was just heartbreaking! They would always ask me the same questions. What could they do? I always told them, for God's sake, don't sever relationships. Be prepared for some jolts."

Michener's mood breaks suddenly as he remembers a happier incident. He gives a deep, genuine laugh. "I had this friend," he says with a chortle, "who was just as straight as a man could be. He and his wife and two of their children were all the same. Super straight. Well, I didn't see him for some time, and then ran into him quite a bit later on, and asked about the family. He told me this one son was in California, living in a *tree*! The young man and a lady friend of his had built themselves a platform in a tree, and they were living in it—and his father wasn't fazed by it!"

Michener laughs again at the thought. "This man didn't know if, when his son got to be 22, he would come down out of that tree or not—but he wasn't on drugs, and he wasn't committing any crimes. Maybe with his mother, father, brother and sister being so straight, he felt he *had* to make a statement. But the father was a better man than I was, and this was a wonderful experience for me."

Though he holds fast to his own value system, James Michener seems relieved that rules aren't quite as illogical and stringent today as they once were. Our expectations of ourselves and others may be more reasonable now, he feels. Still, he's a firm believer in strength of character and courage of convictions. "I've counseled with people on this," he says, "and I don't know all the answers. But I do know that at the age of 22 or 23, you ought to know pretty clearly certain things that, under no circumstances, would you do. Now this recent case of the father and the uncle and the young man selling secrets to another country is something that could never happen to me. This I ruled out 50 years ago! That could never even be contemplated."

He is confounded at the thought. "Treason to one's country!" he exclaims. "It's simply not an option!"

He goes on: "I would think that under no circumstances would I beat

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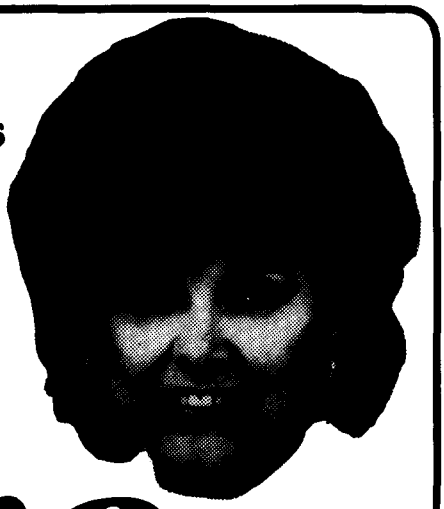

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up a woman. I could never murder." He leans forward as if in an attempt to push his thoughts across the room. "You don't have to have a lot of rules—but boy, you ought to have certain things you don't even have to think about."

Michener is both pleased and perplexed at the various directions life is taking in this country: "I think it's much more difficult to be a kid now than when I was a boy. Drugs. Violence. Confusion. The escalation of things causes young people to be drawn into situations before they're ready. I see little girls nine and ten being put into beauty pageants. What in the world are they doing in beauty pageants? As for little tots being thrown into that sort of thing—now, that's disgraceful.

"I think it's important to remember that it's not the primary job of the young person to make his parents happy. His primary job is to reach his potential."

He qualifies: "In a lot of ways, we're doing better than we have a right to expect. Racial prejudice has eased up, and integration has gone more smoothly than we believed it would. There are tremendous opportunities for people these days, including the option to change directions. If a person decides he needs to make a change, he can—and the point when he knows he needs the change is the time to make it. You don't have to do work you're not suited for. It's healthy to refocus."

The belief in scholarship figures heavily in Michener's outlook. "I've been academically trained, and I believe in getting an education. I should point out that I don't think a person's time is wasted if he simply absorbs and lives. But I suggest college—at least a couple of years—while a person is finding his direction."

When Michener is not discussing the broader aspects of life on planet Earth, he finds it just as enjoyable to talk about his own daily life. In this area, however, he isn't quick to bare his soul. Privacy in his personal matters is protected deftly. On the subject of friendship, he states emphatically that one of his great regrets is a difficulty in forming and maintaining close relationships. "I move around so much. It's painful. I haven't stayed in one place and worked at one job, the way most people do. I miss that," he says soberly. "I'm very aware of my situation. Still, if you knew me for a long time, you would see that I probably would not be different if things were different."

The one relationship that's been most lasting for this gentle man is with his Japanese-American wife. Mari, whom he describes as "a total extrovert, sociable, bouncy and bubbly," has also known hard times. In the days of some of the most severe discrimination this country has ever known, Mari spent some time in a concentration camp. She has lived through some rugged experiences, but she's not a woman who is easily defeated. When her husband talks about her, his admiration for her shows. No flowery words. Something better, much better—respect and trust.

"How much is this new diet of yours going to cost us?"

As a man who feels and appreciates life with such intensity, does he have a philosophy about the meaning of it all? "I've grappled with it," he says, "and I decided that this was an area in which I was not very profound—that I'm never going to know the answers. I try to live each day as if there's going to be an accounting."

The sun is dipping slightly outside. Michener gets to his feet and heads for the kitchen. He offers "juice or buttermilk" to his guests. "I'm a pretty fair cook," he calls over his shoulder. "I make a great Beef Bourgignon." He peeks into the refrigerator in search of a snack and comments on the state of the art of cheese making these days: He's less than tickled that dairy companies would opt to use other than natural ingredients. Life used to be so simple, he says. Progress is one thing, but. . . .

He offers a tour of his office—a workplace organized, jam-packed with the necessities of his profession. A poster on the wall depicts his latest book. Closet doors stand open. He does not rush to close them—he's a stickler for detail, but only on details that really count.

It's time for his afternoon walk. Outside, he stops beneath a splendid magnolia tree, breathes in the fragrance and pronounces it marvelous.

"We've always had a pair of dogs, until now," he says, "and they would walk with me. The first couple of pairs we had, we trained in the classic tradition, to be obedient, to respond to commands. Then we realized suddenly that we were training them to be nice to *us*. After that, when we got a new pair, we told them from the beginning that they were a part of the family, and that everything they did would be right—and their response was amazing! They became so sensitive to us and couldn't bear to disappoint us."

One last question. The classic one: If you had it all to do over again?—"I think I'd be the same," he says. He thinks. Nods. "The same strengths, the same weaknesses. I don't for a minute believe that, if I could live my life over again, I'd be any different."

He sets off walking, uphill, against the sun. He squints slightly and smiles.

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Sponsor a Child for Only $10 a Month.

At last! Here is a $10 sponsorship program for Americans who are unable to send $16, $18, or $22 a month to help a needy child.

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- two personal letters from your child each year.
- a complete Sponsorship Kit with your child's case history and a special report about the country where your child lives.
- quarterly issues of our newsletter "Sponsorship News".

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Yes—because the Holy Land Christian Mission International believes that many Americans would like to help a needy child. And so we searched for ways to reduce the cost—without reducing the help that goes to the child you sponsor.

For example, unlike some of the other organizations, your child does not write each month, but two letters a year from your child keeps you in contact and, of course, you can write to the child just as often as you wish.

Also, to keep down administrative costs, we do not offer the so-called "trial child" that the other organizations mail to prospective sponsors before the sponsors send any money.

We do not feel that it is fair to the child for a sponsor to decide whether or not to help a child based on a child's photograph or the case history.

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$10 a month may not seem like much help to many Americans, but to a poor family living on an income of $1.50 or $2.00 a day, your sponsorship can help make all the difference in the world.

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Country preference: ☐ India ☐ The Philippines ☐ Thailand ☐ Costa Rica ☐ Chile ☐ Honduras ☐ Dominican Republic ☐ Colombia ☐ Guatemala ☐ Africa

☐ **OR, choose a child that needs my help from your EMERGENCY LIST.**

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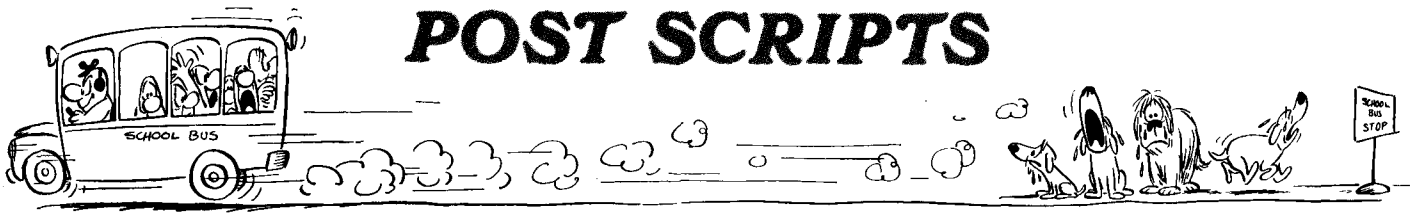

The Pause That Regresses

It was already dusk at the campground when I realized I had forgotten to take my two young grandsons for a walk in the woods.

"I'm sorry, kids," I said. "I don't know how I forgot our plans."

"That's O.K., grandma," piped the older of the two. "I heard grandpa say you forget sometimes because you're going through your mental pause."

—Lillian F. Ackley

Son Downed

A preacher and a truckdriver had an accident. The driver got out of his truck and began cursing the parson. When he finished his harangue, the preacher replied, "My good man, you know I can't use that kind of language, but I will say this: When you get home tonight, I hope your mother runs out from under the porch and bites you."

—Herm Albright

A Weighty Business

A prospect for life insurance was completing the necessary application. Included was a question asking for the applicant's actual weight. The man filled it in: "One hundred eighty-eight pounds with glasses."

The insurance representative, somewhat puzzled, asked: "Why don't you put down your weight without glasses?"

"Because I can't read the bathroom scale without them," the man replied.

—B. Bader

Catch as Catch Can

"Doctor," said the man on the phone, "my son has scarlet fever."

"Yes, I know," replied the doctor. "I came by your house and treated him yesterday. Just keep him away from the other people in the house and——"

"But you don't understand," said the distraught parent. "He kissed the maid!"

"Well, that's unfortunate. Now we'll probably have to quarantine her."

"And, doctor, I'm afraid I've kissed the girl myself."

"This is getting complicated. That means you may have contracted the disease."

"Yes, and I've kissed my wife since then."

"Darn it," exclaimed the doctor, "now I'll catch it too!"

—L. Mayer

"Nice crowd."

Deft-initions

Solar thaw: Snow shoo.
Calendar: Dating service.
Just desserts: Fat chance.
Ski-resort ad: Slalom promise.
Surfing report: Wave reviews.

—Hank Billings

A Driving Lesson

A teacher was asked why she preferred teaching in an elementary school.

"Well," she explained, "I love children of all ages, but at the grade school, I'm always sure of finding a parking space."

—Henry E. Leabo

Driving Dad Nuts

Believing that today's children are overindulged, a father became furious when his teen-age son asked if he could start driving the three blocks to school.

"Drive to school?" the father exclaimed. "Why do you suppose you have two feet?"

The boy replied: "Isn't one to push the brake and the other to push the accelerator?"

—J.L. Kuo

Nudist (in a) Colony

During World War II a British major was court-martialed for pursuing a member of the Women's Royal Naval

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Service through Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo, Egypt, while he was naked.

His barrister succeeded in having him acquitted by quoting the King's Regulations: "An officer shall always be dressed in keeping with the sport in which he is engaged."

—John A. Johnston

Curse You, My Son

Most football players are not noted for great intellect or astute perception. One day, the university team's star lineman came in the dormitory with cuts and bruises all over his face. One of the other players asked, "Hey man, where have you been?"

"Ah. . .I went down to Big Mike's tavern."

"Big Mike's? Whom did you get into a fight with?"

"Big Mike."

"Big Mike? He's a nice guy. What did you do?"

"I made a crack about the Pope."

"That was real stupid, man. Don't you know Big Mike is Catholic?"

"Sure I do. I just didn't know the Pope is!"

—Marilyn Tuck

Up a Tree

Definition of a housing development: A place where they fell all the trees—then give the streets names like "Pine" and "Maple."

—Martha J. Beckman

Feeling His Oats

Asked to what he attributed his longevity, the 90-year-old man replied: "Can't exactly say, but I'm negotiating with several breakfast-cereal companies at the moment."

—A.H. Berzen

A Sobering Thought

An inebriated man, trying to call a taxi to take him home after a party, dialed the counseling number of a late-night religious program by mistake.

The young counselor, aware of the caller's condition, tried to persuade him to see the error of his ways.

"Aw, you don't have any fun," the man told her.

"I have more fun than you do," she insisted.

"Ha! Some fun!" he shot back. "Up at one a.m. talking to a drunk!"

—Roberta L. Bonnici

The Pet and the Pendulum

Spare me from friends, feline or spaniel,
That need attention more than annual
Or clamor for their daily feeding
When I'm enjoying mine or reading.
I will not walk a stubborn pup
When nothing else on earth is up,
Nor spend my leisure killing fleas
Or dealing with cat-astrophes.
I have more time for me because
I shun the patter of little paws.

—Alice P. Stein

A Dependable Merchant

Our house is decrepit and broken-down,
It's been here a century or more.
I am claiming as one of my dependents
The neighborhood hardware store.

—Hans G. Mueller

The Boy from TV Land

There was a boy from TV land
Who never read a book.
Just TVs, TVs everywhere—
Everywhere he looked.

He never saw a library.
He never saw a school.
He never learned to read or write
Or to say the Golden Rule,

Until one day he found a book
From a time so long ago.
He wondered what the words all said.
He wondered what they'd show.

He came upon an old, old man
Who stared out into space,
A wise old man with many years
Carved across his face.

He gave the man the ancient book
And asked him to explain.
The man gazed down upon the boy,
His eyes so full of pain.

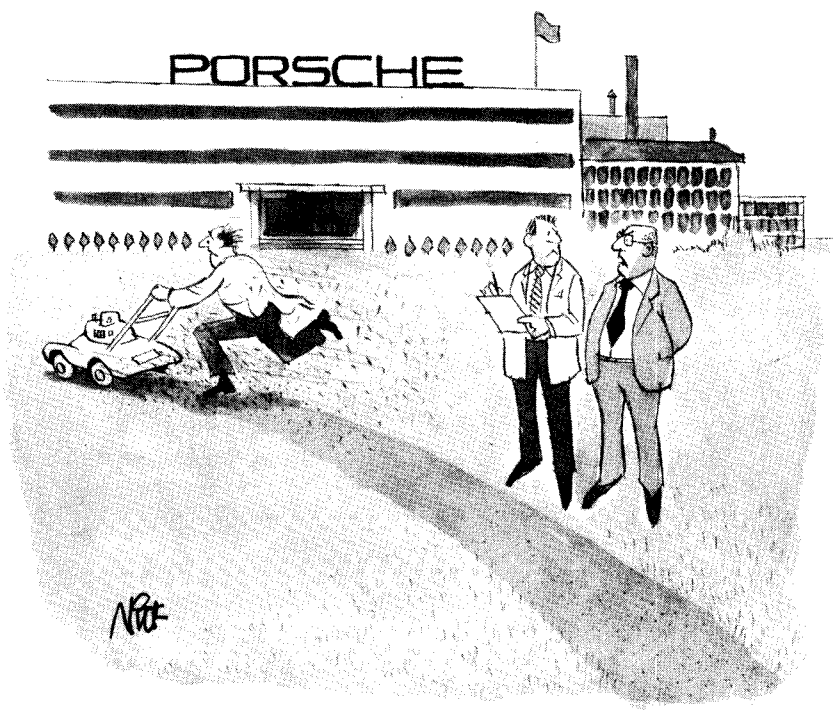
The boy leaned close to hear the words
That came from deep inside.
The old man groaned and told the boy,
"It's just a *TV Guide*."

—Charles Ghigna

Just Nosy, That's All

All odors are its jurisdiction:
You can depend upon the nose
To draw a definite distinction
Between a pigpen and a rose.
When shaving, mind that you don't nick it;
The nose deserves your love and care,
Because one day you'll want to stick it
In someone's personal affair.
You move behind it as directed
And follow closely where it goes.
Remember, when you don't expect it,
You may be paying through your nose.
And since it's always nicely jutted,
It's by the nose you're led apace.
The nose is yours, you're free to cut it
When you decide to spite your face.

—Michael Sharer



"Look, Heinrich, just because Honda *makes a lawnmower. . . ."*

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NO NOSE FOR WINE

Unless you plan to eat the cork as an appetizer, what's the point in sniffing it?

by Edward Beckwith

Illustrated by Frank Cotham

"A Chablis with squab? Surely they jest!"

Even though I pride myself on general knowledge, I have mental blocks when it comes to certain things. Where I leave my car, for instance. Or what day of the week it is. Or how many kids I have.

Another one is wine. Although I like a number of wines, I can never keep them straight. I vaguely recall red wine belonging with red meat and white wine with white meat. But that really doesn't tell the whole story. It certainly doesn't allow one to converse with any savoir-faire about wine, or to convincingly use those erudite phrases one hears mouthed by connoisseurs. "An unpretentious little wine, with a hint of boldness." What is that supposed to mean? One could use the same words to describe Genghis Khan's wife—or my uncle's plaid jacket.

Nonetheless, I've always been impressed with the guy who nods knowingly as a waiter holds a bottle of wine out for his approval. Then he sniffs the cork. This I don't understand. If I'm going to eat a candy bar, I don't sniff the wrapper. I'm not going to eat the wrapper. I couldn't care less what it smells like. I don't see the point in sniffing the cork, either, unless he's planning to eat it as an appetizer.

Our expert next accepts a little wine in his glass and holds it up to the light. What is he doing—checking for bugs? He moves the glass gently back and forth under his nose and sniffs again. Only then does he raise the glass to his lips. He takes a sip, swishes it around in his mouth and stares off into space. I feel as though I'm observing a secret ritual. He nods again to the waiter and smiles. What does the smile mean? Good cork? No bugs? The waiter then pours wine in everybody else' glasses. By this time the rest of the people at the table have nearly died from thirst.

Rather than appear to be a wine-dummy the next time I sat in a fine restaurant, I decided to enrich my meager knowledge of wines and at the same time find out what all the nodding and sniffing was about. At the first opportunity I signed up for a wine-tasting seminar, one of those smart little gatherings where people taste a variety of wines and, under the tutelage of a resident wine expert, learn something about their characteristics.

Seated at the seminar, I looked around the table. There was indeed a lot of nodding and sniffing going on. And looking and twirling and wrinkling of noses and lifted eyebrows. Except for the occasional "hmmmm" and "ahhhh" that floated across the table, it could have been a mime class.

It also occurred to me that these people were not all novices. I tried desperately to dredge from my memory the few wine phrases I had picked up from wine commercials and old Noel Coward movies. Why not use them on my host? I wouldn't sound like an expert, but neither would I appear completely ignorant of the subject at hand.

My turn came. The expert offered me a glass of dark red Lambrusco. I swished a sip around in my mouth and smiled at him. I should have swallowed the wine first.

He handed me a napkin. "Well," he asked haughtily, "what is your impression?"

I leaned back in the chair and stared off into space. "A full-bodied wine with just a hint of sarcasm." I could see by the look on his face that I had said the wrong thing.

"Sarcasm? What are you talking about? A wine is never sarcastic. Impudent. It's impudent."

"I see what you mean," I replied. "There is a difference."

"Now try this one." He handed me a glass of clear white wine.

I held it up to the light and twirled the glass in my fingers. "No bugs," I said.

"What?"

"There aren't any bugs in it. You know, when somebody holds a glass up to the light to check for bugs?"

A twitch started on the right side of his face. "Bugs? Are you insane? They're not checking for bugs, you idiot. They're looking for clarity."

"I see. Yes, that would make sense. Well, this wine is very clear. I don't understand, though, how you could see bugs in a dark wine."

Beads of sweat were forming on his brow, and his face had grown red. "Would you please try the wine?" he asked tersely.

I tasted the wine. "A light, fruity vintage," I said knowingly, "with a definite lip-smacking appeal."

"Good God. Lip-smacking appeal? You have just degraded one of the finest Chablis wines in the world." His twitch had become noticeably worse.

"I'm really sorry," I said. "I probably should have insulted the impudent wine instead."

"Who are you?" he demanded in a voice quivering with rage. "Why have you come here?" Suddenly he realized his condition and struggled to regain control of himself. "Is there anything else I can offer you?" The words were polite, but the strain in his voice was evident.

"I might try a little of the other white wine over there."

"You mean the Soave. Of course." He handed me the glass.

I took a sip. "This wine's a little flat," I said. "Have any ginger ale?"

He turned blue and passed out. It was a nice shade of blue. Full-bodied, with just a hint of hysteria.

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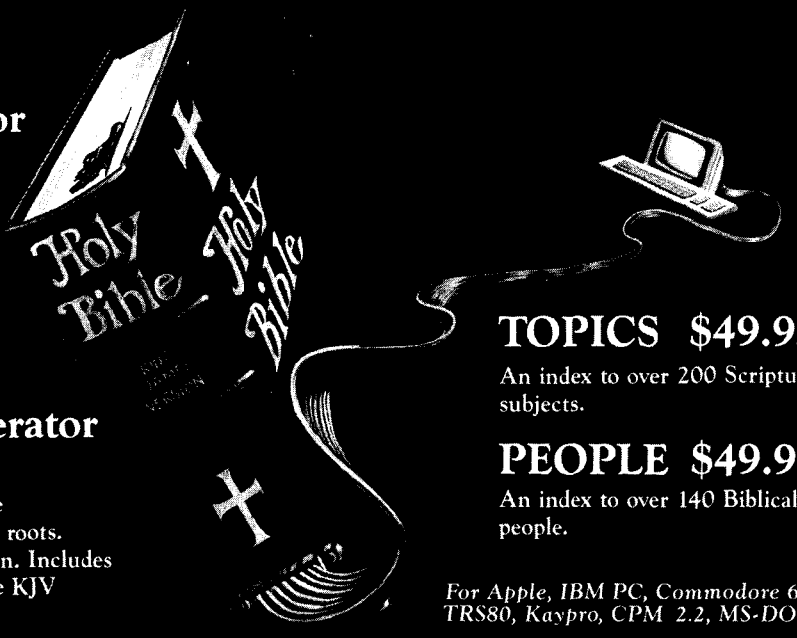

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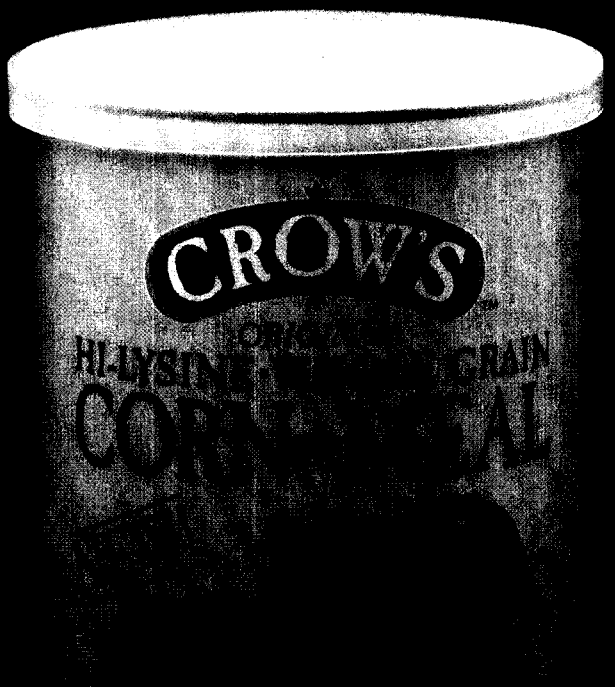

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HER HONOR: THE RANCHER'S DAUGHTER

Justice Sandra Day O'Connor reflects on her eventful life, from riding a horse at her parents' ranch before she could walk to sitting as first woman judge on the Supreme Court of the United States.

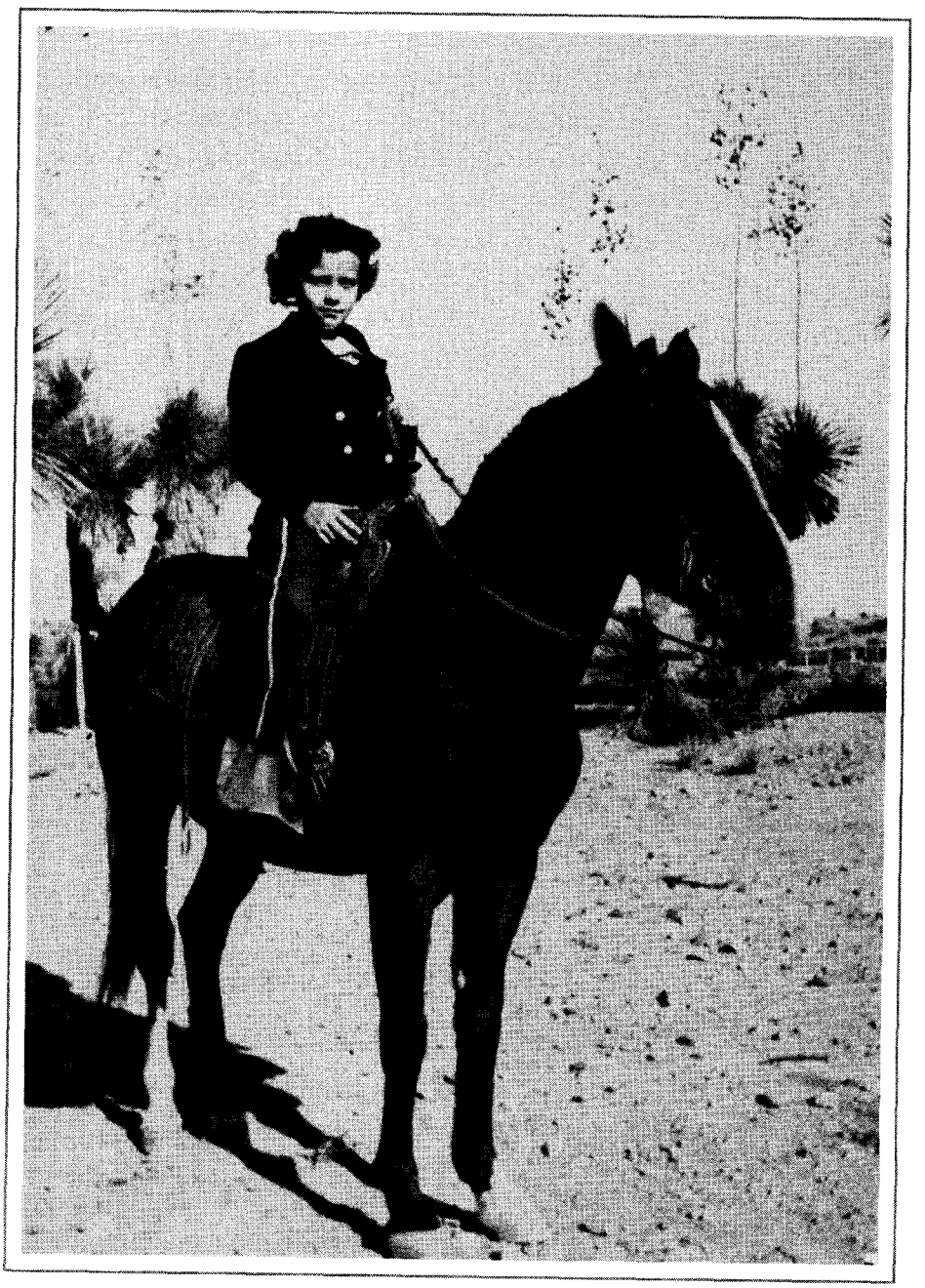
by Joan S. Marie

In 1981 Sandra Day O'Connor made history when she was sworn in as the first female justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Not surprisingly, the eight "brethren" weren't too sure what to expect from her appointment. One thing they found was that the new justice already had a leg up on the job.

Justice O'Connor arrives at the Supreme Court bright and early every morning, along with several other Court employees, to take an aerobics class from a local YWCA instructor. Sporting a leotard, the justice throws herself *totus corpus* into various stretches, extensions, twists, head rolls and leg lifts.

"I think physical fitness is enormously important to your capacity to do mental fitness work; to do the work that I do here at the Court," says Justice O'Connor. "I'm more productive with my work when I feel good physically, so when I came to the Court I decided that I wanted to continue the practice I had started in Arizona, an exercise class every morning early. Through the Y we were able to get a young woman to be an instructor, and we set up a little class here at the Court." Sorry, no men allowed. There's only one shower room at the Supreme Court. "The class is open to all the women employees," says the justice, "and it's something that I manage to do

The author—a lawyer, writer, editor, wife and, not least, the mother of two young sons—was asked to do this cover-story interview because of her empathy with her role model Sandra Day O'Connor. Ms. Marie hopes this interview will reflect the unbounded enthusiasm and commitment of Justice O'Connor to her family and her career.



Sandra Day learned to ride on her favorite horse, Chico, at an early age. By the time she was seven she was also driving a car around the Lazy B ranch, but she didn't handle a truck or a tractor until the ripe old age of ten.

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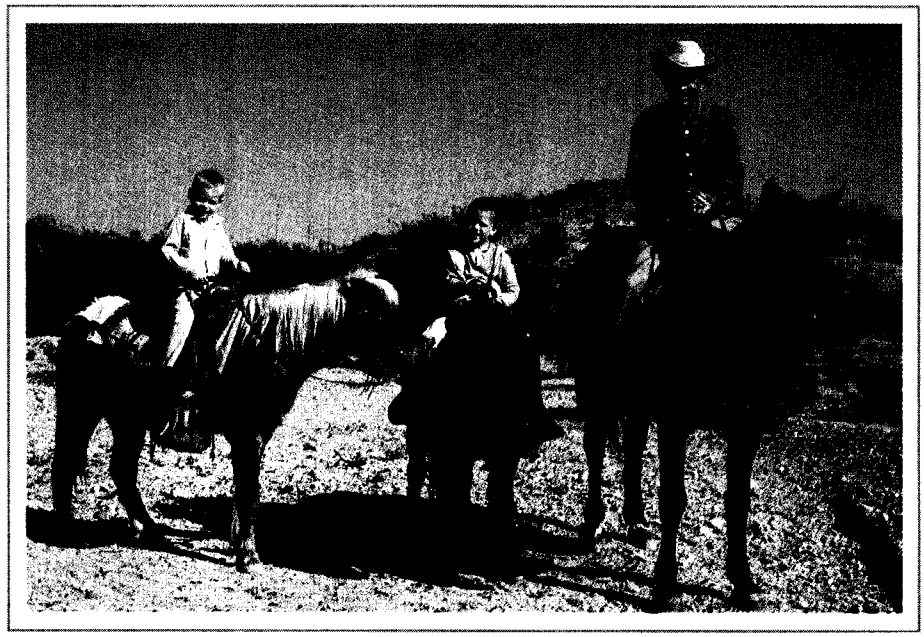
just about every morning."

As the first female on the Supreme Court, she feels an enormous responsibility to do her job well so that people will recognize that women properly belong in this and similar jobs. "It's been touching to see how women of all ages have responded to the appointment of a woman in this Court," she says, "with an outpouring of appreciation that it happened and a feeling of encouragement that the appointment gave them."

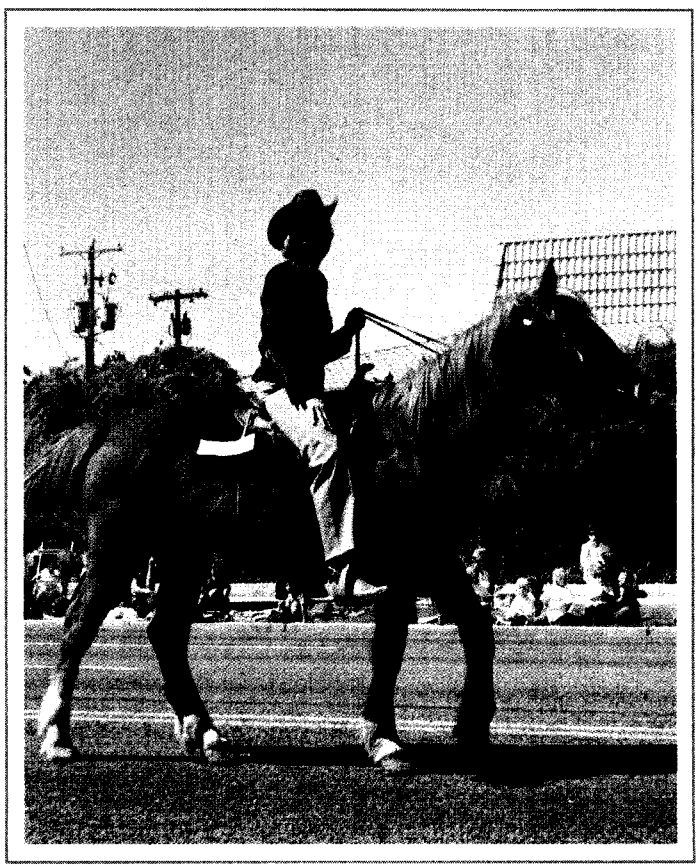
Sitting back in her office chair, the vivacious 55-year-old justice (6 years younger than the next youngest of the "brethren") reflects on her childhood and the encouragement she received from her family. Growing up on the sprawling "Lazy B" ranch in harsh, sun-baked southeastern Arizona made her life more of a challenge. Because her sister and her brother were much younger, she grew up as a virtual single child. Her early childhood companions consisted of her parents, cowboys and a large assortment of animals, including a large bobcat ("when he purred you could hear him all over the house") and a few javelina hogs.



As youngsters, the two oldest O'Connor "wranglers," Scott and Brian, enjoyed "rounding 'em up and heading 'em out" with their grandfather Harry A. Day.

For entertainment, the young Sandra Day would ride horses and read. She also learned to drive a car on the ranch at age seven and could handle a truck and a tractor at ten. As she explains it, no other entertainment was really available besides working on the ranch. "My mother said that before I could walk, one of the cowboys, of whom I was particularly fond, would take me riding with him sitting on the saddle. I always loved horses; that was an important part of my childhood. The other thing, I guess, was reading, because there weren't that many people of my age around; none, in fact, unless I brought them to visit. I would read a lot because my parents had many books, many more than most people in that area."

Justice O'Connor recalls with a laugh the "mad dash" by everyone in the family for each week's *Saturday Evening Post*. "It was funny," she says, "to see members of the family clamoring to read a serial or trying to read a cartoon. When I think about it, reading meant so much more to us, living out where we did."



Since 1981 Sandra Day O'Connor has put the Court before the horse. But in 1979 the Phoenix *Parada del Sol* allowed her to mount up and relive a few happy moments of her Lazy B background.

Living on the ranch, however, had its drawbacks. When it came time for Sandra to go to school, the choices were limited. Because there were no schools in the area, "my parents had to make a decision," she remembers. "My mother's mother was living in El Paso, Texas, and so my family chose to send me to live with her. I lived with grandmother from kindergarten through high school, except for one year. She was a wonderful person—very supportive of me. She would always tell me that I could do anything I wanted to do. She was convinced of that, and it was very encouraging. I was as close to my grandmother as to my mother. I was lucky having two such loving, affectionate mothers."

When she was 16, Sandra Day graduated from high school and headed west to enroll in Stanford University, where she majored in economics. At that time, she had no thought of lawyering, but rather of owning and managing a ranch of her

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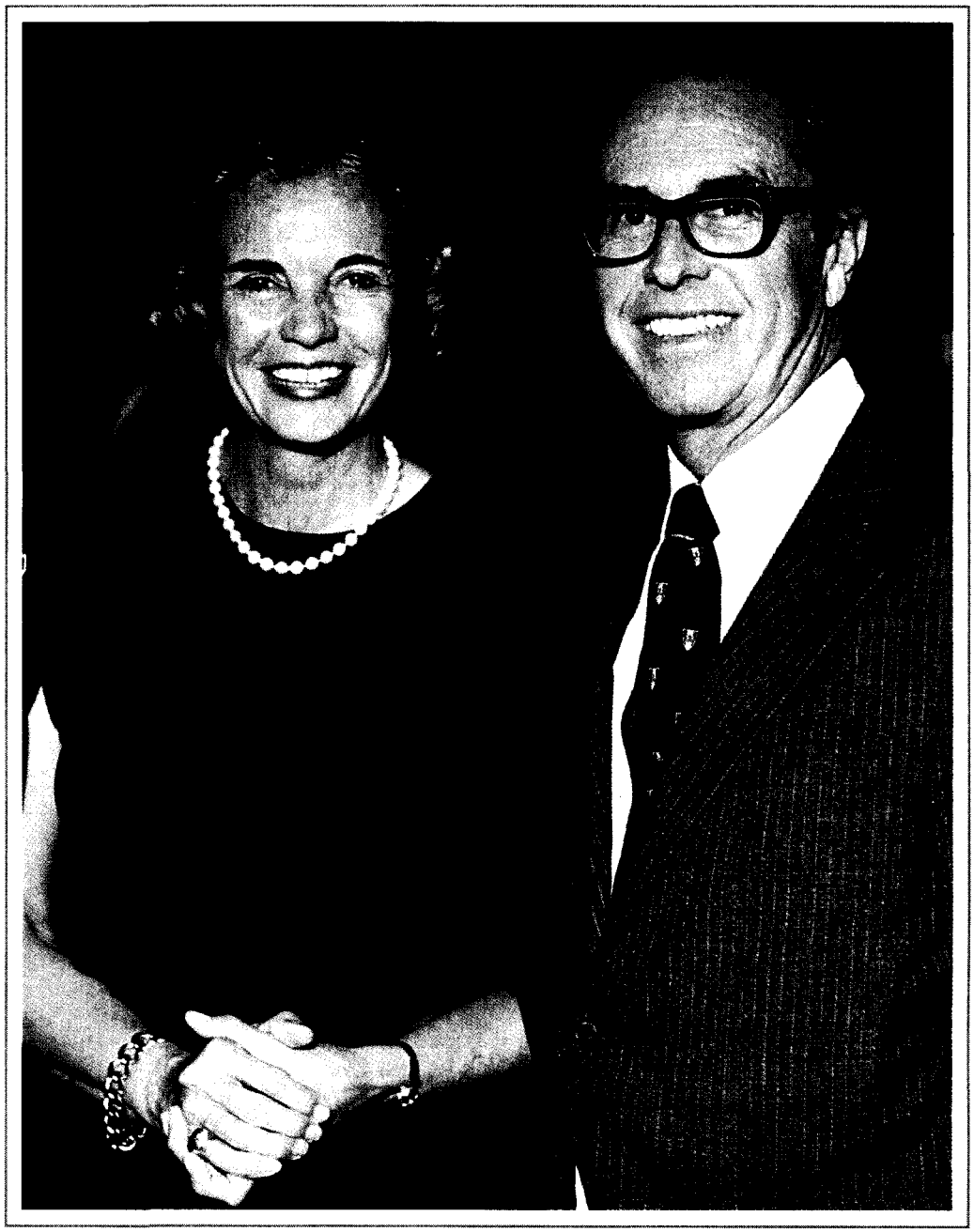
own or possibly of running the Lazy B with her family. Then, in her senior year, she took a law course—and the die was cast. She entered Stanford Law School as a full-time student. In six years (instead of the usual seven) she graduated from both college and law school (third in her class in the latter) and met her future husband, John Jay O'Connor.

By 1952, Sandra Day, 22 years old, was looking forward to getting married and practicing law in California. Only one problem stood in her way: She couldn't find a job. It was not for lack of qualifications, poise or ambition, but rather that no law firms were interested in hiring a woman. As a lawyer, she did receive one offer for a position as a legal secretary. (Ironically, one firm that turned her down, Gibson, Dunn and Crutcher, subsequently had a partner by the name of William French Smith. Twenty-nine years later, as attorney general of the United States, he contacted Sandra Day O'Connor about. . .a possible opening in the Supreme Court!)

Not disheartened, she succeeded in getting work as a deputy county attorney in San Mateo, California—her first opportunity to work in the public sector. "It was a wonderful job," she remembers. "I think that in public employment one often gets more responsibility earlier than one does in the private sector. It influenced the balance of my life because it demonstrated how much I did enjoy public service."



Sandra Day not only finished third in her class at Stanford Law School but first in the heart of John Jay O'Connor, whom she met there. Says she, "He's kept me laughing for 30 years."

The job, however, was a short-term affair. Soon after her newlywed husband graduated from law school, he was drafted to serve as an army lawyer in Frankfurt, Germany. Sandra Day O'Connor gave up her position and followed her husband to Frankfurt, where she again entered public service as a civilian lawyer for the Quartermaster's Corps.

Not until 1957, when the couple moved back to the States and settled in Phoenix, Arizona, did the young lawyer try private practice. Again unable to find an opening in a law firm, she this time started her own firm with a partner.

Of her private practice, the justice says, "We did whatever business we could get to come our way. We had a diverse, small-town type of practice. We took landlord-tenant, domestic, small-business and even criminal appointments on occasion to help pay the rent. It was very challenging because I lacked the experience in those days to handle a broad range of problems."

At the same time, John and Sandra O'Connor were starting their family. In six years they had three sons, Scott, Brian and Jay, each two years apart. Although she managed to continue working in her law practice after her first son was born, the young mother decided to stop working for a time after the arrival of her second son. "It's not easy to work when you have smaller children at home to take care of," she says. "I actually stopped work for about five years and stayed home with the children when they were really small. During those years, I did continue to do some

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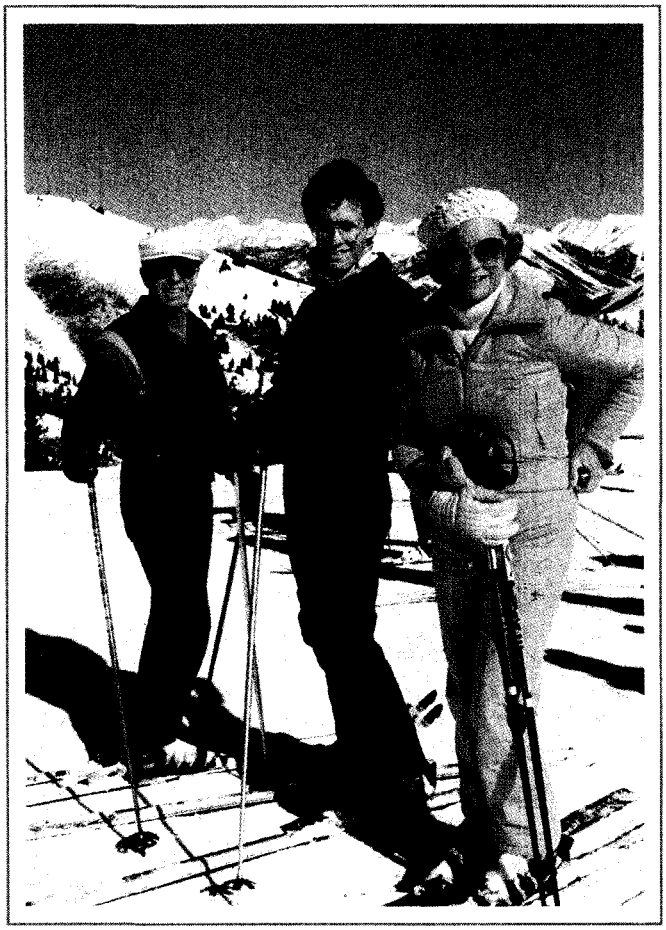
volunteer work, but primarily I stayed home for that interval.

"Two things were clear to me from the onset, I think," the justice says. "One is, I wanted a family, and the second was that I wanted to work—and I love to work. I always have, and I just never thought about living my life without being in the work force in some way. It just didn't occur to me that I wouldn't. I was very fortunate in my life to have some opportunities to do work which was particularly interesting. I might not have felt the same way if the work hadn't been so interesting, but for me it always was."

When eventually she went back to work, it was to a job with flexible hours that allowed her to be with her family when necessary. Asked how she managed to rear her three boys and maintain a busy career, the justice replies, "It wasn't easy. I think what it does is force you to be very efficient both at home and at work. You have to give up a lot of social activities that you might otherwise engage in, and you don't have time for much else except keeping your household going and doing your job."



All sports-minded, the O'Connors through the years have planned family vacations around skiing. Here, John, son Scott, and Sandra try the slopes in Utah.

And how did the boys fare through all of this? "I think our children grew up expecting me to be working. Because I wasn't always available to them, they had to learn to manage some things on their own and to be a bit more independent than they might otherwise have been. I think in the long run that's an advantage.

"I have a couple of examples, to prove where I think that they managed very well," explains Justice O'Connor. "One day while I was at work, our much-loved dog apparently wandered away from home and was struck by an automobile. The dog somehow dragged his poor, horribly injured body back to the house. When our children found him, they had to solve the problem immediately. Because I was not available they had to be resourceful. So they found an old door, took it off the hinges and made a stretcher for the dog and carried him to the veterinarian for treatment.

"On another occasion I was again unavailable when the children discovered a swarm of bees in our house. I guess a queen bee found a little way in through the siding, and the whole bee colony followed. When the children discovered what had happened,

(Left) Sandra O'Connor and sons Jay, Brian and Scott pose by the family pool in Phoenix (about 1975). The boys have emulated their parents' achievements through their own successful careers and community activities.

"I think John and the boys are as close as a father and sons could possibly be," says Sandra. Dad, mom and brother Scott attend Brian's graduation from Colorado College.

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they were marvelous. They got the yellow pages to the phone book and called and called until they found a beekeeper who wanted the bees. He came and had some way of getting the queen and attracting the other bees and taking them off. I was told that if they hadn't acted in that fashion that we could have had a major catastrophe."

When the working mother had to be away from the home, she tried to make sure the children were well-occupied. She often employed outstanding students to take her sons to events after school, on weekends or during the summer. The students also taught her sons sports, helped with homework and became cherished companions.

Two ladies who have made their marks in history: Margaret Thatcher, first lady prime minister in Britain in 164 years of that office, and Sandra Day O'Connor, first woman to serve on the Supreme Court of the United States since it was founded in 1789, met last year in London at the Anglo-American Legal Exchange.

Brian O'Connor, age 25, remembers how it was to grow up in the O'Connor household. The middle child, he says that no one really had time to dwell on the long hours his mother worked, mainly because she had them involved in so many activities. "You name it, we were signed up," he says, listing Spanish, golf, football and dancing lessons as just a few of the many activities she scheduled for them. He says that often his mother got home earlier than the kids. "If my mother is not busy organizing something or giving directions, she's not happy," quips Brian.

He says there were occasions when he should have drawn the line—like the time he overheard his mother saying to someone on the phone, "Oh sure, Brian can escort your daughter at the debutante ball."

But overall, he gives his mom credit for always doing that little bit extra to make their childhood special. For instance, he tells how for several years the O'Connors decided to celebrate Halloween by converting their home into a haunted house. Mama O'Connor dressed up like a wicked witch wearing a black robe of another sort, while papa O'Connor, alias Igor, made sure each child was sufficiently scared out of his wits as the "trick or treaters" toured the haunt.

As the children grew older, Sandra O'Connor grew busier. After her five-year sabbatical and total indulgence in motherhood, she decided to join the work force again as an assistant attorney general in Arizona. Immediately given many new responsibilities, she familiarized herself with the Arizona state government. Not long after, there was an opening in O'Connor's Arizona state-senate district. She was appointed to the seat and ran successfully for two more terms. She also served as the majority leader of the senate, which added pressure to her work.

By 1975, ready for a change, Sandra Day O'Connor decided to run for the then elected position of superior-court judge in Maricopa County, northwest of Phoenix. She won the election and served there as a judge until 1979, when she was appointed to the Arizona Court of Appeals.

The rest is history. In 1981, to replace the retiring Justice Potter Stewart, President Reagan chose 51-year-old Sandra Day O'Connor, "a person," he declared, "for all seasons." Luckily, the year before, the justices had decided to drop the "Mr." in front of "Justice," which until that time had been used in published opinions and official records for 190 years. Thus "Justice O'Connor" was a natural way to address her.

The Court's annual term begins, by statute, on the first Monday in October and ends around July 4. To begin each session, the crier brings down his gavel and intones the centuries-old "oyez" (pronounced "o-yay," and meaning "hear ye").

During each day the Supreme Court of the United States is in session, an invocation, "God bless this honorable Court," is pronounced upon its proceedings. As the justices gaze down from their august perch, they look upon the Ten Commandments graven upon the walls of their building.

The eight "brethren" flank the Supreme Court's first female member, Sandra Day O'Connor, and President Reagan, who defied tradition by appointing her.

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The first lady of the land and the first lady on the Court, with President Reagan and Chief Justice Warren Burger.

Justice O'Connor joins her colleagues in hearing oral arguments between 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays for approximately two weeks of each month. Visitors are invited, up to a limit of 218, on a first-come, first-served basis. Astonishment at the judicial ambience is not unknown. One man said he had expected the justices to "talk in Latin or something." A high-school girl was shocked that a black-robed justice could rock comfortably in his high-back chair and actually laugh out loud. (Justices are privileged to choose a chair for their individual comfort.)

Laughter, however, is not indigenous to the high court. The stresses of the place understandably make for an air of aloofness. To reach the Supreme Court, cases must turn on principles of law or constitutional issues of far-reaching importance. From more than 5,000 petitions a year, the Court hears arguments on perhaps 150. "We are very quiet here," Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes once remarked, "but it is the quiet of a storm center."

Sandra Day O'Connor, regarded by most as a judicial conservative except when it comes to sex discrimination, already knows that storm center well. She has always shown particular interest in equality for women. She states: "I worked hard to try to eliminate what I saw or judged as legal impediments in the way of letting women progress and meet their career goals. I think that after women got the right to vote, they pretty much sat down for a long period of time and packed their banners and stayed quiet. It wasn't until the '60s that women began to bring to the forefront the continuing concerns that they had about equal opportunity. I am sure that but for that effort, I would not be serving in this job, because people obtained a greater consciousness of the need for women in these positions.

"There were not as many women working, at least in the professions, in the days when I was starting out in the legal profession," says Justice O'Connor. "In fact, there were only a handful. We used to meet in Arizona, the women lawyers there, about once a month—and initially we could sit around a very small table indeed. Through the years it grew."

As for role models, the justice says: "A woman judge in Arizona named Norma Lockwood became the first woman chief justice of the state supreme court. Her father had been a lawyer and a judge, and she became a legislator and a judge. She was very helpful to the women lawyers in those days and would meet with us. We thought that was a wonderful encouragement."

Does she foresee the day when as many as half the Supreme Court will be female justices? "I surely would

continued on page 109

The Post *Decides in Favor of the Justice's Recipes*

Although her friends testify to her reputation as a five-star cook, the hectic schedule of a Supreme Court justice leaves Sandra Day O'Connor little time to indulge in her culinary relaxation. When she does have a chance to demonstrate her talents in the kitchen, her native Southwestern background comes out in such personal creations as the Crab Enchiladas and Tomatillo Sauce below. Upon trying her recipes in our test kitchens, we agree that she has done them *justice*.

Crab Enchiladas

(Serves 4)

1 dozen corn tortillas
2 cups crab meat
2 cups or more grated cheese—mild Cheddar or jack cheese
1 bunch green onions, chopped
Tomatillo Sauce

Heat ½ cup cooking oil in small skillet and dip each tortilla into oil for a few seconds: turn over once. Remove and drain on paper towels. Salt each one lightly.

Lay some crab meat, green onions and cheese in a row across the middle of each tortilla. Roll up and lay seam side down in a baking dish that will hold all of them in a single layer.

Cover with tomatillo sauce and more grated cheese. Bake uncovered at 350° F. in oven for 20 minutes or more, until bubbly. Serve with chopped lettuce and cherry-tomato halves as garnish.

Tomatillo Sauce

Put all contents of 2 cans of canned green tomatillos in food processor along with ½ Spanish onion, 1 clove garlic and 2 or 3 jalapeno chilies with seeds and stems removed. Blend. In saucepan melt 3 tablespoons margarine; add 3 tablespoons flour. Stir. Add tomatillo mix and cook gently until somewhat thickened; stir as needed.

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HOBBY HORSES

Hubby found himself saddled with her miniature ponies after only three weeks, or was it four?—"Time flies when the guillotine blade is on the way down."

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin

"Now that I have retired," Lois injected into my reverie on the sofa, "instead of letting our ten acres go to weeds and our barn to mice, I think we should let them go to miniature ponies and give me a hobby."

In response to my blank stare, she said: "Look at all the hobbies *you* have—hoeing the garden, sawing down trees, chopping wood, mowing lawns, pulling stumps, digging up the drain. . . ."

"You know I hate horses," I interrupted, for perhaps the second time in our marriage. (I have learned that if I let her keep talking, she will eventually wind down and forget her original theme.) "Remember the farmer I told you about who had fed his horse for 20 years? While he put oats in the manger one morning the horse showed its appreciation by biting off his ear, lobe and all. And did I ever tell you about Minnie, a girl I went with before you got lucky and nailed me?"

"Not over 40 times," she replied.

"To refresh your memory," I said, "I reached under her tresses to dally with her ear, only to find I had chosen the side that didn't have one. Her pet horse, in a playful mood, had beaten me to it."

"And the poor girl had to carry her earring in her hand. I've heard that 40 times too. But you won't have to worry about losing an ear to these ponies," Lois assured me. "They only come up to your waist."

The next day, I came home to find dinner still unthawed and Lois taking a crash course in raising miniature ponies, courtesy of five books checked out of the Spencer library. The day after that—or maybe it was the same day (you know how time flies when the blade of the guillotine is on the way down)—three living, breathing ponies were wrestled out of a van and manhandled through a gate leading to our back ten acres. (From my vantage point atop the woodpile I could see that the man handling them was wearing a stocking cap pulled well over his ears.) The two females couldn't be your prudish, strait-laced ponies with impeccable morals, of course. Oh, no. These two were right off the streets, both ready to "drop" their colts, as Lois phrased it, within the month.

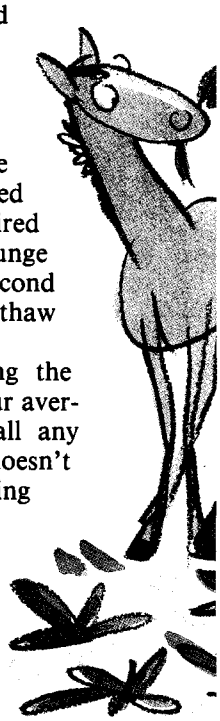
The male's problem, as it turned out, was not a temporary bladder condition, as the dealer had explained. The little feller walked with his hind legs crossed because of a permanent case of stringhalt. This meant we would be supporting an oat burner incapable of performing his procreative duties. For mixed emotions the situation had to rate right up there with watching your mother-in-law drive over the cliff in your new Rolls-Royce.

To her credit, Lois flung herself into her hobby with a fervor she hadn't shown since she was named block chairperson for Girl Scout cookies. And she maintained that fervor for—oh, it must have been upward of three weeks. I could check it by calling the *Spencer Evening World* and asking for the date when the temperature dropped to 20 below zero. It coincided with the date of her decision to come out of retirement and to resume her nursing duties. Also coinciding with this was that our hilltop haven had suddenly been converted into a 13-acre snow cone.

"How can you work all day and take care of the ponies too?" I asked in my husbandly innocence.

"They only need to be fed hay and grain morning and night, and the barn has to be cleaned out," she replied. "And don't forget to take along a teakettle of hot water to thaw out their drinking tub."

She failed to mention that should the kettle of hot water by some miracle survive the slips, slides and plunges through the snow piled between house and barn, it would be used to thaw the barn door so it would open. This means the one who hasn't returned to nursing duty is required to slip, slide and plunge back up the hill for a second kettle of hot water to thaw the water in the tub.



The thrill of getting the barn door open on your average winter day was all any man could ask, but it doesn't hold a candle to opening the barn door to a scene better left undescribed.

Slipping, etc., back up the hill, I let my fingers race through the Yellow Pages to the first vet they came to. "One of our ponies is having a baby!" I yelled into the phone.

After waiting just short of an eternity with no response, I thought perhaps the wild banging of my heart in my throat had garbled the message. So I yelled again.

"And you want to bring her to the Veterans Hospital?" a cool voice inquired. Back to the Yellow Pages.

"Is the mare having trouble?" asked the veterinarian I reached.

Do goldfish have headaches? How was I supposed to know if the mare was having trouble? It wasn't *my* hobby. "It didn't exactly look like a picnic," I told him.

So the vet drove out, told me everything was fine and that mares usually handle these matters without interference. The advice cost $35.

Four days later I shot another $35 for his reassurance that the other mare had handled the matter satisfactorily.

I pointed out to Lois that the food bill for the barn would exceed the food bill for the house, but she assured me that colts nurse for six months. It's true—they do. Mother's milk, however, soon became only an aperitif that left us with five mouths to feed, not counting our own. And what we kept pouring into these five bottomless hobbies consisted of molasses-treated, 18-karat gold nuggets

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priced at $4.65 per 50-pound sack, oats at $4.35 per bushel and cracked corn at $3.55 per. Their tossed salad of alfalfa and clover came to $2.00 per bale.

"And what do we get in return for this outlay?" I inquired of the initiator of this pastime. "No milk, no eggs, no cheese, no butter, no yogurt. . . ."

"If I were doing it," she who was no longer doing it said, "instead of griping about having to mow three acres of lawn every other day, I'd let the ponies do the mowing and save the hay."

She, of course, was safely away waking patients to give them a sleeping pill when I turned the ponies out on the lawn. I didn't know—because I had not read the five books from the library—that ponies won't touch plain old grass if they can lay their gourmet lips on such delicacies as beet greens, lettuce, cabbage and Brussels sprouts. By the time I had coaxed, prodded and bribed all five into the confines of the barnyard, everything edible in the garden had been eaten. Everything not edible had been trampled beyond redemption.

The hobbyist's next bit of brilliance was buying halters (custom-made for the colts, of course) and rope so I could stake the ponies in the areas I wanted mowed. Houdini himself couldn't have escaped from those halters any faster. Pint, the stringhalted male, rose above his handicap long enough to pull his stake from the ground and wrap his trailing rope around my dwarf Red Delicious tree, converting it into a dwarf clothesline post.

"If you would do more bribing with apples and less persuading with that elm-tree limb, you might have better luck," Lois said with her usual outpouring of sympathy. "Ponies love apples." I hunted up a bushel basket and gave her a dollar to buy apples. She came home that night with six apples and 11¢ change.

The one good thing about feeding apples to ponies is that you no longer have to bother trimming your nails. Once your nails have been reduced to the quick and you have no more apples, ponies will chase you around the barnyard and try to sample your arms and legs. On the day Lois came home to find me backed into the barbed-wire fence, she opened her sympathy valve again to explain that nipping is the only way ponies show affection. "They can't very well wrap their arms around you," she said as she unsnagged my pants and patted, in turn, all five of my adoring fans on the muzzle.

Speaking of fences, neighbors on either side of us have verified that ours are not pony proof. Gail Abrell, however, verified it at 2 a.m. "Your ponies are in the road," he said, after I had hit my shin on the coffee table and hobbled to the phone, a superstition that's supposed to ward off bad news.

I woke Lois, stuck a flashlight in her hand and in the moonlight led her down the road until we spotted two ponies ready for their version of Trivial Pursuit. An hour later, as we approached our driveway, I sneaked around in front to head them off. They liked this game even better. While I stood in the middle of the road, waved my arms and shouted threats, they shot past in the ditches on either side, kicked up their little heels and snorted in derision at my futile efforts.

They then managed to find the hole in Clinton Abrell's fence and went into the woods. Lois said, "Let 'em go—I've got to get up in a couple of hours." But who could go back to sleep now? It was around 4:30 before they finally grew tired of playing and returned home. Here they were warmly greeted by *our* ponies, who had come out of the barn to see what all the commotion was. As it turned out, the ponies I had been chasing half the night belonged to Clinton Abrell.

"It's not only that I have wandered half of Indiana by moonlight chasing the wrong ponies," I said at breakfast that morning. "But what, besides barked shins, nipped arms and free fingernail trimmings, do we get for nurturing your hobby?"

"Fertilizer for the garden, for one thing," she replied as she handed me the toast to scrape.

I said, "The whole thing is fertilizer, as far as I'm concerned."

"And what do *your* hobbies set us back?" she parried as she routed the next batch of toast directly into the wastebasket. "Your crosscut saw was nearly $30, and how much did you pay for that roto-spader—$300? Then figure the snow blower, your wheelbarrow with the pneumatic tire, your aluminum extension ladders, your long-handled pruning shears, the Weed Eater, the riding mower. . . ."

That's one thing about a man's hobbies. He can always find some way to relieve his frustrations—like going outside to dig up an elm-tree stump. At least that's what *I* did.

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THE TASTE OF MELON

Stolen melons are sweetest, people always say, but for one boy, swiping a watermelon became a bitter lesson in forbidden fruit.

by Borden Deal

When I think of the summer I was 16, a lot of things come crowding in to be thought about. We had moved just the year before, and 16 is still young enough that the bunch makes a difference. I had a bunch, all right, but they weren't sure of me yet. I didn't know why. Maybe because I'd lived in town, and my father still worked there instead of farming, like the other fathers did. The boys I knew, even Freddy Gray and J.D., still kept a small distance between us.

Then there was Willadean Wills. I hadn't been much interested in girls before. But I had to admit to myself that I was interested in Willadean. She was my age, nearly as tall as I, and up till the year before, Freddy Gray told me, she had been good at playing Gully Keeper and Ante-Over. But she didn't play such games this year. She was tall and slender, and Freddy Gray and J.D. and I had several discussions about the way she walked. I maintained she was putting it on, but J.D. claimed she couldn't help it. Freddy Gray remarked that she hadn't walked that way last year. He said she'd walked like any other human being. So then I said, put on or not, I liked the way she walked, and then there was a large silence.

It wasn't a comfortable silence, because of Mr. Wills, Willadean's father. We were all afraid of Mr. Wills.

Mr. Wills was a big man. He had bright, fierce eyes under heavy brows, and when he looked down at you, you just withered. The idea of having him directly and immediately angry at one of us was enough to shrivel the soul. All that summer Willadean walked up and down the high road or sat on their front porch in a rocking chair, her dress flared out around her, and not one of us dared do more than say good morning to her.

Mr. Wills was the best farmer in the community. My father said he could drive a stick into the ground and grow a tree out of it. But it wasn't an easy thing with him; Mr. Wills fought the earth when he worked it. When he plowed his fields, you could hear him yelling for a mile. It was as though he dared the earth not to yield him its sustenance.

Above all, Mr. Wills could raise watermelons. Now, watermelons are curious things. Some men can send off for the best watermelon seed, they can plant it in the best ground they own, they can hoe it and tend it with the greatest of care, and they can't raise a melon bigger than your two fists. Other men, like Mr. Wills, can throw seed on the ground, scuff dirt over it, walk off and leave it and have a crop of the prettiest, biggest melons you ever saw.

Mr. Wills always planted the little field directly behind his barn to watermelons. It ran from the barn to the creek, a good piece of land with just the right sandy soil for melon raising. And it seemed as though the melons just bulged up out of the ground for him.

But they were Mr. Wills' melons; he didn't have any idea of sharing them with the boys of the neighborhood. He was fiercer about his melons than anything else; if you just happened to walk close to his melon patch, you'd see Mr. Wills standing and watching you with a glower on his face. And likely as not he'd have his gun under his arm.

Everybody expected to lose a certain quantity of his watermelons to terrapins and a certain quantity to boys. It wasn't considered stealing to sneak into a man's melon patch and judiciously borrow a sample of his raising. You might get a load of salt in the seat of your pants if you were seen, but that was part of the game. You'd be looked down on only if you got malicious and stamped a lot of melons into the ground while you were about it. But Mr. Wills didn't think that way.

That summer I was 16 Mr. Wills raised the greatest watermelon ever seen in that country. It grew in the very middle of his patch, three times as big as any melon anybody had ever seen. Men came from miles around to look at it. Mr. Wills wouldn't let them go into the melon patch. They had to stand around the edge.

Just like all other daredevil boys in that country, I guess, Freddy Gray and J.D. and I had talked idly about stealing that giant watermelon. But we all knew that it was just talk. Not only were we afraid of Mr. Wills and his rages, but we knew that Mr. Wills sat in the hayloft window of his barn every night with his shotgun, guarding the melon. It was his seed melon. He meant to plant next year's crop out of that great one and maybe raise a whole field of them. Mr. Wills was in a frenzy of fear that somebody would steal it. Why, he would rather you stole Willadean than his melon. At least he didn't guard Willadean with his shotgun.

Every night I could sit on our front porch and see Mr. Wills sitting up there in the window of his hayloft and looking fiercely out over his melon patch. I'd sit there by the hour and watch him, the shotgun cradled in his arm, and feel the tremors of fear and excitement chasing up and down my spine.

"Look at him," my father would say. "Scared to death somebody will steal his seed melon. Wouldn't anybody steal a man's seed melon."

"He ought to be in the house taking care of that wife of his," my mother would say tartly. "She's been poorly all year."

You hardly ever saw Mrs. Wills. She was a wraith of a woman, pale as a butter bean. Sometimes she would sit for an hour or two on their porch in the cool of the day. They didn't visit back and forth with anybody, though.

"There's Willadean," my father would say mildly.

My mother would make a funny kind of sound that meant disgust. "He cares more about that seed melon than he does his wife," she'd say. "I wish somebody *would* steal it. Maybe then——"

"Helen," my father would say, chiding, "you shouldn't even think of such a thing."

About the time the great watermelon was due to come ripe, there was a night of a full moon. J.D. and Freddy

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Gray and I had decided we'd go swimming in the creek, so I left the house when the moon rose and went to meet them. The moon floated up into the sky and made everything almost as bright as day, but at the same time softer and gentler than ever daylight could be. It was the kind of night when you feel as though you can do anything in the world, even boldly ask Willadean Wills for a date. On a night like that, you couldn't help feel she'd gladly accept.

"Boy, what a moon!" J.D. said when I met Freddy Gray and him.

"Wouldn't you like to take old Willadean out on a night like this?" Freddy said.

We scoffed at him, but secretly in our hearts we knew how he felt. We were getting old enough to think that that sort of thing might be a lot more fun than going swimming in the moonlight.

As I said before, I was a part of the bunch. J.D. and Freddy Gray were my good friends. But because I was still new, there were certain things and certain feelings where I was left out. This was one of them; they were afraid, because I was more of a stranger to Willadean, that she might like the idea of dating me better than she did either of them. This was all way down under the surface, because none of us had admitted to ourselves that we wanted to be Willadean's boyfriend. But far down though it was, I could feel it, and they could feel it.

"I wish I had a newspaper," I said then. "I'll bet you could read it in this moonlight."

We had reached the swimming hole in the creek, and we began shucking off our clothes. We were all excited by the moonlight, yelling at one another and rushing to be first into the water. Freddy Gray made it first, J.D. and I catapulting in right behind him. The water was cold, and the shock of it struck a chill into us. But we got rid of it by a brisk water fight, and then we were all right.

We climbed out finally to rest and sat on the bank. That big old moon sailed serenely overhead, climbing higher into the sky, and we lay on our backs to look up at it.

"Old Man Wills won't have to worry about anybody stealing his melon tonight, anyway," Freddy Gray said. "Wouldn't anybody dare try it, bright as day like it is."

"He's not taking any chances," J.D. said. "I saw him sitting up in that hayloft when I came by, his shotgun loaded with buckshot. That melon is as safe as it would be in the First National Bank."

"Shucks," I said in a scoffing voice, "he ain't got buckshot in that gun. He's just got a load of salt, like anybody else guarding a watermelon patch."

Freddy Gray sat upright, looking at me. "Don't kid yourself, son," he said loftily. "He told my daddy that he had it loaded with double-ought buckshot."

"Why," I said, "that would kill a man."

"That's what he's got in mind," Freddy Gray said, "if anybody goes after that seed melon."

It disturbed me more than it should have. After all, I'd never had it in mind to try for the melon, had I? "I don't believe it," I said flatly. "He wouldn't kill anybody over a watermelon. Even a seed melon like that one."

"Old Man Wills would," J.D. said.

Freddy Gray was still watching me. "What's got you into such a swivet?" he asked. "You weren't planning on going after that melon yourself?"

"Well, yes," I said. "As a matter of fact, I was."

There was a moment of respectful silence. Even from me. I hadn't known I was going to say those words. To this day I don't know why I said them. It was all mixed up with Willadean and the rumor of Mr. Wills having his gun loaded with double-ought buckshot and the boys still thinking of me as an outsider. It surged up out of me—not the idea of making my name for years to come by such a deed, but the feeling that there was a rightness in defying the world and Mr. Wills.

Mixed up with it all there came into my mouth the taste of watermelon. I could taste the sweet, red juices oozing over my tongue, feel the delicate, threaded redness of the heart as I squeezed the juices out of it.

I stood up. "As a matter of fact," I said, "I'm going after it right now."

"Wait a minute," J.D. said in alarm. "You can't do it on a moonlight night like this. It's 200 yards from the creek bank to that melon. He'll see you for sure."

"Yeah," Freddy Gray said, "wait until a dark night. Wait until——"

"Anybody could steal it on a dark night," I said scornfully. "I'm going to take it right out from under his nose. Tonight."

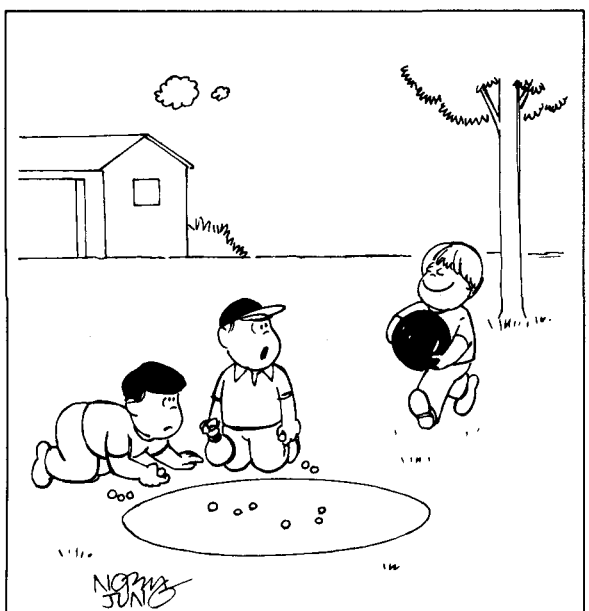
I began putting on my clothes. My heart was thudding in my chest. I didn't taste watermelon any more; I tasted fear. But it was too late to stop now. Besides, I didn't want to stop.

We dressed silently, and I led the way up the creek bank. We came opposite the watermelon patch and ducked down the bank. We pushed through the willows on the other side and looked toward the barn. We could see Mr. Wills very plainly. The gun was cradled in his arms and glinting from the moonlight.

"You'll never make it," J.D. said in a quiet, fateful voice. "He'll see you before you're six steps away from the creek."

"You don't think I mean to walk, do you?" I said.

I pushed myself out away from them, on my belly in the grass that grew up around the watermelon hills. I was absolutely flat, closer to the earth than I'd thought it was possible to get. I looked back once to see their white



"Here comes Jimmy with his secret weapon!"

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faces watching me out of the willows.

I went on, stopping once in a while to look up cautiously toward the barn. He was still there, still quiet. I met a terrapin taking a bite out of a small melon. Terrapins love watermelon, better than boys do. I touched him on the shell and whispered, "Hello, brother," but he didn't acknowledge my greeting. He just drew into his shell. I went on, wishing I were equipped like a terrapin for the job, outside as well as inside.

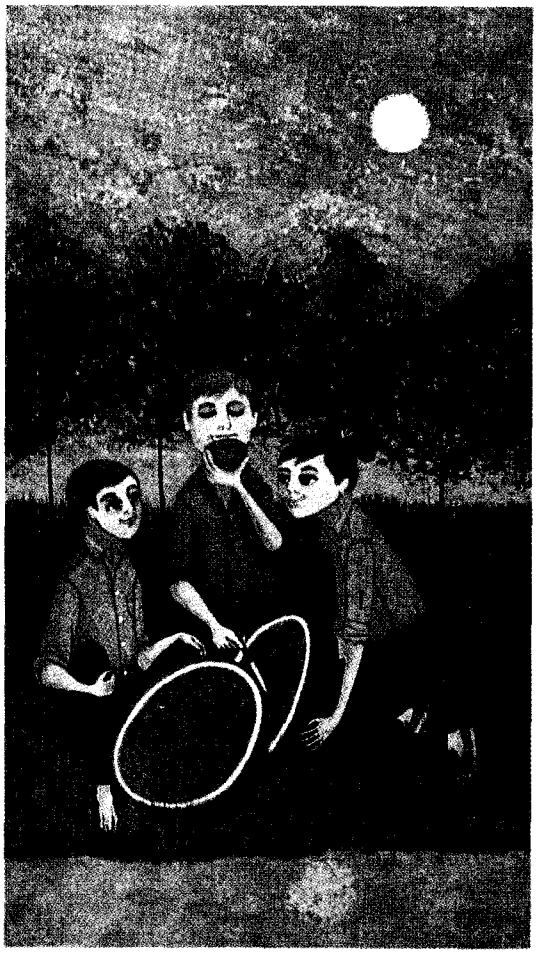
It seemed to take forever to reach the great melon in the middle of the field. With every move, I expected Mr. Wills to see me. Fortunately the grass was high enough to cover me. At last the melon loomed up before me, deep green in the moonlight, and I gasped at the size of it. I'd never seen it so close.

I lay still for a moment, panting. I didn't have the faintest idea how to get it out of the field. Even if I'd stood up, I couldn't have lifted it by myself. A melon is the slipperiest, most cumbersome object in the world. And this was the largest I'd ever seen. It was not a long melon, but a fat, round one. Besides, I didn't dare stand up.

For five minutes I didn't move. I lay there, my nostrils breathing up the smell of the earth and the musty smell of the watermelon vines, and I wondered why I was out here in the middle of all that moonlight on such a venture. There was more to it than just bravado. I was proving something to myself—and to Mr. Wills and Willadean.

I thought of a tempting way out then. I would carve my name into the deep greenness of the melon. Mr. Wills would see it the next morning when he inspected the melon, and he would know that I could have stolen it if I'd wanted to. But no—crawling to the melon wasn't the same thing as actually taking it.

I reached one hand around the melon and found the stem. I broke the tough stem off close against the smooth roundness, and I was committed. I looked toward the barn again. All quiet. I saw Mr. Wills stretch and yawn, and his teeth glistened; the moon was that bright and I was that close.



I struggled around behind the melon and shoved at it. It rolled over sluggishly, and I pushed it again. It was hard work, pushing it down the trough my body had made through the grass. Dust rose up around me, and I wanted to sneeze. My spine was crawling with the expectation of a shot. Surely he'd see that the melon was gone out of its accustomed space.

It took about a hundred years to push that melon out of the field. I say that advisedly, because I felt that much older when I finally reached the edge. With the last of my strength I shoved it into the willows and collapsed. I was still lying on the edge of the field.

"Come on," Freddy Gray said, his voice pleading. "He's——"

I couldn't move. I turned my head. He was standing up to stretch and yawn to his content, and then he sat down again. By then I was rested enough to move again. I snaked into the willows, and they grabbed me.

"You did it!" they said. "By golly, you did it!"

There was no time to bask in their admiration and respect. "Let's get it on out of here," I said. "We're not safe yet."

We struggled the melon across the creek and up the bank. We started toward the swimming hole. It took all three of us to carry it, and it was hard to get a grip. J.D. and Freddy Gray carried the ends, while I walked behind the melon and grasped the middle. We stumbled and thrashed in our hurry, and we nearly dropped it three or four times. It was the most difficult object I'd ever tried to carry in my life.

At last we reached the swimming hole and sank down, panting. But not for long; the excitement was too strong in us. Freddy Gray reached out a hand and patted the great melon.

"By golly," he said, "there it is. All ours."

"Let's bust it and eat it before somebody comes," J.D. said.

"Wait a minute," I said. "This isn't just any old melon. This is old man Wills' seed melon, and it deserves more respect than to be busted open with a fist. I'm going to cut it."

I took out my pocketknife and looked at it doubtfully. It was small, and the melon was big. We really needed a butcher knife. But when the little knife penetrated the thick, green rind, the melon split of itself, perfectly down the middle. There was a ragged, silken, tearing sound, and it lay open before us.

The heart meat, glistening with sweet moisture, was grained with white sugar specks. I tugged at it with two fingers, and a great chunk of the meat came free. I put it into my mouth and closed my eyes. The melon was still warm from the day's sun. Just as in my anticipation, I felt the juice trickle into my throat, sweet and seizing. I had never tasted watermelon so delicious.

The two boys were watching me savor the first bite. I opened my eyes. "Dive in," I said graciously. "Help yourselves."

We gorged ourselves until we were heavy. Even then, we had still only eaten the heart meat, leaving untouched more than we had consumed. We gazed with sated eyes at the leftover melon, still good meat peopled with a multitude of black seeds.

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FEELING BETTER WITH OATS

Students at MIT who ate oat-bran muffins during an experiment lowered their blood cholesterol.

by Bud Herron

Oat bran—until recently a long-forgotten outcast of the American diet—is making a comeback in the wake of increasing scientific evidence that those who eat it have lower levels of cholesterol—which lessens their risk of heart attacks—and greater protection from a wide range of health problems.

First linked to cholesterol reduction in the mid-1970s by Dr. James Anderson of the University of Kentucky Medical College, oat bran has emerged in study after study as a near "wonder grain" in the treatment of diabetes. It likewise has been linked to protection from high blood pressure, cancer and heart attacks.

The most recent of those studies was carried out at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology by Dr. Kenneth J. Storch. Dr. Storch, in an experiment using healthy MIT students, was able to show that when oat bran is added to the diet, cholesterol levels drop by about 5 percent.

"This finding is significant, in that such a drop in the cholesterol level means a 10 percent drop in the chances of a person having a heart attack," Dr. Storch said. His study supports work already done by Dr. Anderson among diabetics with elevated cholesterol levels. Similar and even more striking results in cholesterol reduction were found among these patients.

Dr. Storch's research is the first using oat bran to reduce cholesterol levels among healthy subjects. (Cholesterol is the largest single risk factor in heart attacks.) In Dr. Storch's study, students with normal cholesterol levels were divided into two groups. Members of one group were each fed four wheat-bran muffins a day, and members of the other were each fed four oat-bran muffins. Each muffin contained 13 grams of the respective brans. Other than eating the muffins, students maintained normal diets.

As expected from the results of previous studies, those who ate the wheat-bran muffins showed no decrease in their levels of serum cholesterol. On the other hand, the students who ate the oat-bran muffins showed a consistent decrease in cholesterol immediately and a total reduction of 5 percent within two weeks.

Dr. Anderson, visiting the MIT Clinical Research Center in 1983, inspired Dr. Storch to do the study. Dr. Anderson calls the findings a "meaningful and important" addition to the growing body of data that indicates "Americans must eat more oat fiber" to head off a variety of health problems.

A major concern from the beginning of Dr. Anderson's research has been a lack of availability of, first, oat bran and then oat-bran products. In fact, 12 years ago, when Dr. Anderson first began experimenting with oat bran as a treatment for diabetes, the product simply was not available anywhere on the commercial market. The bran—the fibrous outer covering of the oat—was routinely removed by oat-processing companies and discarded or sold to be fed to livestock.

When Dr. Anderson realized bran's value and computed that 100 grams of oat bran would provide the same amount of cholesterol-lowering protection as six bowls of oatmeal, he set out to talk the Quaker Oats company into making the product available to the general public. (The

1500-Calorie Menu Plan

for Dr. Anderson's High-Fiber Program

Breakfast:	*½ cup orange juice* *½ cup hot oat-bran cereal* *½ English muffin* *¾ cup fresh strawberries* *1 cup skim milk* *coffee or tea*
Lunch:	*Tuna sandwich on whole-grain bread—(¼ cup water-packed tuna and 1 tsp. mayonnaise plus 2 tbs. chopped celery and 2 tbs. chopped onion)* *1 medium tomato, sliced* *½ cup bean salad* *1 small apple* *iced tea*
Dinner:	*3 oz. baked chicken breast* *⅓ cup brown rice* *½ cup broccoli* *½ cup beets* *Garden Salad with oil and vinegar dressing* *½ cup fresh fruit sections* *1 cup skim milk*
Snacks:	*Morning* *1 fresh peach* *Afternoon* *4 graham-cracker squares* *Evening* *½ cup vegetable juice*

Dr. Anderson suggests that those who want to begin feeling better with oats—while reducing chances for heart disease—start with his high-fiber menu plan at the right. The plan begins each day with oat-bran cereal.

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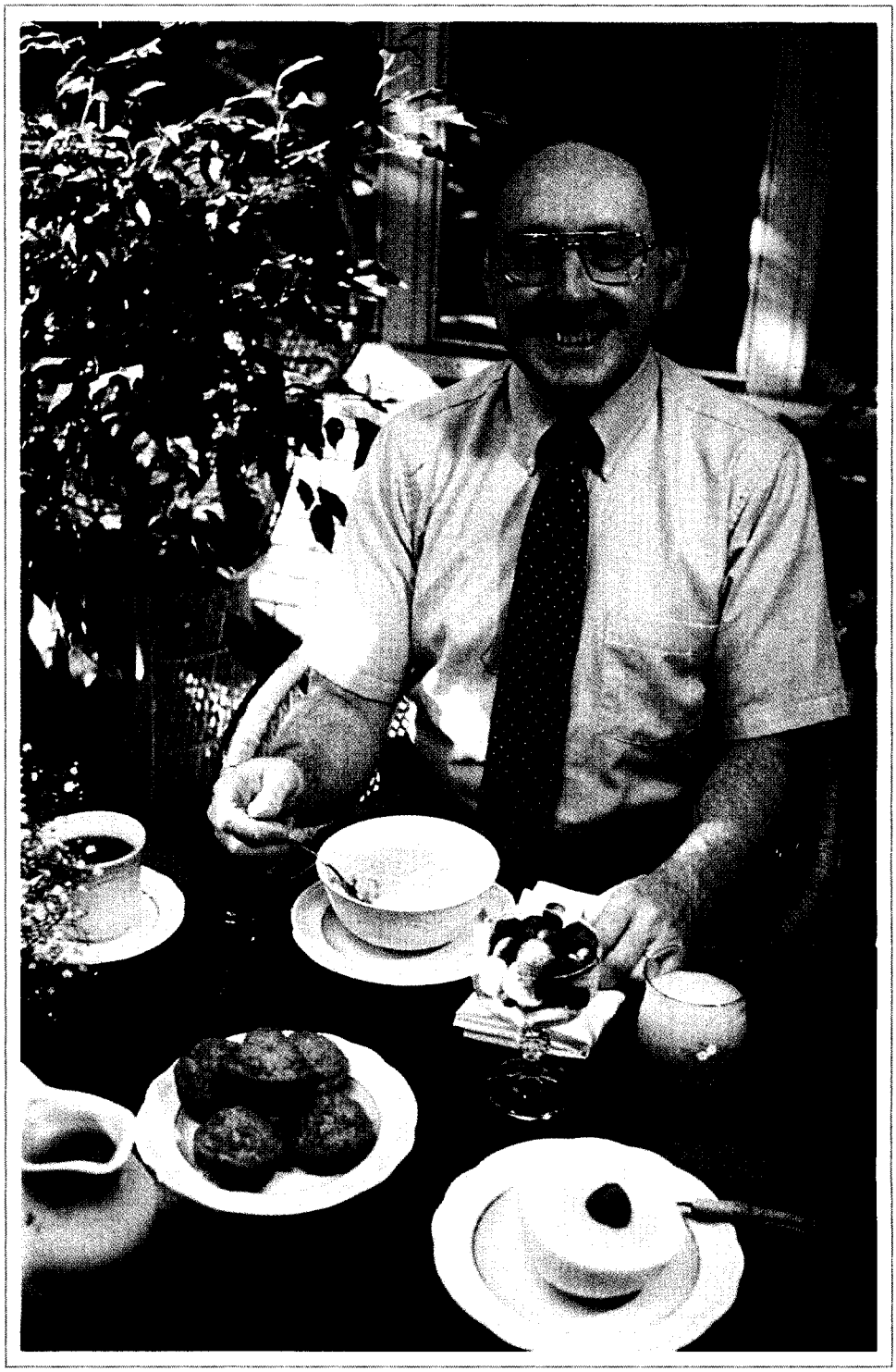
Quaker company had cooperated earlier in providing Dr. Anderson with oat bran for his experiments.) He convinced Quaker executives not only of the health value of oat bran but of its potential as a salable product for the corporation. At the same time, the Saturday Evening Post Society began promoting Dr. Anderson's concept. Quaker cooperated by sending oat bran packaged in plain polyethylene bags to the Society for experimental use developing recipes using the fiber. Society members tested the recipes.

The historic result was the appearance in 1982 of "Mother's Oat Bran" hot-cereal mix and Quaker Oat Bran on grocery and health-food-store shelves from coast to coast. The *Post* then urged members of the Society to buy the oat bran in order to encourage Quaker to keep manufacturing it.

Dr. Anderson—now established as "the father of oat bran"—next turned his attention to developing products that would make prepared products containing oat bran available to the general public. He has made oat-bran muffins, cookies—and recently, oat-bran crackers.

"The importance of such products is to get oat fiber into the diets of Americans in a way which is convenient," Dr. Anderson said. "Many people eat oatmeal—which is good—but people have to eat much more oatmeal than they do oat bran to get the same protection. With bran muffins, cookies and crackers, a person can eat more concentrated oat fiber, and with less caloric intake."

Dr. Anderson and Dr. Cory SerVaas, the editor and publisher of ***The Saturday Evening Post***, **are working together to popularize these new products.**



Dr. James Anderson, University of Kentucky Medical College professor, sits down to a cholesterol-reducing breakfast of hot oat-bran cereal and oat-bran muffins. His research into the value of oats has earned him the title "the father of oat bran."

Dr. Anderson says the only problem in the experiments he has done with the new products so far has been that the cookies "just seem to disappear" from the shelves of his laboratory kitchen.

"We are pleased at how much people seem to like the cookies," Dr. Anderson said. "The crackers also have been accepted well. Sixteen crackers provide about 300 calories along with enough oat bran to effectively reduce a person's blood cholesterol. We think most people, throughout the day, would have no trouble at all eating 16 small crackers. It's an excellent snack food."

He points out, however, that a person can take in an adequate supply of oat bran in many other ways. He says some people simply sprinkle the oat bran on their food. Others eat it as a hot cereal, either with fruit or plain. Dr. SerVaas recommends mixing it in a blender with fruit and milk to make a slurry. Such blending does nothing to destroy the effect of the fiber, Dr. Anderson says.

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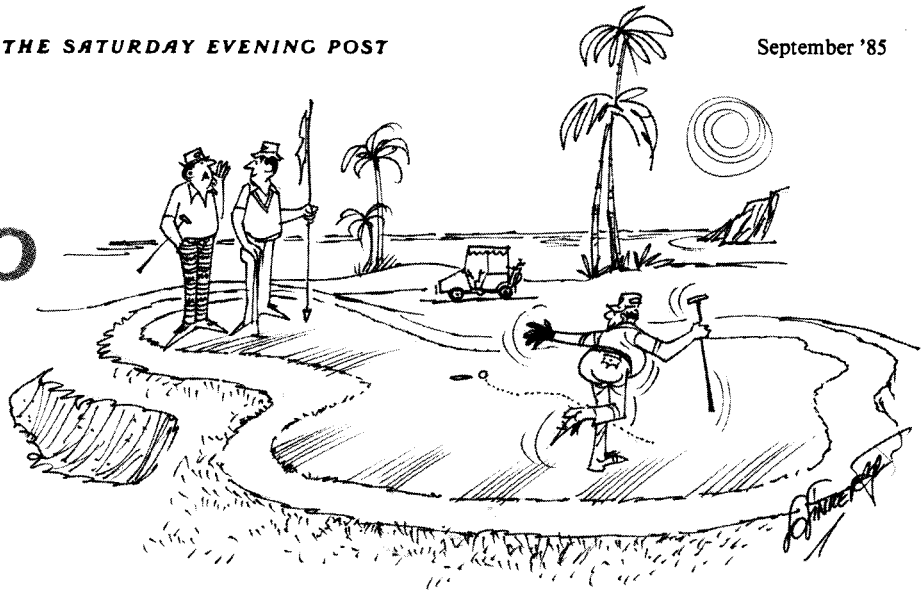
TEE FOR TWO



"His body English is the only exercise he gets out of golf."

"I always said when I make my pile I'm going to build a golf course all my own."

"Just follow the straight and narrow."

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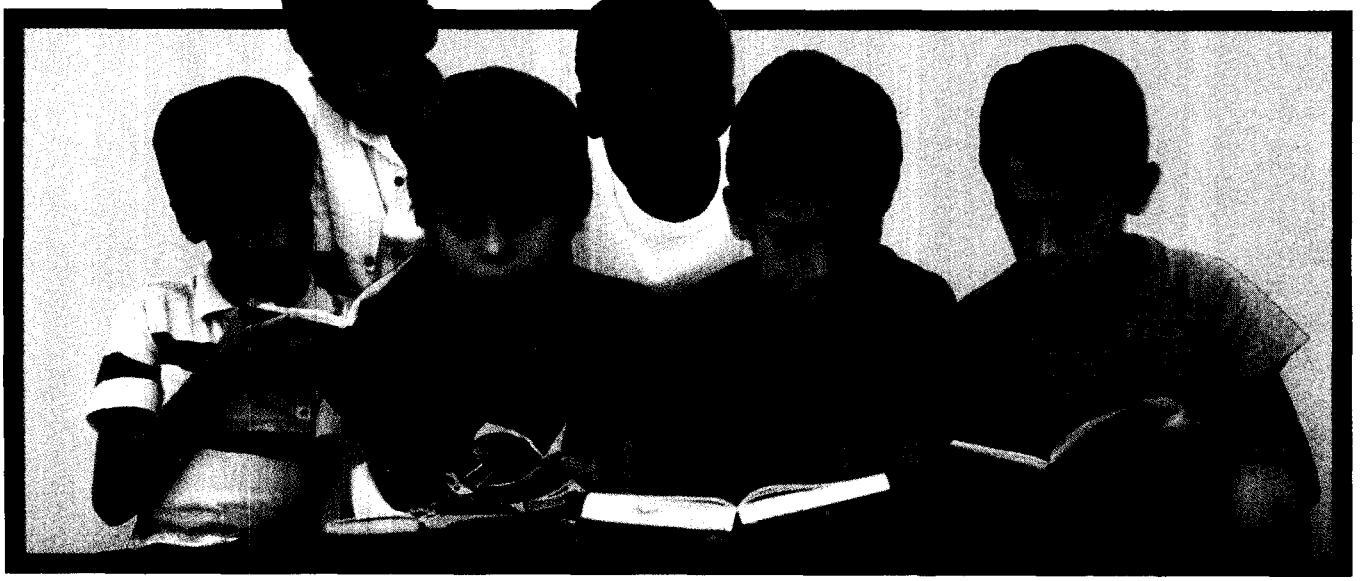
25 Million New Testaments in the Right Hands Can Give Brazil New Life.



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Only one Book can give a country new life.

That's why the World Home Bible League is sending 25 million Portuguese New Testaments to Brazil. One for every school child age nine and older.

This is Brazil/New Life '90. A bold plan with staggering potential.

Young hearts turned to God can transform families, a country, or perhaps an entire continent.

The vision for Brazil/New Life '90 began in 1978 when top government leaders saw the emptiness of education without God. School doors swung open for Scripture placement by the World Home Bible League. Soon, a law mandated Bible instruction in every Brazilian classroom.

Exciting. But only the beginning.

In 1983 the World Home Bible League received the ultimate challenge: place a New Testament in the hands of every secondary school child in Brazil.

Brazil/New Life '90 was born. And for the first time, 19 Brazilian denominations in every state pledged to work together to carry it out.

Today, 3 million League New Testaments are in homes throughout Brazil. God's Word is changing lives, reuniting families, enlivening churches. Revival is a reality.

But by 1990, the World Home Bible League must place 22 million more New Testaments in the right hands — Brazil's youth, her future. But it's only possible if you help.

You can pray. And you can give. It only costs $15 to place 20 New Testaments . . . and help give Brazil new life. Any gift, large or small, can place God's Word in the right hands. Just use the coupon below.

I Want to Help Give
Brazil's Children New Life

Enclosed is my gift of $15 to send 20 New Testaments to the children of Brazil.

Name _____

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Mail to Brazil/New Life '90, South Holland, IL 60473 or World Home Bible League of Canada, Box 524, Station A, Weston, Ont. M9N 3N3.

Brazil NewLife'90

A project of the World Home Bible League

Brazil/New Life '90 is endorsed by these Christian leaders: Bill Bright, James Kennedy, Luis Palau, Pat Robertson, Robert Schuller, Jack Van Impe, William J. Newell.
Since its founding in 1938, The World Home Bible League has placed more than 191 million Scriptures in 73 countries.

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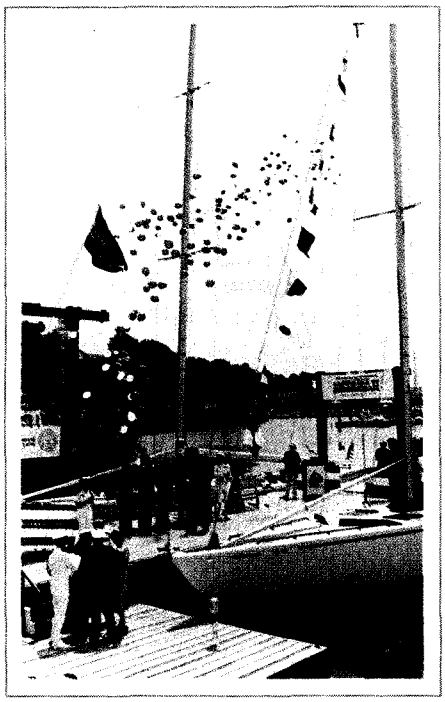


Balloons rise from the pier at the May 24 christening of the second *America II* challenger, *U.S.-44*.

THE RACE FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP

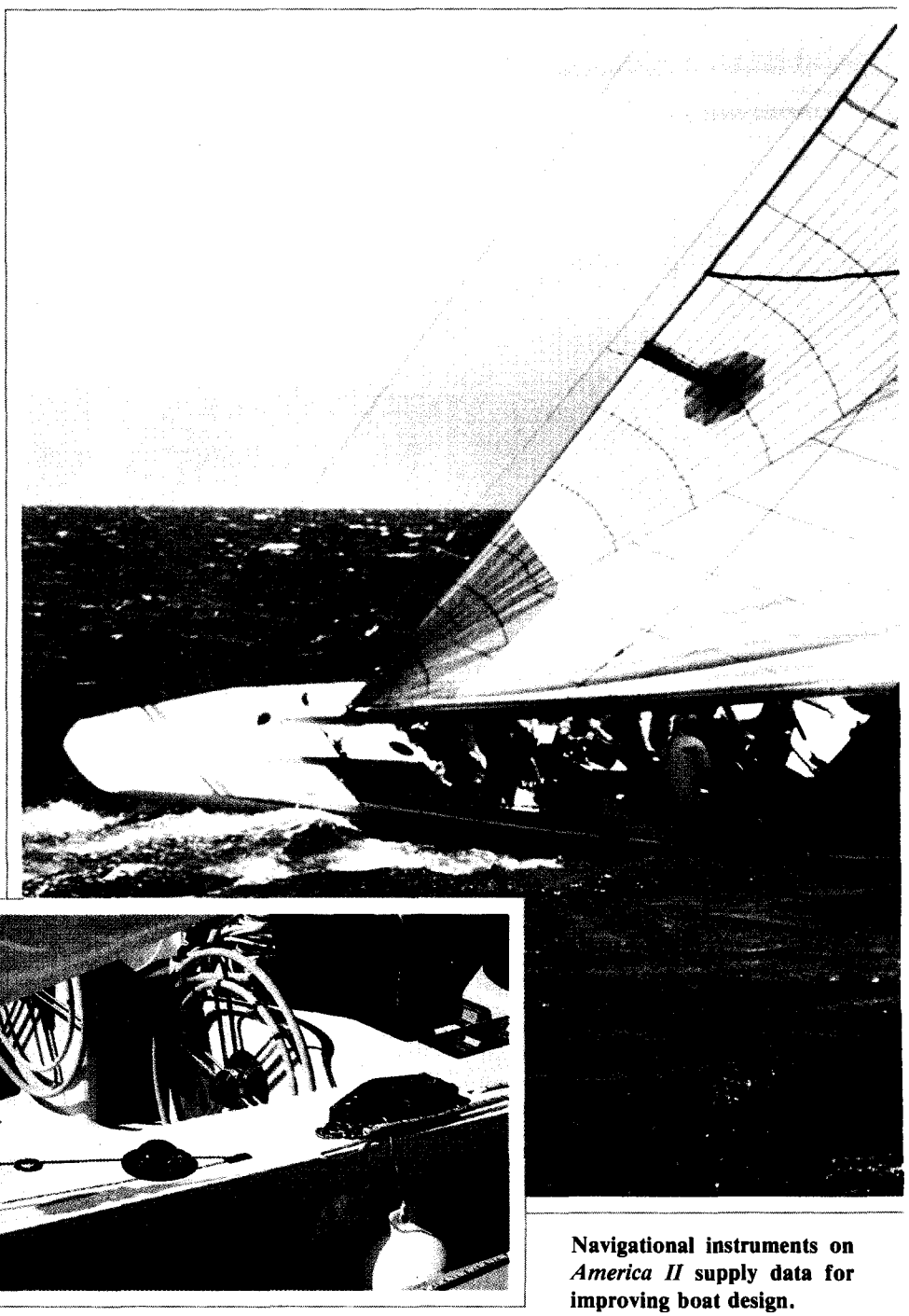
The grail of sailing lies halfway around the world, and American yachtsmen are vying for the glory of bringing it back.

by Hank Nuwer

Richard M. DeVos, an accomplished sailor and president of the Amway Corporation, looked in turn into the eyes of each of his dinner companions at the famed New York Yacht Club (NYYC) and lifted his glass in a toast. "To the cup," he said. "Let's bring it back to America."

DeVos, who serves as finance chairman of the *America II* Challenge syndicate sponsored by the NYYC, was toasting the world's most famous trophy—a 100-guinea, 27-inch Victorian silversmith's creation known as America's Cup—which now resides in the Royal Perth Yacht Club, Perth, Australia. A symbol of international yachting supremacy, the cup deserted the United States in 1983 for the company of a tenacious crew of Australians who had thrilled the world with their plucky seamanship. For the first time the United States had lost the world-famous America's Cup race, after 24 consecutive successful defenses.

The America's Cup race, held every three years, is named for the trophy given to any nation that can muster a 12-meter boat



Navigational instruments on *America II* supply data for improving boat design.

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good enough to defeat all competitors. Many countries never field a boat, but the United States, Italy, Canada and Australia, to name a few, always muster at least one syndicate eager for glory.

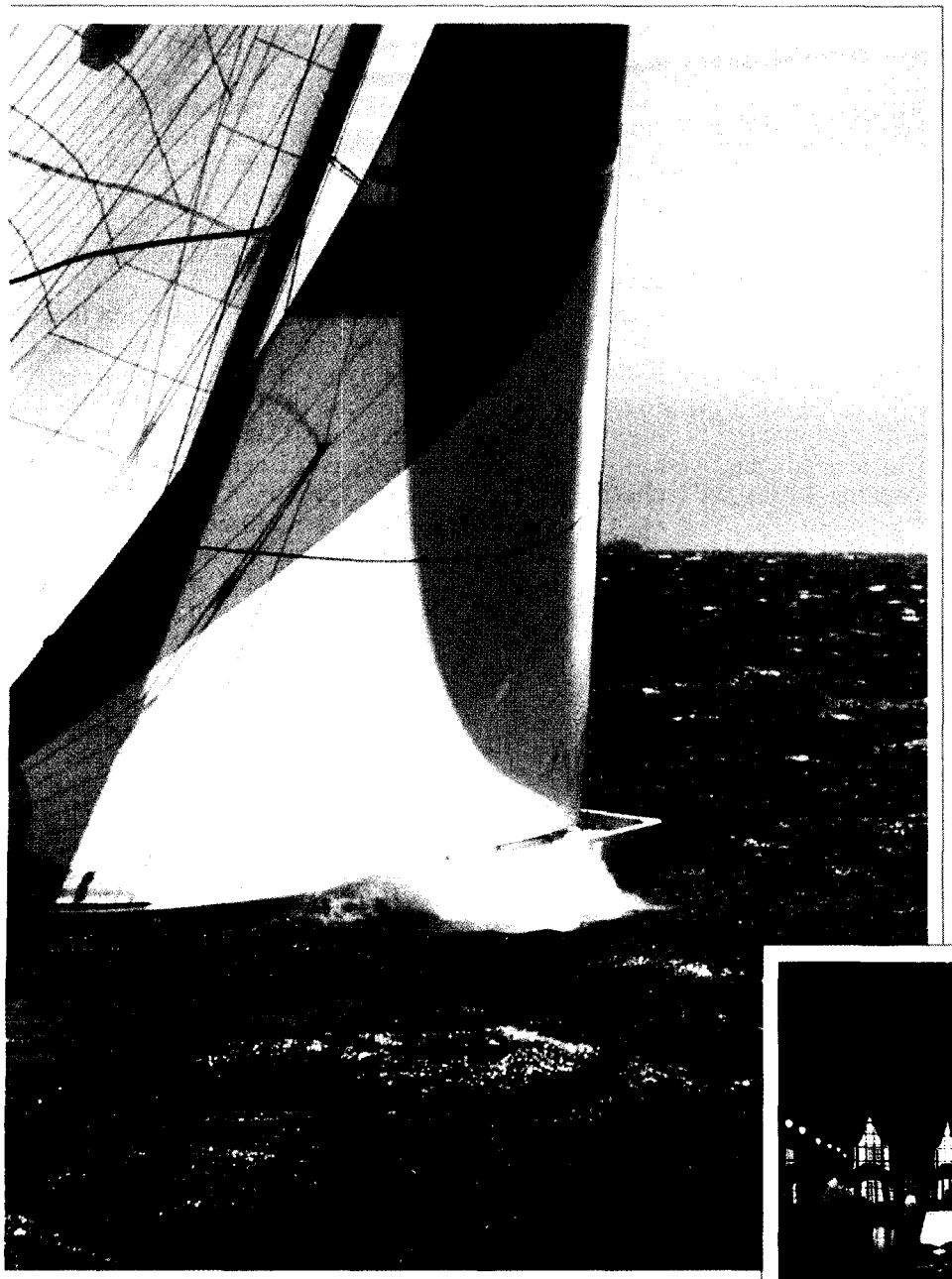
The America's Cup was originally commissioned by England's Royal Yacht Squadron in 1848 as a prize given to the winner of a 53-mile race around the Isle of Wight. The race's name officially became "America's Cup" three years later when the schooner *America* claimed it by outnavigating 14 British competitors. *America*'s captain was Commodore John Cox Stevens, the founder of the New York Yacht Club, whose club fought off every challenge for 132 years until Alan Bond's *Australia II* syndicate ended the dynasty.

The boasts, hoopla and excitement of the America's Cup haven't changed much since, but technology has. Today's boats are generally about 63 feet long compared with the 143 '8" winner of the 1903 cup race, *Reliance*. Millions of dollars have been spent by the collective syndicates on design—more so than ever since *Australia II* won the '83 race primarily because of its radically different keel designed by Ben Lexcen, a self-taught genius employed by the Bond syndicate. Lexcen, abandoned by his father as a small boy and raised in semipoverty, invented a keel with wings that he once boasted "looked like a giant plesiosaur with wonderful rounded flippers."

As a result of Lexcen's ingenuity, all the leading contenders for the cup are obsessed with the quest for a better design. Bill Langan, *America II*'s chief designer, employed by the prestigious firm of Sparkman and Stephens, states the reason: "The loss of America's Cup can be blamed on many factors: overconfidence, complacency, nature of the selection process. But in the final analysis there is only one conclusion: The Australians beat the Americans with a technically superior 12-meter."

Richard DeVos and such well-known Americans as Alexander M. Haig, Jr., Ted Turner, Walter Cronkite and William F. Buckley, Jr., have formed the *America II* Challenge syndicate to raise $12 million in private and corporate funds to regain the cup from the Australians. The rematch is slated for January 1987, following a runoff to eliminate all but one challenging nation, which earns the privilege of trying to wrest the cup from the Australians. The race will be held off Fremantle Harbor near Perth, a bustling boom town.

All members of the *America II* committee are stonily quiet about the technical aspects of their boat, because each development is kept as secret as a classified Pentagon paper. It is known, however, that the streamlined 12-meter, white with



***U.S.-42*, first *America II* Challenge vessel (above), put on an "awesome" performance in early tests off Fremantle, Australia. (Right) The model room of the New York Yacht Club.**

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blue-and-red, Yankee-style pin stripes, is nicknamed "Lego" by its crew after the child's toy: The keel, the mast and the rigging can be unbolted and replaced in a matter of hours, rather than days. Research by the *America II* design team relies not only upon testing scale models in giant tanks to study their virtues and flaws, but also upon a new field called computational hydrodynamics—the use of a computer to make accurate numerical calculations of the lift and drag of a boat's keel. *America II*'s executive director, Tom Ehman, says that recent breakthroughs in the laboratory of Sparkman and Stephens have helped his syndicate surpass the 1983 accomplishments of the Australians. "We've got the finest group of people involved in the design process," says Ehman. "It meets or exceeds anything that *anybody* else has done."

In August '84, while all other syndicates were merely dreaming lofty dreams, the former Olympic silver medalist Captain John Kolius had already seen the launching of *America II*. By November '84, working from their training facility on the Swan River in Perth, Kolius and the crew had tested the choppy, unpredictable waters of the Indian Ocean.

Unlike the relatively calm waters of the Atlantic off Newport, Rhode Island, where the cup traditionally was held, the waters near Perth are termed "a confused sea" by sailing experts. Boats designed for the Atlantic's 12- or 13-knot breeze handle poorly in Fremantle's 18-knot "Doctor" sea breeze.

The 32-year-old Kolius shows clearly how well he knows the time limitations he faces before his 12-meter boat is ready for prime-time competition. "It's one year, ten months and 24 days until the first race," he quips, "but who's counting?"

Kolius was rated only a long shot to win the cup in 1983. This year, with the resources of the *America II* syndicate fully behind him, the J-24 class world champion is rated the man to beat by Bond's Australian syndicate. Reserved by nature but blessed with a quick, dry wit, Kolius delivers little hype when discussing the *America II*. "She's right now doing better than any boat around," he says cautiously, "but we're not stopping here. We have an incredible amount to do even with the huge lead we have now. I will say this: No crew is as physically or mentally prepared as is this crew."

The demands put upon the youthful-looking Kolius are immense, but Tom Ehman insists the captain is up to the task. "John has the concentration it takes to win something like this," says Ehman. "He's very intense and dedicated, a guy who is a born, natural leader and sailor, a seat-of-the-pants guy with good judgment. There's nobody better suited for leading us on the quest before us. He's the best skipper in the country, and we're lucky to have him."

The United States will be no shoo-in for the role of challenger against one of several Australian syndicates vying for the honor. In fact, the United States is only one of several countries, including highly regarded challengers from Italy, Canada and New Zealand, now feverishly preparing for the all-important trials to be held in late '86. A record 24 syndicates from the other nations have plopped down the hefty $12,000 entry fee. (Five of the original challengers have already called it quits, and another half dozen are expected to fold.)

The *America II* Syndicate and the NYYC are out to subdue all other American and foreign challengers. Following the 1983 trials, the NYYC selected Dennis Connor, the skipper of *Liberty*, as the defender of America's Cup. Connor, a 1976 Olympic medalist, who edged out Kolius in the preliminaries, lost the 1983 cup to Australia. Connor is once again slated to challenge the Aussies with the San Diego Yacht Club and his syndicate called "Sail America Challenge '87."

Conner, a far more boisterous man than Kolius, is a beefy, 42-year-old veteran who joined the San Diego Yacht Club as an 11-year-old child and declared even at that age that his goal was to win the America's Cup. In 1980, Conner achieved his lifelong dream, only to suffer defeat three years later. But Conner is a determined athlete with excellent credentials. His achievements include four Southern Ocean Racing Conference victories, two Congressional Cups, two Star World Championships and an Olympic bronze medal won in 1976. In addition, in 1974 Conner labored as both helmsman and tactician on the victorious America's Cup entry *Courageous*.

Connor lives to win, pure and simple. A typical day of practice

Three prime movers behind the *America II* Challenge meet at the New York Yacht Club for a strategy session: (left to right) Chuck Kirsch, chairman of the board for the Challenge; Rich DeVos, fund-raising chairman; and Walter Cronkite.

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begins at 6 a.m. as he takes on all his crew members in racquetball, another sport in which he's said to be unbeatable. The fierceness of his competitive nature is reflected in his book on the sport, entitled *No Excuse to Lose*. "I'm not really into sailing," he will tell you. "I'm into racing. I wouldn't enjoy just going out for a relaxing Sunday-afternoon sail."

Tom Ehman asserts that unfamiliarity with the tricky, shark-infested Indian Ocean will spell trouble for Connor's *Liberty*. (As of this writing, *Liberty* had yet to be released by its designers for practice runs.) "All the physical demands that are put upon the boat make us feel all the more certain that our winter of work puts us ahead of everybody," Ehman exults. "Those other syndicates who haven't been there don't even have a clue as to what it's like."

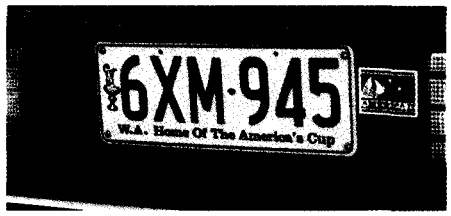
Disagreement with Ehman's statement comes from a third American syndicate, *Courageous II*, the first Boston-based challenger in 50 years. *Courageous II* is unique in that three men are "trying out" for the role of skipper and that the 12-meter may just have the most sophisticated keel on the waters with its so-called "vortex wings" design. "The vortex-wings concept is a pretty solid one," asserts *Courageous II* vice chairman David Vietor. "It gives you an awful lot of increased stability, which is a speed-producing characteristic."

No matter what design is chosen, all competitors have one thing in common—the same passionate ambition. "Each syndicate wants to be the national flag bearer," Vietor says.

Incredible numbers of man-hours and dollars are being pumped into that very goal. So, at this time, let's lift our own imaginary glasses to echo Rich DeVos' toast. As the NYYC's commodore, "Bus" Mosbacher, puts it: "We want back that piece of furniture [the cup] that belongs in that room downstairs." Chimes in Chuck Kirsch, the chief executive officer of the *America II* Challenge, "It's only on loan."

Let's bring the cup home!

Trophy ownership has brought new confidence and pride to Australians who consider yachting an important national sport.



Australia: Preparing for Perth

by Ted Kreiter

Last November a sleek, new racing yacht slipped silent but not unobserved into Australia's Fremantle Harbor. Members from the "enemy camp" rushed down for a closer inspection. The first challenger for the coveted America's Cup had arrived—two years early.

The boat was *America II*. Its sponsors from the New York Yacht Club syndicate were eager to taste the salt of Australian waters and to try out their secret weapons—two high-tech keels prudently concealed inside the boat's hull.

The keels are a spin-off of *Australia II*'s "Star Wars" design that in 1983 took Australian men where none had gone before—to an America's Cup victory. Keels with wings will be all the rage at the next cup run in 1987, by which time Americans hope to be back in the technological vanguard.

Yet Australians, still riding high in the wake of their unexpected victory, are carefully planning their defense. The great showdown near Perth will be the most widely watched yachting event of the decade. To take advantage of their place in the world spotlight, Australians have raised $60 million for a huge Festival of Sport to coincide with the race. And Perth, Australia's fifth largest city, has become a boom town, as new hotels rise from the skyline to house the expected influx of 1.5 million people between November 1986 and January 1987.

"It's really the biggest event that's ever hit Australia," says Bruce Shankland, managing director of Amway of Australia. In a land where newspapers carry cup-related news almost daily and yachting is as heady a topic of conversation as the latest cricket scores, Amway's Australian subsidiary has developed a severe case of America's Cup fever. Not content to be a major supporter of the Bond syndicate that sponsored the victorious *Australia II*, the company is coordinating a nationwide Defence Club to build and man a sequel, *Australia III*. The Defence Club is something new in yacht-race high finance, for the company is appealing directly to the Australian people to foot the bill for half the $10 million cost of defending the trophy.

Part of the project involves toting an *Australia II* model to Australian shopping centers and enjoining passers-by to contribute ten dollars each for a membership. Patriotic subscribers receive a gold boxing-kangaroo lapel pin, a bumper sticker and a subscription to the club newsletters. Business is booming, Shankland re-

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GETTING TOUGH ON SNUFF

A young man's death from oral cancer caused by snuff has led to a new law in Oklahoma forbidding sales to minors and a $37 million suit against the U.S. Tobacco Company.

by Hortense Myers

"A lot of parents are not any more well-informed than I was."

Betty Ann Marsee's voice was low and even while discussing a subject that has become dominant in her life. She is familiar with death in many forms. A registered nurse at the Valley View Hospital in Ada, Oklahoma, she knows about death personally as well as professionally. Her husband, Condly Marsee, died in 1982—but it was the death of her 19-year-old son, Marvin Sean, February 25, 1984, that led Mrs. Marsee to undertake a crusade which has already gained international notice.

Sean was a bright, handsome teenager, a track star named the outstanding athlete of his high school in Talihina, Oklahoma, in 1983. By the time he died, he had become a grotesque figure who scarcely appeared human. Cancer had destroyed his tongue, his throat and his jaw.

Dr. Carl Hook, who tried vainly to save Sean's life, attributed the cancer to the young man's use of snuff. This form of tobacco, used orally or by inhalation, has been around since the 17th century. Commonly used in the 18th century, snuff (and later chewing or plug tobacco) was the dominant form of tobacco in use in the United States until the 1860s, when pipe tobacco became more popular, only to be surpassed eventually by cigars and then cigarettes. By 1938, cigarettes accounted for half of U.S. tobacco consumption and continued to outstrip other forms of tobacco use.

But in rural America, snuff dipping and tobacco chewing continued, in part because of the danger of fire from cigarettes. And advertising by the tobacco industry has put a new emphasis on so-called "smokeless tobacco" since the federal government began requiring health warnings on cigarettes. Such requirements are not in effect for smokeless tobacco. The moist type of snuff Sean began using when he was 12 is placed in the mouth between the gums and the cheek. His mother said his brands were "Copenhagen" and "Skoal," which carry no health warnings.

"Several months before Sean died, when he thought he would still live, he expressed the hope that he could travel around Oklahoma with Dr. Hook. He wanted to tell young people they should not use snuff and it definitely was bad," Mrs. Marsee said.

"A lot of parents are not any more well-informed than I was. While I had a gut feeling that if cigarettes were dangerous, then snuff lying next to a membrane would be dangerous, I had no definite proof that I could give him," she said. "Teen-agers want proof. I had no absolute proof."

But elsewhere, such proof had been accumulating. In a 1979 study by Arden G. Christen, D.D.S., 9 of 14 college athletes who chewed tobacco regularly had a noticeable leukoplakia, a white patch in the mouth often located where the tobacco touches the gum. Many doctors believe this is a precancer condition. Overwhelming evidence of the health problems caused by snuff can also be found in India, where tobacco chewing is a widespread habit. Thirty to 40 percent of the population of

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India chews tobacco, and 35 to 40 percent of all cancer is diagnosed as oral cancer.

In a study of 10,000 people in India, 33 percent reported having used tobacco in some form. When the frequency of leukoplakia was calculated for those who smoked and chewed tobacco versus those who used no form of tobacco, the difference was striking. Leukoplakia was observed in 9.9 percent of those using tobacco and in 0.03 percent of those not using it. Another study of the incidence of oral cancer among 57,518 industrial workers in India found *not one case* of oral cancer in those who used no tobacco; for the entire group, the rate of oral cancer was 25 out of 100,000 per year.

After Sean's death, Mrs. Marsee kept thinking about the crusade her son had wanted to wage. She began looking for an attorney willing to be a David in filing a lawsuit against the tobacco-industry Goliath. She found that attorney in Dania Deschamps-Braly.

"I am as capitalist as you can get," Mrs. Deschamps-Braly says. "But sometimes someone sits down and tells you something that sounds so bad, you know there has to be something wrong. I would not have taken the case if I didn't think it had merits."

So the lawsuit to continue Sean's crusade was filed in the Oklahoma Federal Court, Western District, against the U.S. Tobacco Company, the manufacturer of the snuff Sean had used. The $37 million product-liability suit charges the company with selling a "defective and unreasonably dangerous" product. Judge David L. Russell has set the case for trial on his November 1985 docket.

The lawsuit has already attracted news-media interest. *Business Week* called attention to the case 13 days after it was filed. *The Saturday Evening Post* carried information about the lawsuit in its July/August 1985 issue. Mrs. Marsee has appeared on network TV programs, including "60 Minutes" and "Hour Magazine," and numerous other radio and TV programs.

"The main purpose of our lawsuit is to acquaint children with the dangers of snuff," Mrs. Marsee said. "I'd like to see a requirement for a health warning on snuff and a ban against advertising by sports personalities. I want to give the children proof that it is not good for them and let them make up their own minds. Let them be informed."

(A similar thought was expressed by Surgeon General C. Everett Koop during a recent interview: "In some cities in this country, as many as 20 percent of high-school students are chewing some form of smokeless tobacco. We know that nationwide, the sales of moist snuff are mounting very rapidly. This is not covered by the same advertising ban that cigarettes are covered by."

Koop said he is concerned because advertisements for smokeless tobacco appeal to young people and use role models they admire. "I'm particularly concerned that the advertisements imply a health benefit when they say 'instead of a puff, reach for a chew,' " he said.)

Indeed, smokeless tobacco is heavily advertised, and the advertisements are directed toward youth. Sports idols such as Terry Bradshaw, George Brett, Sparky Lyle and Walt Garrison extol the virtues of smokeless tobacco in tobacco-company advertisements. Red Man tobacco calls itself "Pick of the Pros," and the company has even developed an entire line of promotional accessories—patches, caps and shirts bearing the Red Man tobacco logo.

At colleges nationwide, tobacco companies hand out or mail free samples to young people to "help get you started." And in an advertisement titled "Walt Garrison answers your questions about moist smokeless tobacco," Garrison explains to the novice: "Just take a small pinch in your thumb and forefinger and put it between your cheek and gum. Leave it there. No need to chew. The tobacco slowly releases its great flavor, giving you real satisfaction . . . . At first you could feel a slight irritation on the gum, and the tobacco may move around your mouth more than it should . . . .But learning is part of the fun, and these things take practice. Two weeks should make you a pro."

Sean was one of many high-school and even elementary-school youths who use "smokeless tobacco." In the Texas college-athlete study, 6 of the 14 subjects began the habit while in high school, and 3 started in elementary school. Twelve of the 14 admitted that peer pressure was the most important factor in getting them started. A football player said that his high school had an official "High-School Snuff-Dipping Team," and another said that in his hometown a worn, bleached ring outline, the size and shape of a snuff can, on the back pocket of jeans is regarded as a symbol of maturity.

Mrs. Marsee said that in her home cigarettes had been an accepted part of relaxation. "I smoked a pack a week, but when Sean asked me to stop, I did," she recalled of that period when his oral cancer was diagnosed. "Tobacco is an addiction, and I found it difficult to stop. But I did."

She believes Sean's death has already made some young people stop and think about the use of smokeless tobacco. "We have had some children who told me they quit, and quite

Gov. George Nigh (left) of Oklahoma signs the bill, inspired by the Sean Marsee tragedy, making the sale of snuff to minors illegal. With him are Betty Ann Marsee (far left) and Sen. Billie Floyd, the sponsor of the bill. Dania Deschamps-Braly (above) is Mrs. Marsee's attorney.

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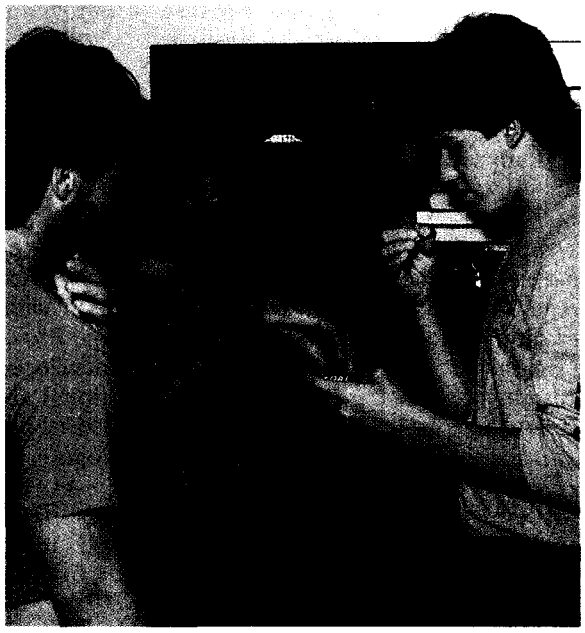
a few letters," she said. But the biggest victory yet has come with the help of the Oklahoma legislature, which has enacted a law that includes snuff with other tobacco products that cannot be sold to a minor. "This legislation is directly because of the Sean Marsee case," said Mrs. Deschamps-Braly.

The bill, championed by Sen. Billie Floyd, will become effective on November 1, 1985. "I am honored to be able to carry this bill, because I think it will help to make the public aware of the dangers of smokeless tobacco," said Senator Floyd.

"I have taught health and physical education at the university [East Central University in Ada, Oklahoma] and have been opposed all along to the use of tobacco products," she continued. "I have been concerned, even before the Sean Marsee case was publicized, about the use of smokeless tobacco by athletes. In our part of the country, smokeless tobacco is commonly used. Why, now tobacco companies are including little prepackaged pinches of snuff called 'bandits' in the large cans. Stores sell them separately, and grade-school kids are coming home with packets of snuff that they've bought at mom-and-pop groceries during lunch. This bill will eliminate the purchase of snuff by grade-school children, and I think that as we discover more and more harmful results from using smokeless tobacco, people will be educated and stop using it."

Mrs. Deschamps-Braly has "gone international" to locate experts who have agreed to testify about the devastating effects of smokeless tobacco.



The scene is shockingly common around the nation—teens and even preteens dipping snuff as a part of a potentially deadly rite of manhood. In a Texas study among college athletes who use snuff, 6 of 14 began in high school, and 3 began even younger.

Smoking Victims Race the Clock to File Suits

The personal cost and tragedy of tobacco addiction continue to unfold in lawsuits around the country as the victims and the families of victims come forward to demand accountability from the tobacco companies.

Three new suits were filed in Massachusetts in early summer 1985—two by persons now suffering from lung cancer after long histories of smoking and one by the widow of a man unable to break his four-pack-a-day smoking habit until the day of his death from lung cancer. The Massachusetts cases were announced at a press conference organized by the Boston-based Tobacco Products Liability Project, which

Born in 1965, Sean Marsee is shown in the above photo during his first year. (Right) Sean poses with his brothers and sisters about 1975, two years before he began dipping snuff. Sean is on the far right in the front row.

National advertisements featuring a variety of sports stars make smokeless tobacco seem glamorous to such young athletes as Sean Marsee. Here Sean is shown with the Talihina Tigers track team in 1980, when he had already been using snuff two years.

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helps lawyers around the country in efforts to sue tobacco companies. The project is headed by Dr. Michael Charney, a psychiatrist, and Dr. Richard Daynard, a law professor at Northeastern University.

One aim of the project is to get information to both attorneys and tobacco victims so they can file their cases before the applicable statutes of limitations run out. "Those contemplating suits against tobacco companies need to know that the statutes of limitations vary greatly from state to state," Dr. Charney says. "They most often apply to the date of diagnosis and can be as short as one year in some states, or as long as three or four. The only way for

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A study of the incidence of oral cancer among 57,518 industrial workers in India found not one case of oral cancer in those who used no tobacco.

Tobacco-chewing in India is epidemic, and so is the incidence of oral cancer. This grotesque example shows cancer in the mouth of an Indian woman who chewed tobacco regularly for ten years.

A partial list includes:

—Dr. Lester Breslow, an epidemiologist and public-health specialist, Division of Cancer Control, Johnsson Comprehensive Cancer Center, UCLA.

—Dr. William Lijinsky, a biochemist with the Frederick Cancer Research Facility, Frederick, Maryland.

—Dr. Prakash Gupta, Tata Institute of Fundamental Research, Bombay, India.

—Dr. Kent Westbrook, a head and neck surgeon, University of Arkansas.

—Dr. William Thurman, the head of the Oklahoma Medical Research Foundation and a pediatric oncologist.

—Dr. Jan-Michael Hirsch, the head of oral surgery, University of Göteborg, Sweden.

Dr. Hook, as the treating physician, is also expected to be one of the expert witnesses.

Meanwhile, the plaintiffs have been puzzled by an incident that involved an apparent public-opinion survey. An Ada resident staying at the home of her Oklahoma City relatives answered their telephone. The

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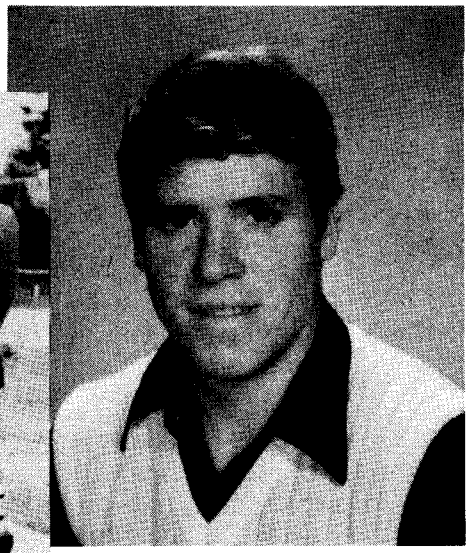

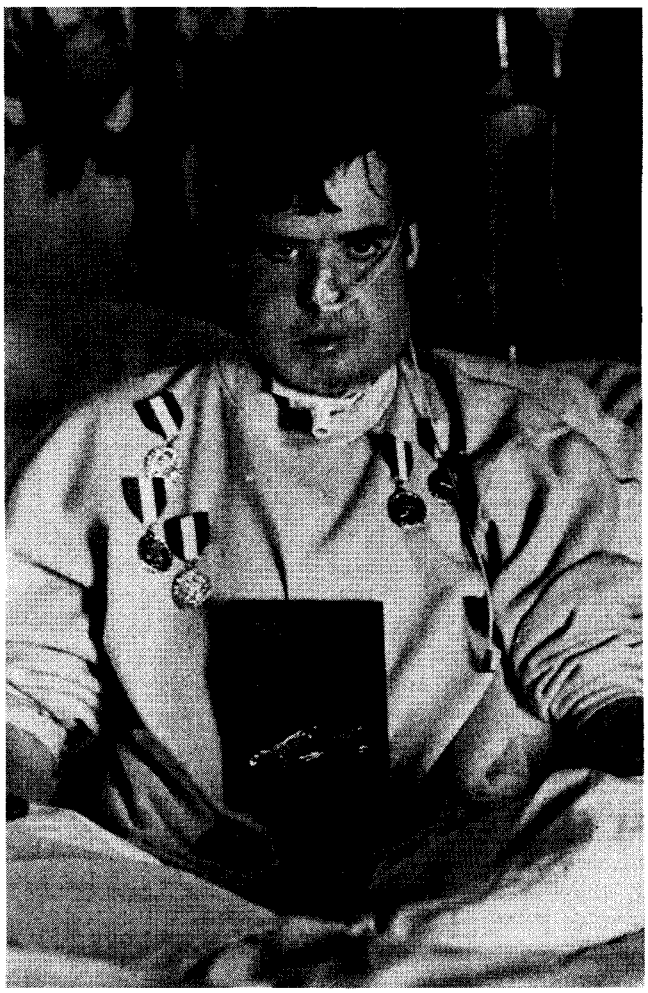

These before-and-after photos of Sean Marsee graphically show the tragic effects of smokeless tobacco. Lawsuits against tobacco companies concerning tobacco-induced cancer continue to be filed; attorneys advise those contemplating suits to check the statutes of limitations in individual states to avoid being caught in the "time crunch." Some states have limitations as short as one year on such suits. Others have limitations as long as five years. Burn victims from cigarette-related accidents are also beginning to file suits in some parts of the country.

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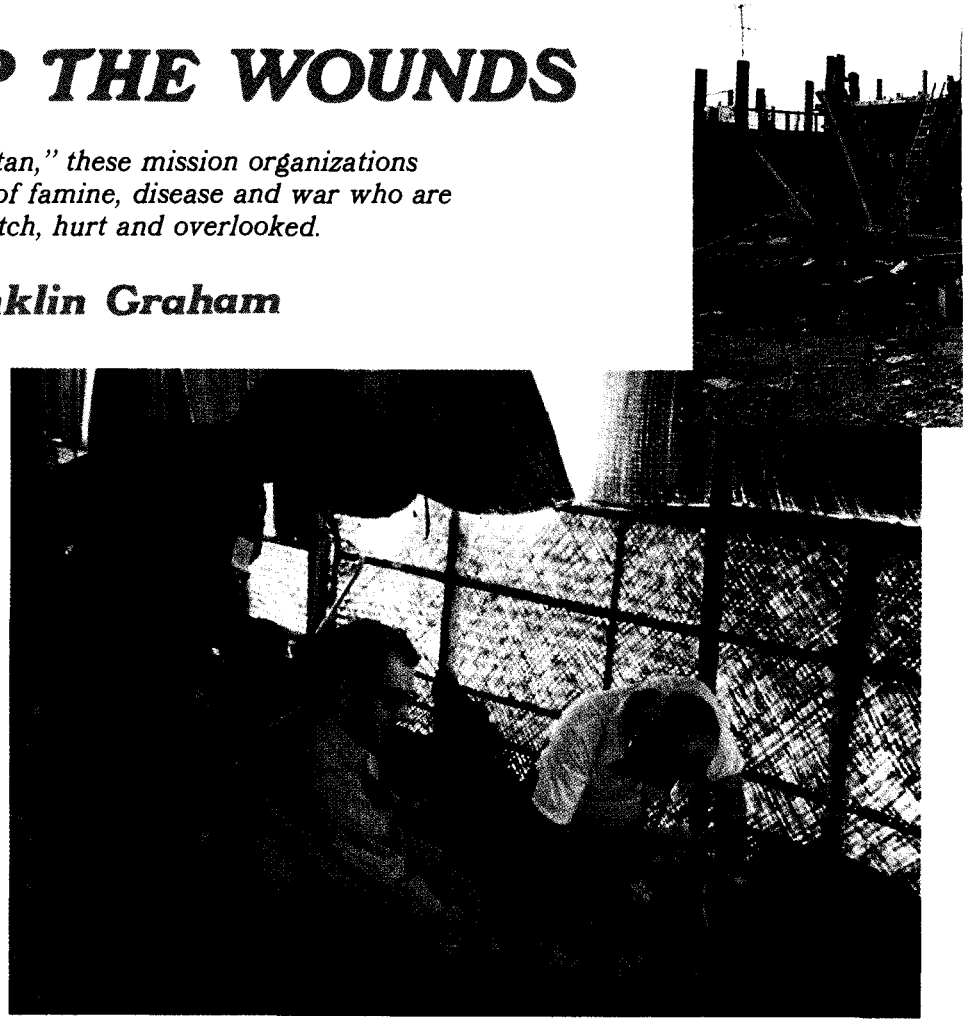
RELIGION

BINDING UP THE WOUNDS

Like the "good Samaritan," these mission organizations extend a hand to victims of famine, disease and war who are lying in life's ditch, hurt and overlooked.

by Franklin Graham



World Medical Missions places scores of physicians each year with mission hospitals in the most remote corners of the earth. In SaKaeo Refugee Camp, Thailand, Franklin Graham, Rod Love and Lowell Furman (left to right) examine a patient.

Where does a young boy go to avoid the public curiosity generated by his father's celebrated ministry?

In my case, I would climb the stairway to the second floor of our family's log home and take refuge in my room. Not even my father, known to the world as the evangelist Billy Graham, entered there without an invitation. Perhaps because his own privacy is often hard to come by, he was always careful not to intrude on mine. Of course, from time to time I did invite him into my sanctuary, reverently adorned with motorcycle magazines and a .22-caliber rifle. My cat, Mimi, who served as gatekeeper, kept a skeptical eye even on daddy.

It is no secret that during my teens I passed through a period of spiritual questioning that greatly concerned my parents. I wasn't really rebelling against them or against the Christian values they stood for and had taught me; rather, I was struggling with my own commitment to Jesus Christ—whether I would live for Him or for myself.

In the summer of 1974, when I was 22, this conflict was resolved. While in the Middle East, I knelt beside my bed one night in a hotel room and told God I was "sick and tired of being sick and tired." From that moment forward, my aim in life has been to serve Him, both personally and in my vocation. In some measure, I came to this decision because my parents never harassed me or pressured me to conform to their way of thinking. Instead, they gave me room to grow, to discover for myself the purpose of my life.

Today, I never know a dull moment. My wife, Jane, and I live with our three boys, Will, Roy and Edward, in a 100-year-old farmhouse in the mountains of North Carolina, about 90 minutes from my parents' home. Because our house was built long ago by mountain craftsmen, not one floor in it is level. We have bats in our attic and more cats in our barn than I care to count. Two horses, three dogs and a raccoon round out our family. Sometimes I wonder who really runs our farm—we or the animals. My parents seem to have little doubt about the matter. When they came to visit us one Christmas, they yielded to the critters and stayed in a nearby motel.

In my work as the president of two companion mission organizations, Samaritan's Purse and World Medical Missions, I am grateful for my parents' support. My father has never suggested that my ministry should mirror his, though our common priority is evangelism; while my father pursues this objective through city-wide crusades, I do it individually. My organizations meet emergency needs in crisis areas around the world. We always work through missionaries, national pastors or small groups of Christians living in various countries.

Samaritan's Purse was founded in 1970 by Dr. Bob Pierce, who also founded World Vision. Bob had leukemia, and knowing he had just a short time to live, he invited me to travel with him and see the world through his eyes. We went to Korea, Indonesia, Thailand, Afghanistan—places where Bob felt the Gospel was having an impact.

When Bob died in 1978, I became

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The generosity of Samaritan's Purse has enabled a Beirut congregation to assist with the reconstruction of war-damaged homes.

president and carried on the work of Samaritan's Purse. About the same time, Drs. Lowell and Richard Furman, two brothers living in Boone, North Carolina, where I was completing my education, approached me about volunteering for brief periods in mission hospitals. They were both surgeons who wanted to go overseas to relieve missionary doctors, so those overworked servants of Christ could have vacations or time off. The Furmans were looking for places to go and an organization that would send them. Through our discussions, World Medical Missions was born; we now place scores of physicians each year with mission hospitals that operate in the most remote corners of the earth.

I believe what we do is important for several reasons. The name Samaritan's Purse comes, of course, from the Biblical story of the good Samaritan (Luke 10:30-37). In this story, Jesus tells about a man, traveling from Jerusalem to Jericho, who fell among robbers and was left half dead by the side of the road. A priest and a Levite passed by on the other side, too calloused to help this poor wayfarer. Then a Samaritan who came along had compassion on the man and helped him out of the ditch and back on his feet. That's what we do—we help people who, because of such calamities as famine, disease and war, are lying hurt and overlooked in life's ditch. We supply funds, food, medicine or equipment—whatever is needed.

Lebanon is one place where we have worked extensively. Many people there have lost their homes and loved ones in that country's strife. We have channeled our aid through a small Christian congregation in east Beirut, in the heart of that city's poorest section. With our funds, they have helped rebuild the homes of more than 300 families whose dwellings were demolished in the fighting, and they have carried food, blankets and Bibles to refugees living in the camps. Through this congregation's efforts, many people have gained renewed hope. Because we worked through a local church rather than moving in with our own outside team, Lebanon's hurting people are being cared for by fellow Lebanese.

Another great opportunity for us was the International Conference for Itinerant Evangelists, convened by my father in 1983 in Amsterdam. Nearly 5,000 evangelists came together from more than 120 countries for this gathering. Many participants from developing countries arrived with literally only the clothes on their backs. We arranged for clothing to be donated and set up a distribution system, then invited evangelists to come and take what they needed. Many who had never received anything new in their lives were deeply touched.

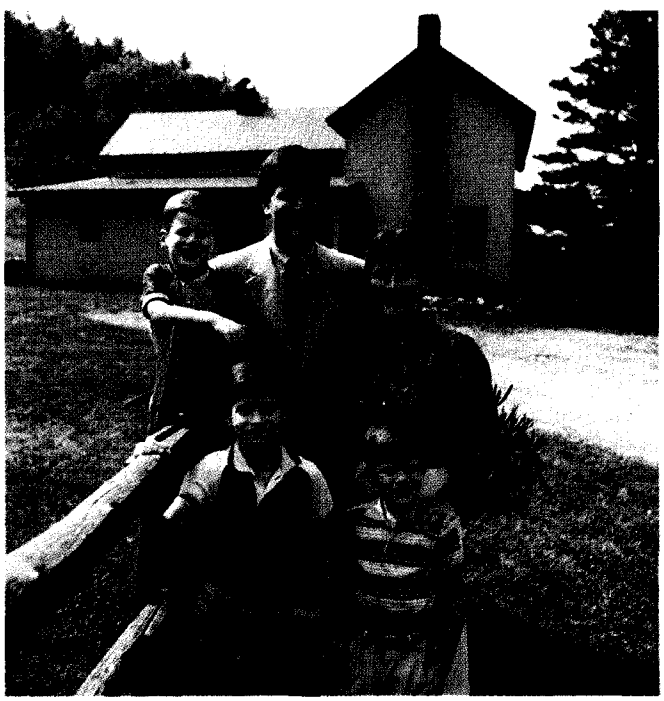
Since the conference, we have been involved with about 120 of these evangelists in their own countries. John Narasaraju of India, for example, feels called to feed a good Christmas dinner to leprosy patients living near him. We have sent him the funds for that meal.

In the Philippines, we are working with a group concerned for Manila's many street children. Hundreds of these homeless youngsters live by scavenging in the garbage dumps and by selling themselves as prostitutes. We purchased a van to deliver food to the children and to transport them to the countryside for holidays.

In Lesotho we support a man originally from Minneapolis-Saint Paul, who works with blind children. He not only teaches them to function without eyesight but also instructs them in the Bible.

In Angola, another war-torn country, we are underwriting a mission hospital's expenses for medicine. Without help, the staff could not care for the hundreds of patients who come to them for treatment.

I believe wholeheartedly in the work of World Medical Missions because health care is such a critical need. Often, one mission hospital must provide the only reliable health care for several million people. Were it not for missionary doctors and nurses, diseases would go untreated and conditions would be even worse than they are. During the last several decades, many groups have cut back their overseas medical ministries because of the high costs and the shortage of trained personnel. By sending com-



Franklin and Jane Graham and their sons, (left to right) Edward, Will and Roy, lead a quiet life in their 100-year-old farmhouse in the mountains of North Carolina.

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THE BATTLE OF SQUASHY HOLLOW

Two eternal verities come into play at the Paradise Valley golf course—the agony of the duffer and the bliss of the wayward lover restored to his freedom.

by P. G. Wodehouse

In his office on the premises of Popgood and Grooly, publishers of the Book Beautiful, Cyril Grooly, the firm's junior partner, was practicing putts into a tooth glass and doing rather badly even for one with a 24 handicap, when Patricia Binstead, Mr. Popgood's secretary, entered, and, dropping his putter, he folded her in a close embrace. This was not because all publishers are warm-hearted, impulsive men and she was a very attractive girl, but because they had recently become betrothed. On his return from his summer vacation at Paradise Valley, due to begin this afternoon, they would step down to the Little Church Around the Corner and become man—if you can call someone with a 24 handicap a man—and wife.

"A social visit?" he asked, the embrace concluded. "Or business?"

"Business. Popgood's had to go out to see a man about subsidiary rights, and Count Dracula has blown in. Well, when I say Count Dracula, I speak loosely. He just looks like him. His name is Professor Pepperidge Farmer, and he's come to sign his contract."

"He writes books?"

"He's written one. He calls it *Hypnotism as a Device to Uncover the Unconscious Drives and Mechanism in an Effort to Analyze the Functions Involved That Give Rise to Emotional Conflicts in the Waking State,* but the title's going to be changed to *Sleepy Time.* Popgood thinks it's snappier."

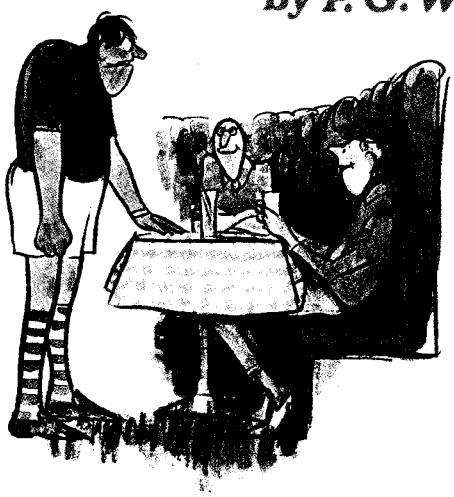
"Much snappier."

"Shall I send him in?"

"Do so, queen of my soul."

"And Popgood says be sure not to go above $200 for the advance," said Patricia, and a few moments later the visitor made his appearance.

It was an appearance, as Patricia had hinted, of a nature to chill the spine. "Sinister" was the adjective that automatically sprang to the minds of those who met Professor Pepperidge Farmer for the first time. His face was gaunt and lined and grim, and as his burning eyes bored into Cyril's, the young publisher was conscious of a feeling of relief that this encounter was not taking place down a dark alley or in some lonely spot in the country. But a man accustomed to mingling with authors, few of whom look like anything on earth, is not readily intimidated, and he



"You have sneaked behind my back like a slithery serpent and stolen the woman I love!" snarled McMurdo. "Perhaps, if you have a moment to spare, you will step outside."

greeted the Professor with his customary easy courtesy.

"Come right in," he said. "You've caught me just in time. I'm off to Paradise Valley this afternoon."

"A golfing holiday?" said the Professor, eyeing the putter.

"Yes, I'm looking forward to getting in some golf."

"How is your game?"

"Horrible," Cyril was obliged to confess. "Mine is a sad and peculiar case. I have the theory of golf at my fingertips, but once out in the middle I do nothing but foozle."

"You should keep your head down."

"So Tommy Armour tells me, but up it comes. There's no keeping it down."

"That's life."

"Or shall we say hell?"

"If you prefer it."

"It seems more apt, somehow. But now to business. Miss Binstead tells me you have come to sign your contract. I have it here. It all appears to be in order, except that the amount of the advance has not been decided."

"And what are your views on that?"

"I was thinking of $100. You see," said Cyril, falling smoothly into his stride, "a book like yours always involves a serious risk for the publisher, owing to the absence of the sex motif, which renders it impossible for him to put a nude female of impressive vital statistics on the jacket, and no hope of getting banned in Boston. Add the growing cost of paper and the ever increasing demands of printers, compositors, binders and. . .why are you waving your hands like that?"

"I have French blood in me. On the mother's side."

"Well, I wish you wouldn't. You're making me sleepy."

"Oh, am I? How very interesting. Yes, I can see that your eyes are closing. You are becoming drowsy. You are falling asleep. . . you are falling asleep. . .asleep . . .asleep. . . asleep. . . ."

It was getting on for lunchtime when Cyril awoke. When he did so, he found that the recent gargoyle was no longer with him. Odd, he felt, that the fellow should have gone before they had settled the amount of his advance, but no doubt he had remembered some appointment elsewhere. Dismissing him from his mind, Cyril resumed his putting, and soon after lunch he left for Paradise Valley.

On the subject of Paradise Valley the public-relations representative of the Paradise Hotel has expressed himself very frankly. It is, he says in his illustrated booklet, a dream world of breath-

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taking beauty, and its noble scenery, its wide-open spaces, its soft mountain breezes and its sun-drenched pleasances impart to the jaded city worker a new vim and vigor and fill him so full of red corpuscles that before a day has elapsed in these delightful surroundings he is conscious of a *je ne sais quoi* and a *bien-être* and goes about with his chin up and both feet on the ground, feeling as if he had just come back from the cleaner's. And, what is more, only a step from the hotel lies the Squashy Hollow golf course, of whose amenities residents can avail themselves on payment of a greens fee.

What, however, the booklet omits is that the Squashy Hollow course is one of the most difficult in the country, frequently causing disgruntled holiday makers to describe it as a stinker. It was constructed by an exiled Scot who, probably from some deep-seated grudge against the human race, has modeled the 18 holes on the nastiest and most repellent of his native land, so that after negotiating—say—the Alps at Prestwick, the pleasure seeker finds himself confronted by the Station-Master's Garden at Saint Andrews, with the Eden and the Redan lurking ominously ahead.

The type of golfer it attracts, therefore, is the one with high ideals and an implicit confidence in his ability to overcome the toughest obstacles; the sort who plays in amateur championships and mutters to himself, "Why this strange weakness?" if he shoots worse than a 75, and one look at it gave Cyril that uncomfortable feeling known to scientists as the heebie-jeebies. He had entered for the medal contest, which was to take place tomorrow, for he always entered for medal contests, never being able to forget that he had once shot a 98 and that this, if repeated, would, with his handicap, give him a sporting chance of success. But the prospect of performing in front of all these hardened experts created in him the illusion that caterpillars were parading up and down his spinal cord. He shrank from exposing himself to their bleak, contemptuous stares. His emotions when he did would, he knew, be similar in almost every respect to those of a mongrel that has been rash enough to wander into the Westminster Kennel Show.

As, then, he sat on the porch of the Paradise Hotel on the morning before the contest, he was so far from being filled with *bien-être* that he could not even achieve *je ne sais quoi*, and at this moment the seal was set on his despondency by the sight of Agnes Flack.

Agnes Flack was a large young woman who on the first day of his arrival had discovered that he was a partner in a publishing firm and had immediately begun to speak of a novel that she had written and would be glad to have his opinion of when he had a little time to spare. And experience had taught him that when large young women wrote novels, they were either squashily sentimental or so frank, fearless and forthright that it would be necessary to print them on asbestos, and he had spent much of his leisure avoiding her. She seemed now to be coming in his direction, so, rising hastily, he made on winged feet for the bar. Entering it at a rapid gallop, he collided with a solid body, and this proved on inspection to be none other than Professor Pepperidge Farmer, looking more sinister than ever in Bermuda shorts, a shirt like a sunset, and a Panama hat with a pink ribbon round it.

Cyril stood amazed. There was, of course, no reason why the other should not have been there, for the hotel was open to all whose purses were equal to the tariff, but somehow he seemed out of place, like a ghoul at a garden party or a vampire bat at a picnic.

"You!" he exclaimed. "What ever became of you that morning?"

"You allude to our previous meeting?" said the Professor. "I saw you had dozed off, so I tiptoed out without disturbing you. I thought it would be better to resume our acquaintance in these more agreeable surroundings. For if you are thinking that my presence here is due to one of those coincidences that are so strained and inartistic, you are wrong. I came in the hope that I might be able to do something to improve your golf game. I feel I owe you a great deal."

"You do? Why?"

"We can go into that some other time. Tell me, how is the golf going? Any improvement?"

If he had hoped to receive confidences, he could not have put the question at a better moment. Cyril

Cyril hastened to give McMurdo the benefit of his advice. "You did not allow for the texture of the sand," he said kindly.

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did not habitually bare his soul to comparative strangers, but now he found himself unable to resist the urge. It was as though the Professor's query had drawn a cork and brought all his doubts and fears and inhibitions foaming out like ginger pop from a ginger-pop bottle. As far as reticence was concerned, he might have been on a psychoanalyst's couch at $50 the half-hour. In burning words he spoke of the coming medal contest, stressing his qualms and the growing coldness of his feet, and the Professor listened attentively, clicking a sympathetic tongue from time to time. It was plain that though he looked like something Charles Addams might have thought up when in the throes of a hangover—if Mr. Addams ever does have hangovers—he had a feeling heart.

"I'm paired with a fellow called Sidney McMurdo, who they tell me is the club champion, and I fear his scorn. It's going to take me at least 115 shots for the round, and on each of those 115 shots Sidney McMurdo will look at me as if I were something slimy and obscene that had crawled out from under a flat stone. I shall feel like a crippled leper, and so," said Cyril, concluding his remarks, "I have decided to take my name off the list of entrants. Call me weak if you will, but I can't face it."

The Professor patted him on the shoulder in a fatherly manner and was about to speak, but before he could do so Cyril heard himself paged and was told that he was wanted on the telephone. It was some little time before he returned, and when he did the dullest eye could see that something had occurred to ruffle him. He found Professor Farmer sipping a lemonade, and when the Professor asked him if he would care for one of the same, he thundered out a violent No.

"Blast and damn all lemonades!" he cried vehemently. "Do you know who that was on the phone? It was Popgood, my senior partner. And do you know what he said? He wanted to know what had got into me to make me sign a contract giving you $5,000 advance on that book of yours. He said you must have hypnotized me."

A smile, probably intended to be gentle but conveying the impression that he was suffering from some internal disorder, played over the Professor's face.

"Of course I did, my dear fellow. It was one of the ordinary business precautions an author has to take. The only way to get a decent advance from a publisher is to hypnotize him. That was what I was referring to when I said I owed you a great deal. But for you, I should never have been able to afford a holiday at a place like Paradise Valley, where even the simplest lemonade sets you back a prince's ransom. Was Popgood annoyed?"

"Good grief, Peterson, don't just sit there—call an exterminator or something!"

"He was."

"Too bad. He should have been rejoicing to think that his money had been instrumental in bringing a little sunshine into a fellow creature's life. But let us forget him and return to this matter of your golfing problems."

He had said the one thing capable of diverting Cyril's thoughts from his incandescent partner. No 24-handicap man is ever deaf to such an appeal.

"You told me you had all the theory of the game at your fingertips. Is that so? Your reading has been wide?"

"I've read every golf book that has been written," Cyril said.

"You mentioned Tommy Armour. Have you studied his preachings?"

"I know them by heart."

"But lack of confidence prevents your putting them into practice?"

"I suppose that's it."

"Then the solution is simple. I must hypnotize you again. You should still be under the influence, but the effects may have worn off, and it's best to be on the safe side. I will instill into you the conviction that you can knock spots off the proudest McMurdo. When you take club in hand, it will be with the certainty that your ball is going to travel from Point A to Point B by the shortest route and will meet with no misadventures on the way. Whose game would you prefer yours to resemble? Arnold Palmer's? Ben Hogan's? Sam Snead's? Palmer's is the one I would recommend. Those spectacular finishes of his. You agree? Palmer it shall be, then. So away we go. Your eyes are closing. You are feeling drowsy. You are falling asleep. . .asleep. . . asleep. . . ."

Paradise Valley was at its best the next day, its scenery just as noble, its mountain breezes just as soft, its spaces fully as wide and open as the public-relations man's booklet had claimed them to be, and Cyril, as he stood beside the first tee of the Squashy Hollow course awaiting Sidney McMurdo's arrival, was feeling, as he had confided to the caddy master when picking up his clubs, like a million dollars. He would indeed scarcely have been exaggerating if he had made it 2 million. His chin was up, both his feet were on the ground, and the red corpuscles of which the booklet had spoken coursed through his body like students rioting in Saigon, Moscow, Cairo, Panama and other centers. Professor Farmer, in assuring him that he would become as confident as Arnold Palmer, had understated it. He was as confident as Arnold Palmer, Gary Player and Jack Nicklaus all rolled into one.

He had not been waiting long when he beheld a vast expanse of man approaching and presumed that this must be his partner for the round. He gave him a sunny smile.

"Mr. McMurdo? How do you do? Nice day. Very pleasant, those soft mountain breezes."

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The newcomer's only response was a bronchial sound such as might have been produced by an elephant taking its foot out of a swamp in a teak forest. Sidney McMurdo was in a dark and sullen mood. On the previous night Agnes Flack, his fiancée, had broken their engagement owing to a trifling disagreement they had had about the novel she had written. He had said it was a lot of prune juice and advised her to burn it without delay, and she had said it was not, either, a lot of prune juice, adding that she never wanted to see or speak to him again, and this had affected him adversely. It always annoyed him when Agnes Flack broke their engagement, because it made him overswing, particularly off the tee.

He did so now, having won the honor, and was pained to see that his ball, which he had intended to go due north, was traveling nor'-nor'east. And as he stood scowling after it, Cyril spoke.

"I wonder if you noticed what you did wrong there, Mr. McMurdo," he said in the friendliest way. "Your backswing was too long. Length of backswing does not have as much effect on distance as many believe. You should swing back only just as far as you can without losing control of the club. Control is all-important. I always take my driver to about the horizontal position on the backswing. Watch me now."

And so saying, Cyril, with effortless grace, drove 280 yards straight down the fairway.

"See what I mean?" he said.

It was on the fourth green, after he had made an eagle, that he spoke again. Sidney McMurdo had had some difficulty in getting out of a sand trap, and Cyril hastened to give him the benefit of his advice. There was nothing in it for him except the glow that comes from doing an act of kindness, but it distressed him to see a quite promising player like McMurdo making mistakes of which a wiser head could so easily cure him.

"You did not allow for the texture of the sand," he said. "Your sand shot should differ with the texture of the sand. If it is wet, hard or shallow, your club head will not cut into it as deeply as it would into soft and shifting sand. If the sand is soft, try to dig into it about two inches behind the ball, but when it is hard, penetrate it about one-and-a-half inches behind

Seventy Years in the Post

Seventy years ago, the work of Pelham Grenville Wodehouse first appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post*. Since then, P.G. Wodehouse (pronounced "Woodhouse") has become familiar to millions of readers as the original "English gentleman" of literature.

Wodehouse was born October 15, 1881, at Guildford, Surrey. After graduating from Dulwich College in 1900, he went to work for a bank, but then took a job as a humor columnist on the *London Globe* and began writing short stories and novels.

Although most of his novels are set in England, Wodehouse and his wife moved to Remsenburg on Long Island, New York, which he called "the romantic country." There, he became a full American citizen in 1956.

Throughout his writing career, Wodehouse averaged more than a book a year. His novels include *My Man Jeeves, Blandings Castle* and *No Nudes Is Good Nudes*.

At age 91, Wodehouse wrote his last novel, *Sunset at Blandings*. In January 1975, he was knighted. He died on February 14, 1975, aged 94.

On June 5, 1965, this short story by Wodehouse appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post*, and the following footnote was added by the author:

"Apropos of the little morsel of mine which appears on these pages, the editors have reminded me that my first contribution to the *Post* appeared exactly 50 years ago, to the month, and, by Jove, they are perfectly right. It was in June of 1915, when I was an eager lad in my middle 30s, that the miracle known to us boys as 'breaking into the *SEP*' occurred.

"From 1909 onward I had been living with a group of young writers at a Greenwich Village hotel, all of us just getting by with occasional sales to the pulps. We read the *Post* regularly and discussed its contents in awe-struck voices, but the most optimistic of us never dreamed of having anything in it. Even the 'Post Scripts,' we felt, were far beyond our scope. *Munsey's* was more our form, and the *Popular* and the *Argosy*.

"But by 1915 I had acquired a literary agent, and agents lack all sense of reverence. Mine had the nerve to submit a novel I'd written called *Something New* to the *Post*, and I was stunned to get a call from him one day saying that George Horace Lorimar, the editor, had actually accepted it. I had more than 50 stories and serials in the *Post* after that, but none of them gave me the same thrill as that first one. Nor is this to be wondered at. My wife and I had just embarked on a marriage which has now lasted happily for 51 years, and we had started matrimony on a shoestring, she having $75 and I 50. It is not overstating the case to say the *Post* check came in handy.

"There were some good things in *Something New*—not many, perhaps—but I have always thought that what put it over was my changing my name. Until then, you see, I had been labeling my stories

By P.G. Wodehouse

and this at a time when a writer for the American market who went about without three names was practically going around naked. *Something New* appeared as

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

and no editor, even one with Harry Leon Wilson, David Graham Phillips and Arthur Somers Roche on his list, was going to let a name like Pelham Grenville Wodehouse get away from him.

"If you ask me to tell you frankly if I like the name Pelham Grenville Wodehouse, I must confess that I do not. I have my dark moods when it seems to me about as low as you can get. But I was born at a time when children came to the font not knowing what might happen to them before they were dried off and taken home. I was probably lucky not to get something wished on me like Hyacinth Augustus or Albert Prince Consort.

—P.G. Wodehouse"

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the ball. And because firm sand will slow down your club considerably, be sure to give your swing a full follow-through."

The game proceeded. On the 12th Cyril warned his partner to be careful to remember to bend the knees slightly for greater flexibility throughout the swing, though—on the 16th—he warned against bending them too much, as this often led to topping. When both had holed out at the 18th, he had a word of counsel to give on the subject of putting.

"Successful putting, Sidney," he said, for he felt that they might now consider themselves on first-name terms, "depends largely on the mental attitude. Confidence is everything. Never let anxiety make you tense. Never for an instant harbor the thought that your shot may miss. When I sank that last 50-foot putt, I *knew* it was going in. My mind was filled with a picture of the ball following a proper line to the hole, and it is that sort of picture I should like to encourage in you. Well, it has been a most pleasant round. We must have another soon. I shot a 62, did I not? I thought so. I was quite on my game today, quite on my game."

Sidney McMurdo's eyebrows, always beetling, were beetling still more darkly as he watched Cyril walking away with elastic tread. He turned to a friend who had just come up.

"Who is that fellow?" he asked hoarsely.

"His name's Grooly," said the friend. "One of the summer visitors."

"What's his handicap?"

"I can tell you that, for I was looking at the board this morning. It's 24."

"Air!" cried Sidney McMurdo, clutching his throat. "Give me air!"

Cyril, meanwhile, had rounded the clubhouse and was approaching the practice green that lay behind it. Someone large and female was engaged there in polishing her chip shots, and as he paused to watch he stood astounded at her virtuosity. A chip shot, he was aware, having read his Johnny Farrell, is a crisp hit with the club head stopping at the ball and not following through. "Open your stance," says the venerable Farrell, "place your weight on the left foot and hit down at the ball," and this was precisely what this substantial female was doing. Each ball she struck dropped on the green like a poached egg, and as she advanced to pick them up he saw that she was Agnes Flack.

A loud gasp escaped Cyril. The dream world of breath-taking beauty pirouetted before his eyes as if Arthur Murray were teaching it dancing in a hurry. He was conscious of strange, tumultuous emotions stirring within him. Then the mists cleared and, gazing at Agnes Flack, he knew that there before him stood his destined mate. A novelist she might be, and no doubt as ghastly a novelist as ever set finger to typewriter key, but what of that? Quite possibly she would grow out of it in time, and in any case he felt that, as a man who went about shooting 62s in medal contests, he owed it to himself to link his lot with a golfer of her caliber. Theirs would be the ideal union.

"Where do you want this?"

In a situation like this, no publisher hesitates. Ask Macmillan, ask Harper & Row, ask Farrar, Straus and Giroux, and they will all tell you that hesitating is the last thing that would occur to them. A moment later, Cyril was on the green, his arms as far around Agnes Flack as they would go.

"Old girl," he said, "you're a grand bit of work!"

Two courses were open to Agnes Flack. She could draw herself to her full height, say, "Sir!" and strike this clinging vine with her number-seven iron, or, remembering that Cyril was a publisher and that she had a top copy and two carbons of a novel in her suitcase, she could cooperate and accept his addresses. She chose the latter alternative, and when Cyril suggested that they should spend the honeymoon in Scotland, playing all the famous courses there, she said that that would suit her perfectly. If, as she plighted her troth, a thought of Sidney McMurdo came into her mind, it was merely the renewed conviction that he was an oaf and a fathead temperamentally incapable of recognizing good literature when it was handed to him on a skewer.

These passionate scenes take it out of a man, and it is not surprising that Cyril's first move on leaving Agnes Flack should have been in the direction of the bar. Arriving there, he found Professor Farmer steeping himself, as was his custom, in lemonade. The warm weather engendered thirst, and since the Professor had come to the Paradise Hotel the straw had seldom left his lips.

"Ah, Cyril, if you don't mind my calling you Cyril, though you will be the first to admit that it's a hell of a name," said the Professor, "how did everything come out?"

"Quite satisfactorily, Pepperidge. The returns are not all in, but I think I must have won the medal. I shot a 62, which, subtracting my handicap, gives me a 38. I doubt if anyone will do better than 38."

"Most unlikely."

"Thirty-four under par takes a lot of beating."

"Quite a good deal. I congratulate you."

"And that's not all. I'm engaged to the most wonderful girl."

"Really? I congratulate you again. Who is she?"

"Her name is Agnes Flack."

The Professor started and dislodged

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a drop of lemonade from his lower lip.

"Agnes Flack?"

"Yes."

"You couldn't be mistaken in the name?"

"No."

"H'm!"

"Why do you say H'm?"

"I was thinking of Sidney McMurdo."

"How does he get into the act?"

"He is—or was—betrothed to Agnes Flack, and I am told he has rather a short way with men who get engaged to his fiancée, even if technically ex. Do you know a publisher called Pickering?"

"Harold Pickering? I've met him."

"He got engaged to Agnes Flack, and it was only by butting Sidney McMurdo in the stomach with his head and disappearing over the horizon that he was able to avoid being torn by McMurdo into little pieces. But for his ready resource, he would have become converted into, as one might say, a sort of publishing hash, though of course McMurdo might simply have jumped on him with spiked shoes."

It was Cyril's turn to say H'm, and he said it with a good deal of thoughtful fervor. He had parted so recently from Sidney McMurdo that he had not had time to erase from his mental retina what might be called the overall picture of him. The massive bulk of Sidney McMurdo rose before his eyes, as did the other's rippling muscles. The discovery that, in addition to possessing the physique of a gorilla, he had also that animal's easily aroused temper was not one calculated to induce a restful peace of mind. Given the choice between annoying Sidney McMurdo and stirring up a nest of hornets with a fountain pen, he would unhesitatingly have cast his vote for the hornets.

And it was as he sat trying to think what was to be done for the best that the door flew open and the bar became full of McMurdo. He seemed to permeate its every nook and cranny. Nor had Professor Farmer erred in predicting that his mood would be edgy. His eyes blazed, his ears wiggled, and a clicking sound like the manipulation of castanets by a Spanish dancer told that he was gnashing his teeth. Except that he was not beating his chest with both fists, he resembled in every respect the gorilla to which Cyril had mentally compared him.

"Ha!" he said, sighting Cyril.

"Oh, hello, Sidney."

"Less of the Sidney!" snarled McMurdo. "I don't want a man of your kidney calling me Sidney," he went on, rather surprisingly dropping into poetry. "Agnes Flack tells me she is engaged to you."

Cyril replied nervously that there had been some informal conversation along those lines.

"She says you hugged her."

"Only a little."

"And kissed her."

"In the most respectful manner."

"In other words, you have sneaked behind my back like a slithery serpent and stolen from me the woman I love. Perhaps, if you have a moment to spare, you will step outside."

Cyril did not wish to step outside, but it seemed that there was no alternative. He preceded Sidney McMurdo through the door, and was surprised, on reaching the wide-open spaces, to find that Professor Farmer had joined the party. The Professor was regarding Sidney with that penetrating gaze of his, which made him look like Boris Karloff in a peevish frame of mind.

continued on page 112

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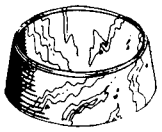

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Post Sampler

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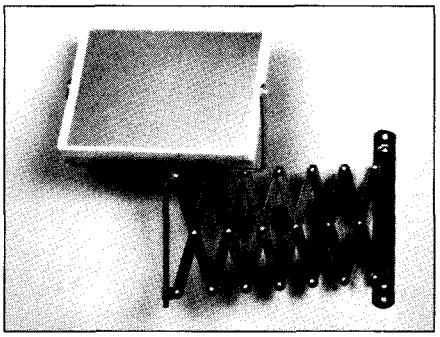
The extension mirror



Great for make-up, shaving. Gives a back view of your hair with hands free. Two-sided mirror swivels. Extends 30" from wall on seven extension arms. 6½"x8" mirror. Folds flat, chrome-plated steel. $19.95 plus $2.85 pp. Holst, Inc., Dept. SPM-985, 1118 W. Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48763.

Fancy footwork for any occasion

Crisscross wedge by Daniel Green—only $19.95! Soft-leather look, 7/8" covered wedge. Burgundy, camel, white, bone, gold or black. Full and half sizes: 5-11 N, M. Save $3, buy two for only $36.90. Add $2.25 p&h (one), $3.50 (two), $4.25 (three). Old Pueblo Traders, Dept. CBL1E, 3740 E. 34th Street, Tucson, AZ 85713-5305.

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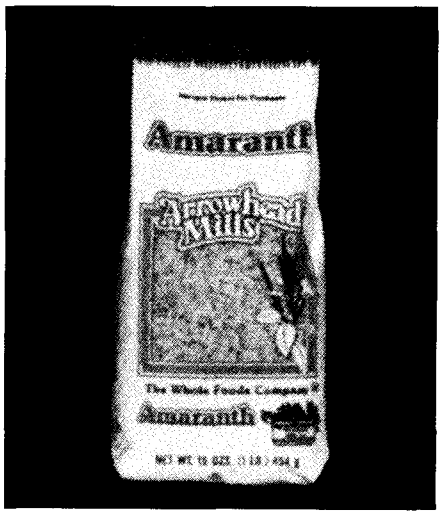
Amaranth



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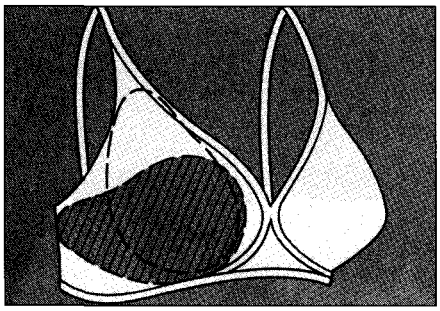

contour. Specify bra and cup size. Only $45. (Size DD $55.) Add $2 p&h for each form ordered. Money-back guarantee. Send for free brochure. VISA, MC welcome. Phone: (208) 343-9696. B&B Company, Dept. 495, P.O. Box 5731, Boise, ID 83705.

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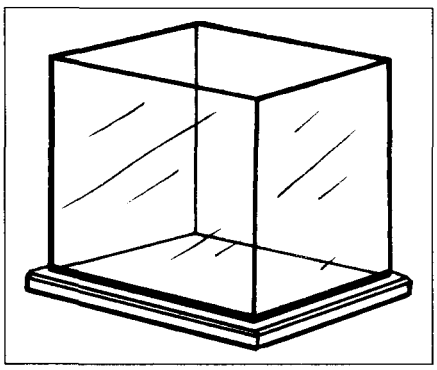

Protect, preserve and dramatize your valuable art object, model or collectable. Clear lucite with walnut-finish wood base or black lucite base. Send dimensions: length, width and height. We'll quote price. (Allow 2″ around and 2″ above piece.) Call (804) 442-2299 or write: The Display Case Co., Box 880, Exmore, VA 23350.

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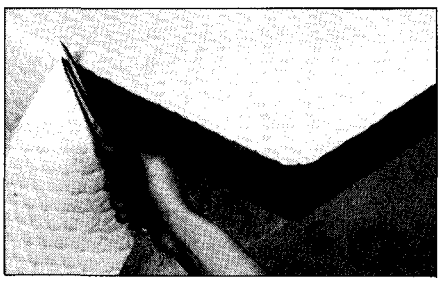
52″x90″ pad can be custom trimmed to fit any size table. Tablecloths



drape crisply. Thick polyester insulation is covered on both sides by quilted white vinyl; it's heat- and waterproof, prevents mars. $9.95 plus $3.00 shipping. Holst, Inc., Dept. SPP-985, 1118 W. Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48763.

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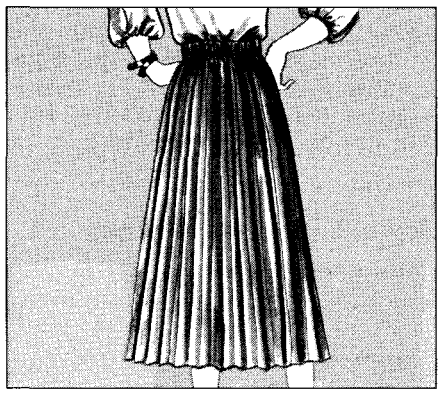
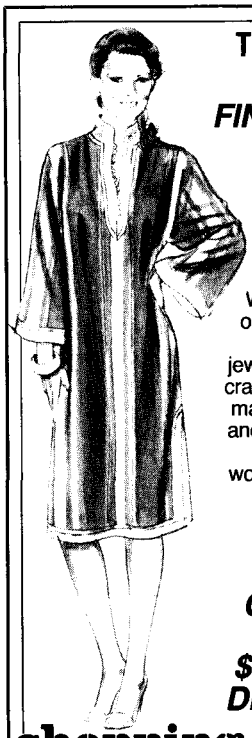
Easy-care pleated skirts



100% polyester, machine wash and dry. Black, brown, navy, charcoal gray, wine berry, Victoria purple. Petite 5′3″ and under, average 5′4″, misses 8-18, women's 32-40. $10.95 each, two/$19.95; plus $1.75 shipping. Add $1.00 per skirt for women's sizes. Pickwick Plaza, Dept. SP, 20 Jerusalem Ave., Hicksville, NY 11801.



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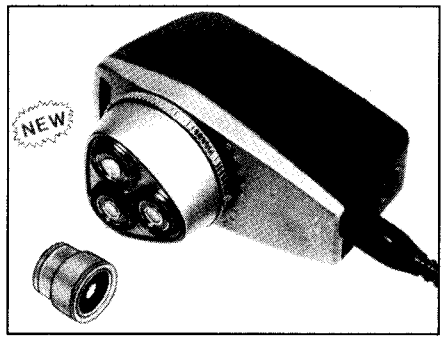

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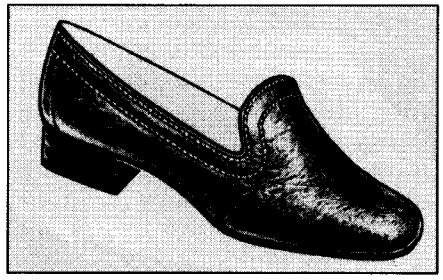

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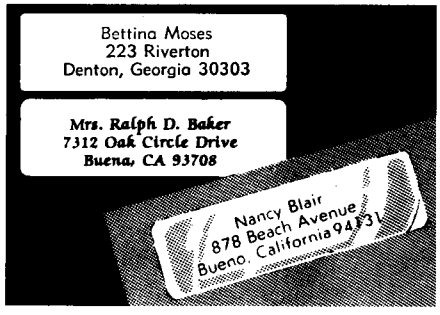
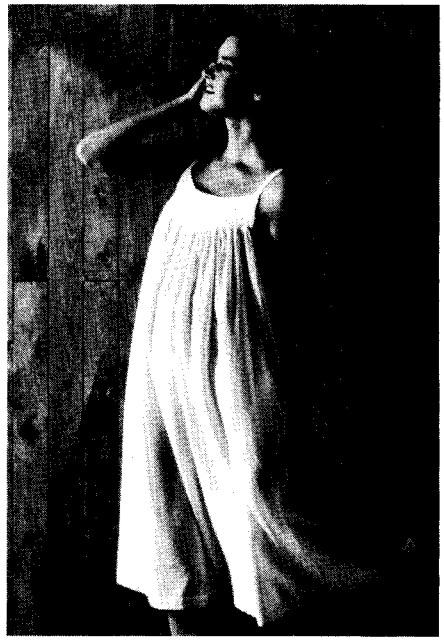


Type style: block #PR, or calligraphy #CPR. 1¾"x ½". 26 letters and spaces per line. 3 or 4 lines. White, gold or silver 450/$7.95; 1000/$12.50. Transparent, blue, pink or yellow 450/$8.95; 1,000/$13.50. Add 75¢ p&h. 80-page gift catalog $1.00. Bruce Bolind, SP-9, Bolind Bldg., P.O. Box 9751, Boulder, CO 80301.

Moonlight-crossing gown



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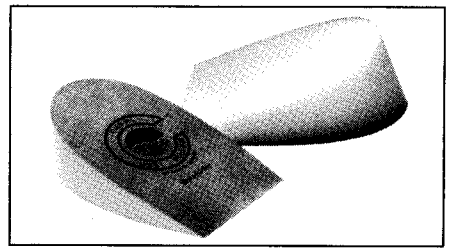
Heel relief



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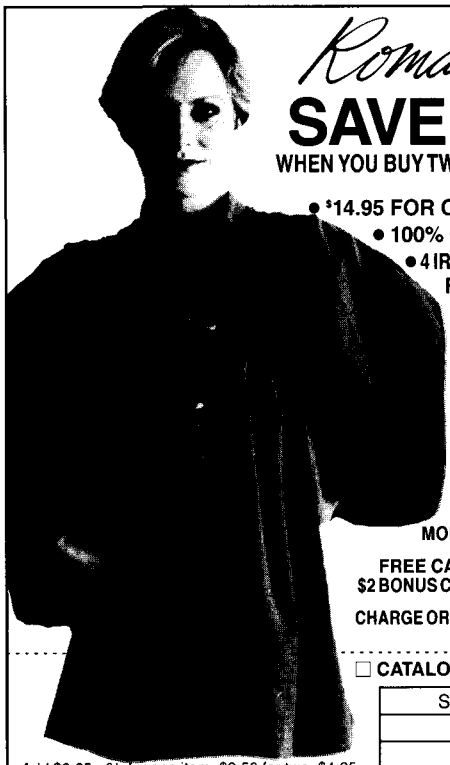

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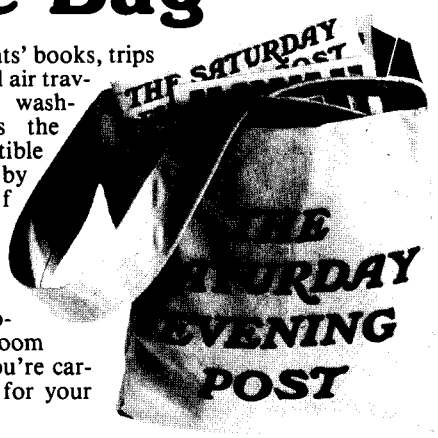

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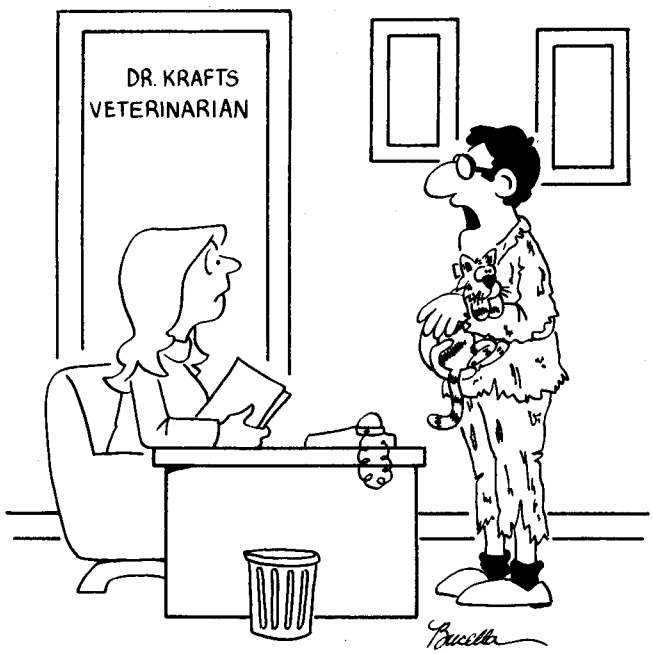

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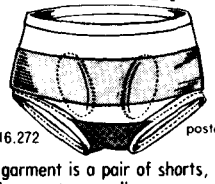

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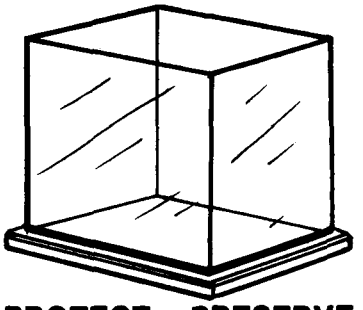

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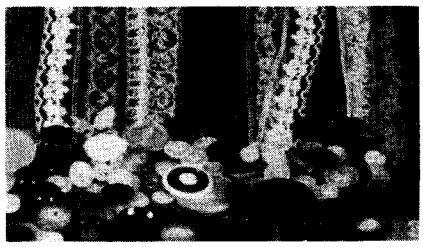

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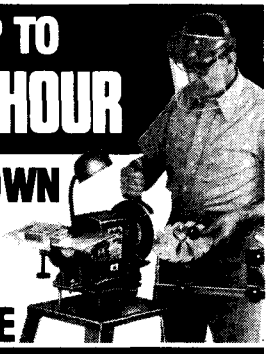

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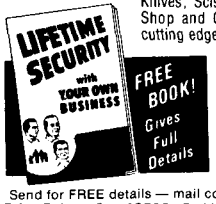

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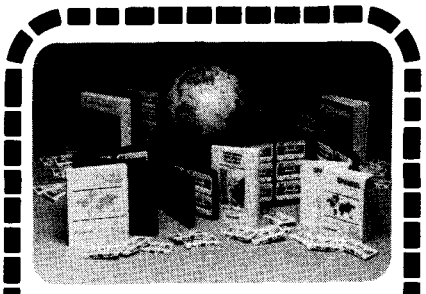

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continued from page 51

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*—It reduces and sometimes eliminates insulin requirements for diabetics.** This benefit was Dr. Anderson's original finding on oat bran and other fiber foods. His experiments have shown that many people with adult-onset diabetes, when placed on high-fiber diets, can reduce their insulin dosages, and some have been able to eliminate the insulin treatments altogether.

"We recently saw a 60-year-old man with diabetes," Dr. Anderson said. "He had taken insulin for ten years—a large dose—and he was overweight. We started treating him with a high-fiber diet and encouraged him to exercise regularly. With that, we were able to reduce his insulin dosage from 65 units to 0. We stopped his insulin last September, and he has gone almost a year with no insulin and excellent control of his diabetes."

He said oat bran is the fiber food of preference in the treatment of diabetes because it is a water-soluble fiber, as opposed to insoluble-fiber foods such as wheat bran. He said that in addition to lowering the cholesterol with such water-soluble fibers, this type of fiber "smooths out" the blood-sugar levels and keeps diabetics from getting their blood-sugar levels elevated.

—Oat bran, as a high-fiber food, helps prevent heart disease. Dr. Anderson points out that the research evidence is overwhelming that high-fiber diets, along with reduced eating of fats and more consumption of starches, reduces the risk of heart attacks. He says this benefit is particularly true among diabetics, among whom the incidence of heart attacks is even greater than among the general population.

—Oat bran, as a soluble fiber, fights arteriosclerosis (hardening of the arteries). This improvement results from decreasing the amount of cholesterol in the blood.

Dr. Anderson says decreased cholesterol is possible because oat bran maintains or even increases the amount of high-density lipids (HDL)

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in the blood—the "good guys" of serum cholesterol, in contrast to the low-density lipoproteins (LDL), the "bad guys." Not only do the oat-bran HDLs not collect on the artery walls and cause trouble the way the LDLs do, but they actually serve as scavengers, picking up the "bad guys" and removing them.

—Oat bran, along with other fiber food, both soluble and insoluble, protects against cancer of the digestive tract and the rectum. Such benefits, of course, are both well-documented and widely known. Bulk provided by the fiber causes water retention in the feces and results in more frequent and higher-volume bowel movements. High-fiber diets reduce the incidence of both cancer and diverticulosis. There likewise is strong evidence that high-fiber diets guard against many other health problems related to the gastrointestinal tract. For instance, evidence indicates that populations on high-fiber diets have less appendicitis and fewer hemorrhoids and gallstones. These findings were further supported by studies conducted in England in recent years by Dr. Kenneth Heaton.

—High fiber intakes appear to protect against or to reduce the frequency of high blood pressure. Dr. Anderson says his studies show that when a person with diabetes is treated with a high-fiber diet, the person's blood pressure decreases by about 10 percent. He said other experiments have shown that when people treated for high blood pressure are placed on diets high in fiber and oat bran, blood pressure is reduced significantly.*

*Diabetics should check with their doctors before changing their insulin dosages or altering their diets.

ON TARGET

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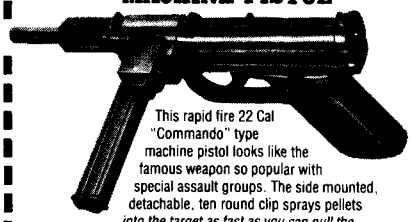
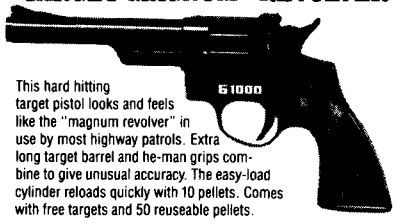
SEMI-AUTOMATIC MACHINE PISTOL



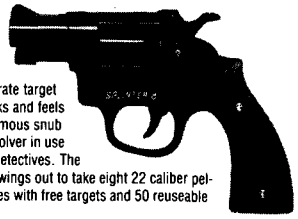
This rapid fire 22 Cal "Commando" type machine pistol looks like the famous weapon so popular with special assault groups. The side mounted, detachable, ten round clip sprays pellets into the target as fast as you can pull the trigger. Comes with free targets and 50 reuseable pellets.

"TARGET MAGNUM" REVOLVER



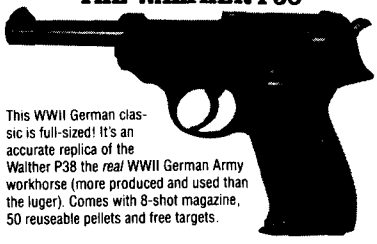
This hard hitting target pistol looks and feels like the "magnum revolver" in use by most highway patrols. Extra long target barrel and he-man grips combine to give unusual accuracy. The easy-load cylinder reloads quickly with 10 pellets. Comes with free targets and 50 reuseable pellets.

SNUB-NOSED REVOLVER



This accurate target pistol looks and feels like the famous snub nosed revolver in use by most detectives. The cylinder swings out to take eight 22 caliber pellets. Comes with free targets and 50 reuseable pellets.

THE WALTHER P38



This WWII German classic is full-sized! It's an accurate replica of the Walther P38 the *real* WWII German Army workhorse (more produced and used than the luger). Comes with 8-shot magazine, 50 reuseable pellets and free targets.

FREE: TARGETS AND 50 REUSABLE PELLETS

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- ☐ SEMI-AUTOMATIC MACHINE PISTOL
- ☐ SNUB-NOSED REVOLVER
- ☐ WALTHER P38

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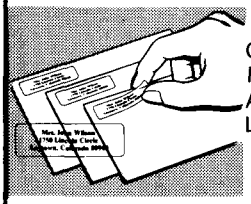

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FOOD

DELICIOUS DISHES WITH OATS

Here's the scoop on a great way to add more fiber and flavor to your meals.

by Allen Simon

Oats: We love them; they're a part of American history. They've been here, in fact, since the very beginning. In 1614, a spy reporting on the activities at Jamestown colony noted the people were surviving solely on that one grain. Later, oats found their way to Plymouth Rock in the hold of the *Mayflower*. Ever since, for generations, American mothers have touted oatmeal to their children as "food to grow on."

Recent research shows that oats *are* good for us in a very startling way. They contain water-soluble fiber that helps our bodies dispose of fat and cholesterol. Oats in adequate amounts can actually help prevent heart disease. And they've been used to treat diabetics as well. Mom was right. The more oats we eat, the better.

How can we get more oats into our diet?—it's easy. They go well with many of our favorite foods, from pancakes to stuffed peppers. Try some of the following recipes and taste just how versatile oats can be. To get more oat fiber, you may want to try substituting oat bran for a portion of the whole oats called for in the recipes.

High-Protein Oat-Wheat Bread

(Makes 2 loaves)

4-5 cups Pillsbury's Best® Bread Flour
2 teaspoons salt
2 packages active dry yeast
1 cup water
½ cup honey
¼ cup margarine
1 carton (8-oz.) cream-style cottage cheese (1 cup)
2 eggs
1 cup Pillsbury's Best® Whole-Wheat Flour
½ cup rolled oats
1 cup chopped nuts

Use 2 tablespoons solid shortening per pan, and generously grease two 8"x4" or 9"x5" loaf pans or two 8" or 9" round cake pans. Lightly spoon flour into measuring cup; level. In large bowl, combine 2 cups bread flour, salt and yeast; blend well. In medium saucepan, heat water, honey, margarine and cottage cheese until very warm (120° F. to 130° F.). (Margarine does not need to melt completely.) Add warm liquid and eggs to flour mixture. Blend at low speed until moistened; beat 3 minutes at medium speed. By hand, stir in whole-wheat flour, oats, nuts and enough bread flour to form a soft dough. On floured surface, knead dough about 10 minutes or until dough is smooth and elastic. Place dough in greased bowl; cover loosely with plastic wrap and cloth towel. Let rise in warm place until light and doubled in size (about 1 hour).

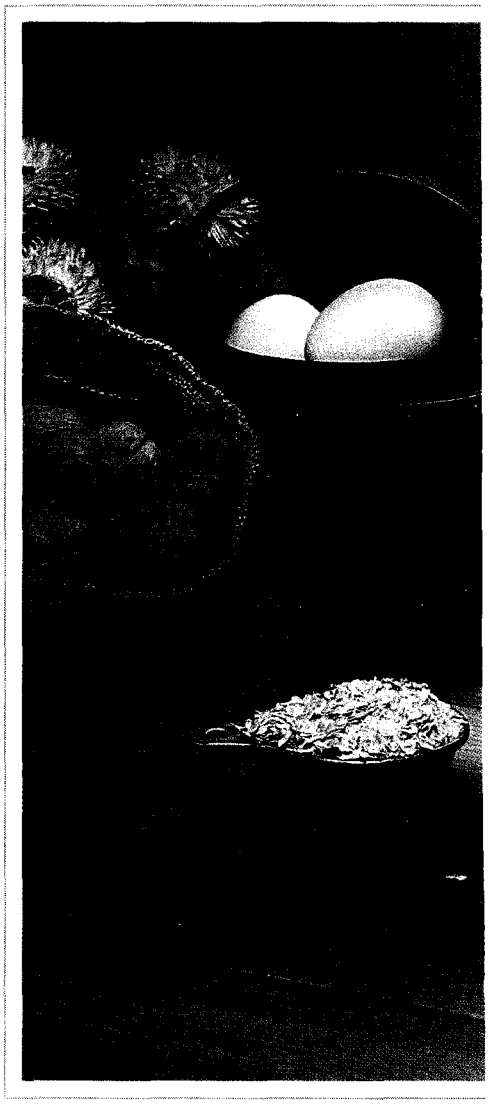
Punch down dough. Divide dough into 2 parts; mold into balls. Cover with inverted bowl; allow to rest on counter for 15 minutes. Shape into 2 loaves. Place in prepared pans. Cover; let rise in warm place until dough is light and doubled in size (about 1 hour). Heat oven to 375° F. Bake 35-40 minutes until loaves sound hollow when lightly tapped. Remove from pans immediately; cool on racks. For soft crusts, brush tops of loaves with melted butter, if desired.

Oat Pancakes

(Makes 12 pancakes)

1 cup all-purpose flour
½ cup Quaker Oats (Quick® or Old Fashioned®), uncooked
1 tablespoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt, if desired
1 cup skim milk
¼ cup egg substitute or 1 egg, beaten
2 tablespoons vegetable oil

Heat griddle over medium-high heat (or preheat electric griddle or skillet to 375° F.). Oil lightly. Combine dry ingredients. Add milk, egg substitute and oil; stir just until dry ingredients are moistened. For each pancake, pour about ¼ cup batter on hot grid-



For a golden-brown loaf that will surely rise to the occasion, try High-Protein Oat-Wheat Bread made from wheat flour, cottage cheese, honey and nuts, with oats added for fiber and irresistible flavor.

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dle. Turn when tops are covered with bubbles and edges look cooked. Turn only once.

Vegetable-Oat Pilaf
(Makes 8 half-cup servings)

½ cup mushrooms, chopped
½ cup green pepper, chopped
½ cup green onions, sliced
2 tablespoons liquid vegetable-oil margarine
1¾ cups Quaker Oats (Quick® or Old Fashioned®), uncooked
¼ cup egg substitute or 1 egg
¾ cup single-strength chicken broth

Sauté mushrooms, green pepper and onions in margarine 2-3 minutes. Mix oats and egg substitute until oats are evenly coated. Add oats to vegetable mixture in skillet; cook over medium heat until oats are dry and separated (about 5-6 minutes). Add broth; continue cooking 2-3 minutes until liquid is absorbed.

Baked Tuna Loaf with Cucumber Sauce
(Makes 8 servings)

2 cans (6½ or 7 oz. each) tuna packed in water, drained
¾ cup celery, finely chopped
¾ cup Quaker Oats (Quick® or Old Fashioned®), uncooked
½ cup skim milk
¼ cup egg substitute or 1 egg
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Cucumber Sauce (below)

Heat oven to 350° F. Coat 8"x4" loaf pan with vegetable-oil cooking spray, or oil lightly. Flake tuna, add remaining ingredients and mix well. Pat into prepared pan. Bake 40 minutes; let stand 5 minutes before slicing. Serve warm or cold with Cucumber Sauce.

Cucumber Sauce
(Makes 1⅓ cups)

1 container (8 oz.) plain yogurt
½ medium cucumber, finely chopped
2 tablespoons fresh dill, chopped, or 1 teaspoon dried dill weed
1 teaspoon onion, minced

In small bowl, combine all ingredients; mix well. Chill.

Saucy Stuffed Peppers
(Makes 12 servings)

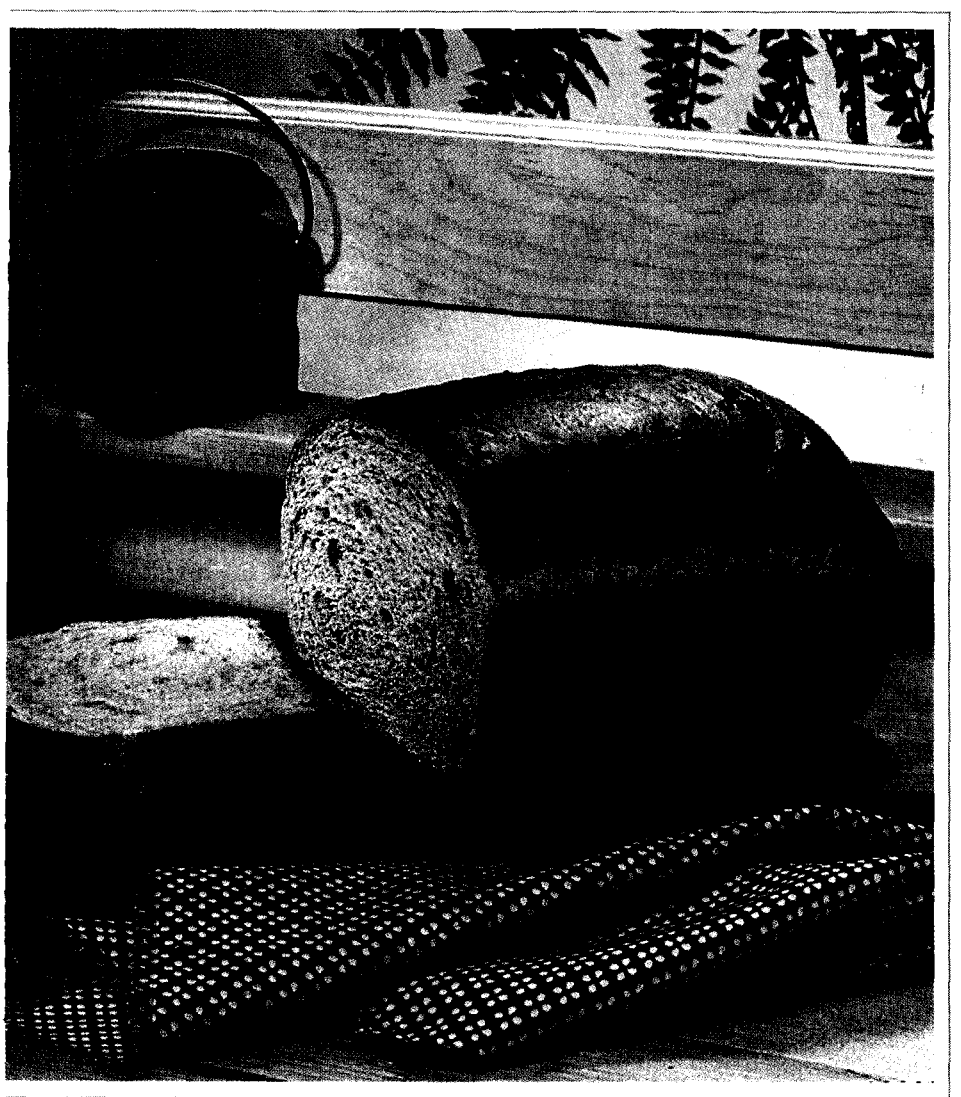
6 medium green peppers
1¼ cups water
2 cups tomato juice
1 can (6 oz.) tomato paste
1 teaspoon oregano leaves, crushed
½ teaspoon garlic powder
½ teaspoon basil leaves, crushed
1 pound lean ground beef
1½ cups Quaker Oats (Quick® or Old Fashioned®), uncooked
1 medium tomato, chopped
¼ cup carrot, chopped
¼ cup onion, chopped

Heat oven to 350° F. Cut peppers in half lengthwise; remove membrane and seeds; set aside. Combine water, 1 cup tomato juice, tomato paste, ½ teaspoon oregano, ¼ teaspoon garlic and basil. Simmer 10-15 minutes. Combine beef, oats, remaining 1 cup tomato juice, ½ teaspoon oregano and ¼ teaspoon garlic with tomato, carrot and onion; mix well. Fill each green-pepper half with about ⅓ cup meat mixture. Place in 13"x9" glass baking dish; pour sauce evenly over peppers. Bake 45-50 minutes.

Stuffed Sole
(Makes 8 servings)

1 package (10 oz.) frozen chopped spinach
1 cup mushrooms, sliced
½ cup green onions, sliced
2 tablespoons soft vegetable-oil margarine
1¾ cups Quaker Oats (Quick® or Old Fashioned®), uncooked
¼ cup egg substitute or 1 egg
1 teaspoon salt, if desired
¼ cup lemon juice
8 (about 2 pounds) sole or flounder fillets
Paprika

Thaw spinach; reserve liquid. Heat oven to 375° F. Sauté mushrooms and onions in margarine over medium heat 3 to 4 minutes. Add oats, egg substitute, salt, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, reserved spinach and liquid; mix well. Divide spinach mixture evenly among fillets; spread to within



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½ inch of edges. Roll up; place seam-side down in 13"x9" glass baking dish. Sprinkle with remaining 2 tablespoons lemon juice; dust with paprika. Bake 25 minutes or until fish flakes easily with fork.

Pilaf à la Grecque
(Makes 6 servings)

1 pound lean ground beef
1 cup onions, chopped
1 cup celery, sliced
1½ cups carrots, thinly sliced
1 can (14½-16 oz.) tomatoes (about 2 cups)
2 teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons oregano leaves, crushed
½ teaspoon each ground black pepper and garlic powder
1 package (10 oz.) frozen chopped spinach
3 cups cooked rice
½ cup quick-cooking oatmeal
Lemon wedges, if desired
⅓ cup grated Parmesan cheese, if desired

Cook beef in large skillet over medium-high heat until meat is no longer pink; stir to crumble. Add onions, celery and carrots. Cook over medium heat 2-3 minutes. Add tomatoes, seasonings and spinach. Cook over low heat until spinach has thawed and separates easily. Stir in rice; cover and simmer 10 minutes. Add oatmeal and cook 2 minutes. Remove from heat; let stand 10 minutes. Serve with lemons and Parmesan cheese.

Italian Zucchini Bake
(Makes 8 servings)

½ cup onion, chopped
1 tablespoon vegetable oil
3 cups zucchini, shredded
1¼ cups Quaker Oats (Quick® or Old Fashioned®), uncooked
¼ cup (1 oz.) part-skim mozzarella cheese, shredded
¼ cup egg substitute or 1 egg
½ teaspoon basil or oregano leaves, crushed
½ teaspoon salt, if desired
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅓ cup tomato sauce

Heat oven to 375° F. Coat 8"-square glass baking dish with vegetable-oil cooking spray, or oil lightly. Press zucchini between paper towels to remove excess moisture. Sauté onion in oil until tender; transfer to large bowl. Add zucchini and remaining ingredients except tomato sauce; mix well. Spread into prepared baking dish. Spread tomato sauce evenly over top. Bake 30 minutes or until heated through.

Chicken Cutlets Supreme
(Makes 6 servings)

¾ cup Ground Oat Flour (below)
1 tablespoon fresh dill, snipped, or 1 teaspoon dried dill weed
⅛ teaspoon lemon pepper
¼ cup egg substitute or 1 egg
¼ cup water
3 chicken breasts, boned, skinned and split
2 tablespoons soft vegetable-oil margarine, melted

Heat oven to 375° F. Spray 13"x9" baking pan with vegetable-oil cooking spray, or oil lightly. In shallow dish, combine ground oat flour, dill and lemon pepper. In another shallow dish, combine egg substitute and water. Lightly pound chicken to even thickness between sheets of plastic wrap or wax paper. Coat with dry ingredients; shake off excess. Dip into egg mixture, then coat again with dry ingredients. Place in prepared pan. Drizzle margarine evenly over chicken. Bake 35 minutes.

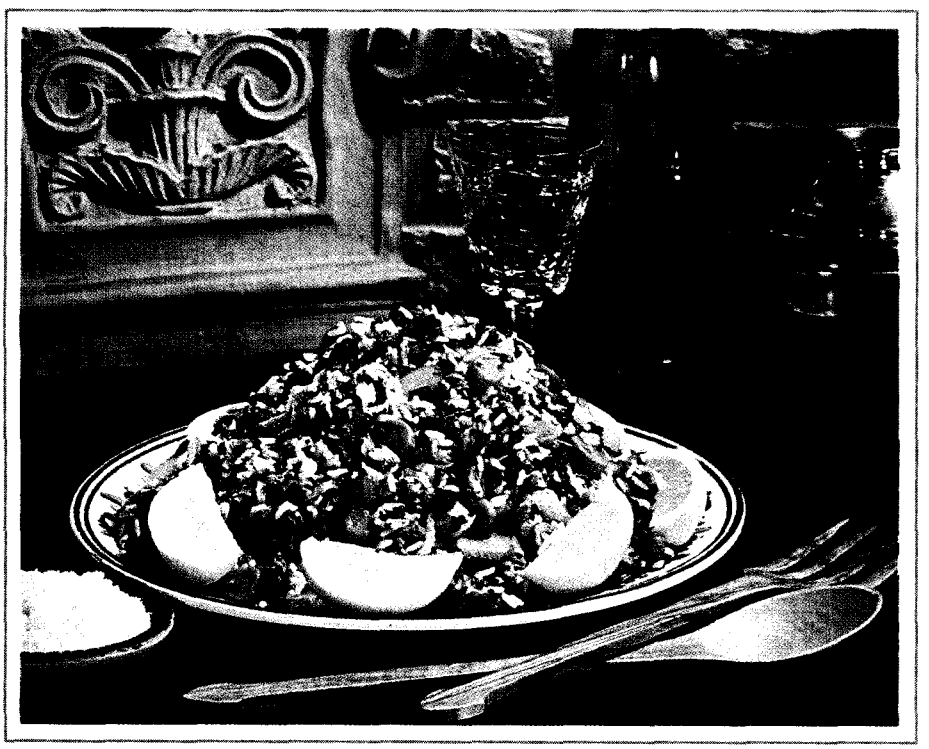
Ground Oat Flour
(Makes ¾ cup)

Place 1 cup uncooked Quaker Oats (Quick® or Old Fashioned®) in blender or food processor. Cover; blend about 1 minute. Stop blender occasionally to stir oats.

Eggplant-and-Tomato Parmesan
(Makes 4 servings)

1 medium eggplant (about 1 pound)
2 medium tomatoes, chopped
1 can (6 oz.) low-sodium cocktail vegetable juice
½ cup Quaker Oats (Quick® or Old Fashioned®), uncooked
2 tablespoons fresh basil, minced, or 1 teaspoon dried basil leaves, crushed
¼ teaspoon oregano leaves, crushed
2 cloves garlic, minced
½ cup (2 oz.) part-skim mozzarella cheese, shredded
2 tablespoons Parmesan cheese, grated

Heat oven to 350° F. Coat 8"-square glass baking dish or 1½-quart casserole with vegetable-oil cooking spray, or oil lightly. Cut eggplant into half-inch slices. Layer in prepared dish; top with tomatoes. In small bowl, combine remaining ingredients except cheeses. Spread over vegetables; sprinkle evenly with mozzarella cheese, then with Parmesan cheese. Bake 35-40 minutes or until deep golden brown.



Rice and oats combine in Pilaf a la Grecque, a Mediterranean dish made with lean ground beef, carrots, celery, tomatoes and chopped spinach, and seasoned with oregano, garlic and black pepper.

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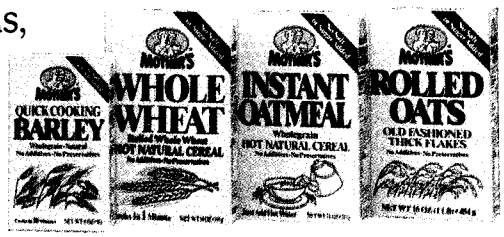
* Kirby, R. W. *et al* Oat-bran intake selectively lowers serum low-density lipoprotein cholesterol concentrations of hypercholesterolemic men. Am. J. Clin. Nutr. 34:824, 1981.



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QUAKER

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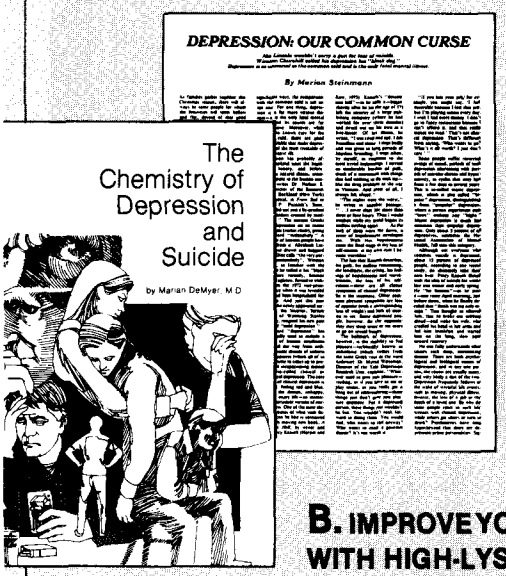
We want to reward you with a gift for your own good health. Choose the one that will benefit you most.

Our Society's current priority is continuing the high-lysine/low-arginine mouse experiments. The results from the first tests were significant, as evidenced by the fact that they have been published in the medical journal *Anti-Cancer Research*. Your contribution will help us buy more mice and mice chow to repeat the experiment. Only with the support of such generous volunteers as you are we able to extend this cancer-prevention research that is widening our knowledge and will, we hope, lead to that day when cancer becomes almost completely preventable.

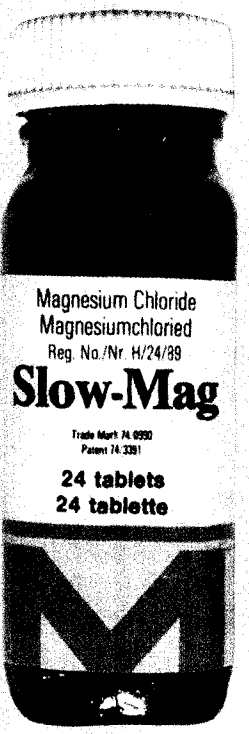
Please send your tax-deductible gift for medical research today—and our gift for your good health will be on its way.



A. RECOGNIZE THE SYMPTOMS OF DEPRESSION AND LEARN TO TREAT THEM WITH YOUR GIFT OF PRACTICAL, HELPFUL HINTS.

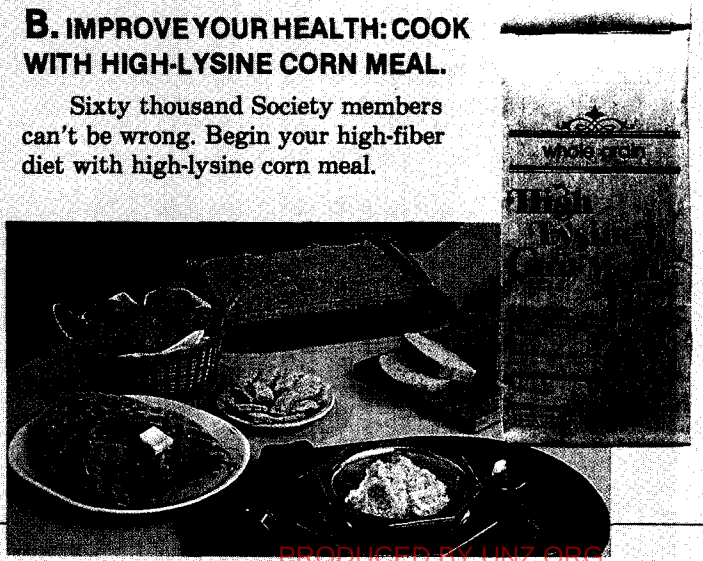
The most common mental illness is often unrecognized by the people who suffer from it. Depression statistics are staggering. The depressed person is not the only one involved—families suffer and work productivity goes down, often due to absenteeism. All of these problems may be compounded by drug abuse or alcoholism.

Depression is treatable. *The Saturday Evening Post* offers information on treating depression through a pamphlet and a reprint of depression articles.



B. IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH: COOK WITH HIGH-LYSINE CORN MEAL.

Sixty thousand Society members can't be wrong. Begin your high-fiber diet with high-lysine corn meal.



C. GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP WITH SLOW-MAG TIME-RELEASED MAGNESIUM.

Research credits magnesium with safely inducing restful sleep and with reducing high blood pressure and irregular heartbeats. Magnesium also helps your body's metabolism. Receive this essential mineral from The Saturday Evening Post Society.

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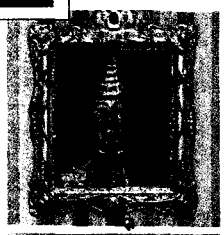
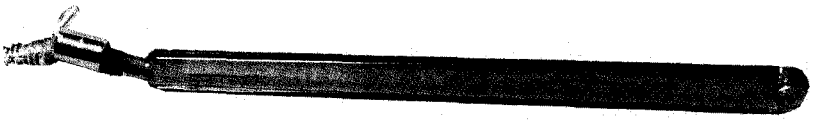
YOUR GOOD HEALTH.

D. DON'T SETTLE FOR SMOKE—GET THE MESSAGE ACROSS WITH SIGNS.

Let creative no-smoking signs do the talking for you. The point is made politely but firmly for those most hurt by smoke. Handicapped people may not be able to easily avoid a smoky situation. The *Post* has a sign to take care of that, as well as two others that depict old Norman Rockwell favorites.



Thank You for not Smoking

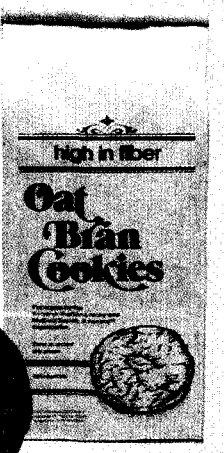


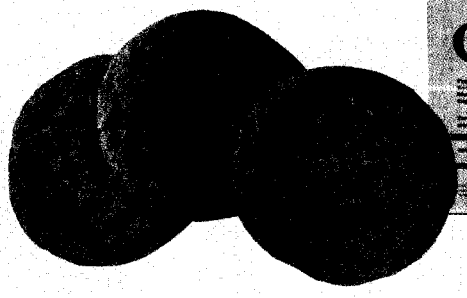
H. LACTONA'S PERIODONTAL BRUSH IS A BENEFICIAL ADDITION TO YOUR DENTAL HEALTH-CARE REGIMEN.

You don't have to lose your teeth to gum disease or due to old age. Lactona's Periodontal Brush helps clean those hard-to-reach areas around crowns and bridgework and between teeth. Lactona's brush features a "cushion-coated, replaceable brush-head" to ensure complete comfort while using the brush. The sturdy design and construction make this a good choice all around. True, this is one of those "useful" gifts, but you'll enjoy the results.

G. OAT-BRAN COOKIES—GIVE IN TO TEMPTATION.

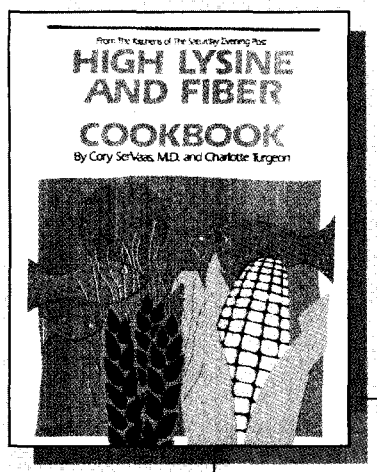
These healthful treats are high in soluble fiber, which has been shown to lower cholesterol. Oat bran is also good for preventing peaks and valleys in blood-sugar levels.





E. HIGH-LYSINE AND HIGH-FIBER COOKBOOK.

Based on our research and that of the National Cancer Institute, this new cookbook combines high-fiber/low-fat foods with lysine from grain and fish.



F. REACH FOR A *POST* PACIFIER INSTEAD OF A CIGARETTE.

The answer for nervous fingers that have to be holding something is a *Post* Pacifier. Instead of a lung-corroding cigarette, reach for one of these substitutes—they'll do the trick. Not only do these "phony smokes" help you overcome your addiction—they protect the lungs of those around you.

The Saturday Evening Post Society

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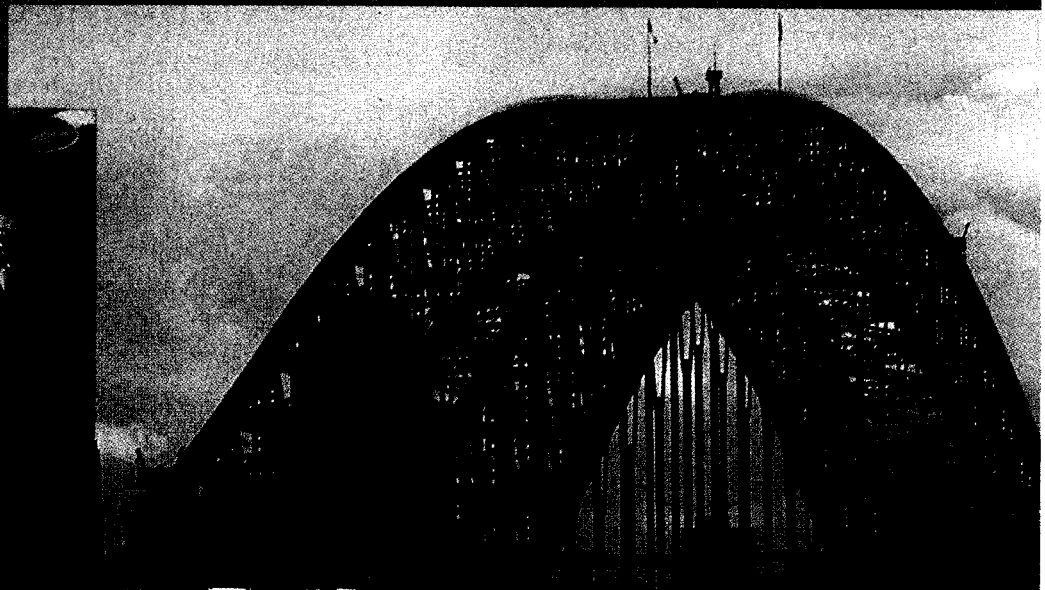

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Australia: City Side

Everything happens to visitors who go to Australia's great Outback—but don't leave with the big-city charms of Melbourne and Sydney

by Ted Kreiter

rounding countryside.

Melbourne is Australia's financial capital, "everybody's home office," and though it is the nation's second largest city (nearly 3 million people), it still has small-town appeal. On a weekday afternoon, time seems to run slower in Melbourne's Treasury Gardens, as old men in straw hats, young girls with their mothers and men on crutches browse through an outdoor exhibit of art, while just across the street, traffic rushes by as usual.

It's easy to get around in this town. Public transport is inexpensive—pay $1 and you can ride all day. "And would you believe it," said one indignant citizen, "some people still complain about the service!"

Unlike other Australian cities, Melbourne

Sydney would not be Sydney without its Harbour Bridge, also known as "the coat hanger" and "the iron lung" for its ever-present coat of gray paint.

Who needs Care Bears when you can cuddle koalas at Sydney's Warrawee Park? "They're so cute we just can't help it," said one zoo attendant. Koalas Robert and Jenny pose (left). (Above) The governor of New South Wales lives in this ornate Sydney residence.

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has kept its trolleys. The "old rattlers" add a turn-of-the-century flavor that Melbourners like. They take their history seriously. Where possible, they fit new high-rise buildings behind old Victorian facades. The restoration of Victorian homes is a civic passion.

Melbourne's skyline is a blend of traditional and modern. Its tallest buildings, at present, are the Collins Place twin towers, 50-story structures that house offices and a unique hotel: The Regent Melbourne starts out like any other hotel with a lobby on the 35th-floor mezzanine, but the first rooms are on floor 36. Offices occupy the floors in between, and the gap is spanned by high-speed elevators. This tower-top hotel is always filled on weekends, said one employee, not by the usual clientele of tourists and businessmen, but by Melbourne citizens who come to enjoy the view.

From the vantage here, one can see far out into Port Phillip Bay and trace the sweep of the Yarra River, which curves past the city's center. Its waters are worked continuously by scullers and water-skiers; horsemen, cyclists and joggers use the trails along its banks.

Australia's latest fitness celebrity has recently set up shop at the Regent. The lite-lunch crowd comes to Julie Stafford's Taste of Life restaurant to munch such delectables as beet root, orange and chicken sandwiches and to wash them down with a brew of chicory, barley and toasted rye—not everybody's cup of tea, perhaps, but Julie's cooking, which she believes helped her husband recover from terminal cancer, is winning converts throughout Australia.

Across the Yarra, near the Princes Bridge, stands Melbourne's reply to Sydney's flashy opera house—the Victorian Arts Centre spire. "So what?" may be your first response. The spire looks like a glorified radio antenna. But a tour of the plush, state-of-the-art theaters beneath and the adjacent National Gallery of Victoria and Melbourne Concert Hall turns indifference to enthusiasm. This arts complex rivals any in the world.

The Sydney-siders might not agree, however. They have a standard list of complaints about their more conservative rival to the south. Melbourne's weather is too changeable, they say, and its night life? They just roll their eyes. "Put it this way," said a Sydney cabdriver. "Melbourne's a good place to visit on a weekday."

Yet Melbourne does offer one evening activity that no other city equals —the Penguin Parade. Every night at dusk, residents head out to Phillip Island, 60 miles from town. One enterprising flying service even lifts groups over at $100 a person, champagne included. In all, thousands arrive nightly to watch the island's flocks of fairy penguins clock out from a hard day's fishing and waddle up the wide beach to feed their young on shore. People are instructed not to take flash photos, but the penguins pay little heed to the fawning crowds; they are much more worried about local birds that swoop down and try to make them lose their suppers.

Recently, the penguins' food supply ran short; human volunteers moved to hand-feed the babies and to thus avert a national catastrophe—

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The Rainbow That Never Fades

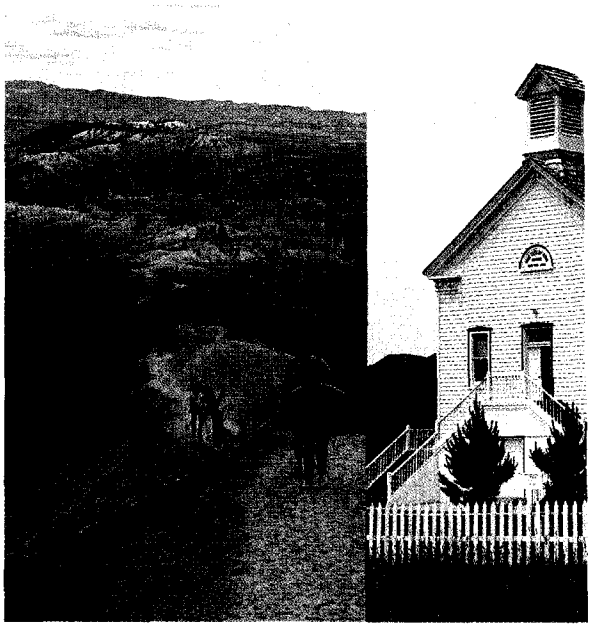
The Mormon pioneer Ebenezer Bryce, for whom Bryce Canyon in Utah was named, described it as "a h— of a place to lose a cow"; other Mormons, who tilled the fertile Virgin River Valley, were moved by the "towering temples of stone" and named the area "Zion," which means "the heavenly city of God." Indians were differently impressed—they referred to southern Utah's vivid countryside as the "Land of the Sleeping Rainbow."

The region's tilted layers of rock disclose a geological journal tediously written during the past 200 million years. The "plate tectonics" theory says southern Utah, composed of swamps and marshes and inhabited by giant reptiles and dinosaurs, lay in the approximate location of present-day southern Mexico during the Cretaceous period some 100 million years ago.

Massive "plate" movements created many mountain ranges; millions of years of erosion, volcanic activity and additional shifting forced the huge Colorado Plateau to rise 5,000 feet. Slow-moving rivers accelerated and cut deeply into the rising strata; incalculable tons of rock were pulverized by wind and rain and washed away, unearthing the original desert, now compressed into stone.

Man's interlude in Utah pales in comparison to that inconceivable length of time used to create this landscape. A "mere" 10,000 years ago cave dwellers roamed the area; the Anasazis, or Ancient Ones, inhabited the region from before Christ's birth to A.D. 1300. (Their disappearance is yet to be explained.) The Pueblo Indian culture took root; the numerous dwellings you can see nestled beneath lofty cliffs attest to their presence.

In 1776 Fathers Dominguez and Escalante became Utah's first white



Ebenezer Bryce gave his name to a canyon but gave much more of himself building this 1868 chapel in Pine Valley, Utah.

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visitors while they searched for a route from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to the Spaniards' new colony at Monterey, California. Fifty years later American fur trappers—Jim Bridger, Jedediah Smith, and Etienne Provost and Peter Skene Ogden, for whom two major Utah cities are named—began arriving. Then in 1847 the Mormon leader Brigham Young was instrumental in opening up the territory when he and his followers settled in the Salt Lake City valley and began to migrate south to Zion Canyon.

Today "Color Country" is preserved by a patchwork of state and national parks: Zion National Park, Gunlock State Recreation Area, Snow Canyon, Pine Valley, Cedar Breaks National Monument and Bryce Canyon National Park.

Among the best-known is Zion, chaperoned by imposing monoliths called the Sentinel, the Temple of Sinawava, the Altar of Sacrifice, the Great White Throne, the Mountain of the Sun and the Three Patriarchs. One of the best features of Zion is its abundance of green shrubbery and plant life that tends to soften the otherwise foreboding look of the rock formations here. This greenery ascends to the base of the red pyramids and results in pleasant hues not unlike the bellies of sunfishes.

North of Zion, Cedar Breaks National Monument embraces a limestone amphitheater where wind, rain, snow and ice have etched a series of spires and serrated ridges into the Markagunt Plateau.

Bryce Canyon, shaped by the elements over the last 12 million years at the geologically speedy rate of one foot every 50 years, is the subject of a Paiute Indian legend: Bryce's pillars are men turned to stone by an irate god and doomed to stand throughout eternity in stoic silence. Beyond its sweeping amphitheater studded with minarets in a 360-degree panorama that stretches 100 miles to the horizon, you can see the 11,000-foot-high Aquarius, Sevier and Markagunt plateaus, the snow-crowned Henry Mountains, the Paria River's domain and imposing Navajo Mountain. Southward the descending White and Vermilion cliffs plunge like a giant stairway to the Colorado River.

Bryce is actually not a "canyon" at all but rather is a series of so-called "breaks" contained in 12 enormous amphitheaters. Thousands upon thousands of orange, pink and red columns also "stand" in the park like so many tall pilgrims awaiting redemption. The breaks in Bryce Canyon carve intricate pathways through thousand-foot, brilliantly colored layers of limestone. The resulting windows, spires and walls give you the impression you are worshiping in an outdoor cathedral. And you are!

Don't be surprised if you run into a Hollywood film crew during your travels here. Many movie classics, from *Drums along the Mohawk* to *The Electric Horseman*, have been filmed on location to take advantage of scenery not even the most artful set designer can imitate.

Sprawling haphazardly across the landscape east of Bryce, the lesser-known but regal Land of the Sleeping Rainbow presents canyons, deserts,

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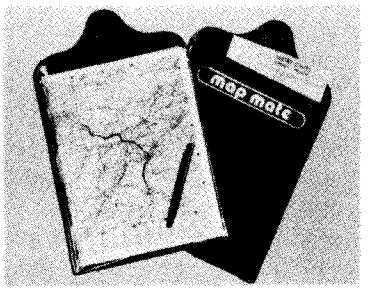

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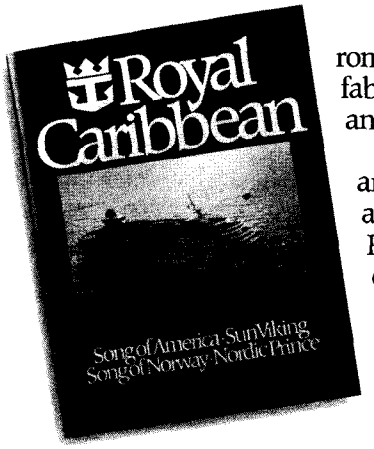

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City Side

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the loss of one of Australia's best tourist attractions.

Melbourne's first and most successful attraction was gold. In 1857, city businessmen offered rewards to anyone who could find the yellow stuff in their neighborhood. It was discovered that very year at Ballarat, about 70 miles west—the richest alluvial gold deposit in the world. There, an old mining town called Sovereign Hill has been carefully restored, complete with mine shafts and a stream thoughtfully seeded with gold dust for the amateur prospectors. Some visitors come away with more than valueless flecks. "Just the other day a little girl from Melbourne found a gold nugget lying on the ground, right here in town," said a Sovereign Hill employee, "a small one, of course." In recent years a man prospecting in surrounding hills found a somewhat larger nugget, which he sold to a Las Vegas casino for $1 million.

In a land where good-natured quirkiness is a matter of national pride, Melbourne has its own peculiar attractions. One of them is Phar Lap, Australia's most famous race horse. The 17-hand-high chestnut gelding won 37 races and the 1930 Melbourne Cup before dying a martyr's death at the Agua Caliente Handicap in California in 1932. It is believed he was murdered by the Mafia. Phar Lap stands in glory in a large glass case at Melbourne's National Museum. His heart, the largest horse heart on record, is preserved at the Institute of Anatomy in Canberra. "A magnificent animal," exclaimed one proud Australian viewer. "And what a job of taxidermy."

Phar Lap still holds Melbourne's heartstrings. When his trainer, Tommy Woodcock, died last spring, the old horseman was given the largest funeral in Melbourne's history.

Melbourne's other shrines, in descending order of reverence, are the Old Melbourne Gaol, where the notorious bushranger (outlaw) Ned Kelly was hanged in 1880, and the oil painting of "Chloe" at Young and Jackson's Pub. The nude Chloe has survived 100 years of admiring, if unrepeatable, toasts.

Sydney

These tidbits of Australiana are as nothing compared to the concentrated stuff that awaits tourists at the Argyle Tavern in Sydney. This nightspot is located in the old Rocks district, site of the first convict settlement. The band, armed with good voices but awful jokes, evokes every gaudy ghost of Australia's past. Anyone who likes to dine while watching a live sheep sheared to music, or listening to a rumbling recitative on a didjeridoo, a hollowed-out log that aborigines call a musical instrument—this is the place for you.

People who survive may wish to pursue other Sydney night life. For a heightened sense of danger, a stroll through Sydney's "clean sleaze" district of Kings Cross will do. The best strategy here is to walk quickly past the girlie bars and tattoo parlors with eyes focused straight ahead.

Those with a different concept of fun may take a wild 60-mph taxi ride along Sydney's snaking freeways out to Doyles on the Beach at Watson's Bay to enjoy—after recovering their equilibrium—a delicious seaside supper in the open air. The forecast is printed right on the menu: "Today's weather: fine." *Haute cuisine* buffs may prefer to stay downtown at Kables restaurant, where the chef is a master of disguise. Seafood is ground up and presented as bockwurst, Duck Suprême on Quince Compote looks a lot like roast lamb and the bill for a large group could pass for a second mortgage. The food is delicious.

Sydney is almost as lively by day as by night. Each morning workers arrive by hydrofoil from far sections of the harbor at the Circular Quay—it's easier to come across the water than to tackle the traffic jams on the freeways. At lunchtime, people hit the streets again, having traded their suits for jogging shorts.

Tourists can take the 20-minute hydrofoil lift to Manly as the first leg of a multibeach sightseeing tour of Sydney's north coast. If one beautiful beach doesn't suit their fancy, there'll be another up the road. Along the way they'll pass Long Reef Golf Club, perhaps the most dangerous course in the country. "There's copper in the soil that attracts lightning," said the bus driver, "and there's plenty of stories about wives that's used it to get rid of their husbands."

Also on this end of the city is Waratah Park, where one can shake hands with kangaroos, glimpse a Tasmanian devil, be soundly pecked by

continued on following page

Rainbow

continued from page 93

mountains, forests, obelisks, rivers and lakes. Here are petroglyphs and pictographs, petrified forests, canyons that contain natural bridges, ancient Indian storehouses, patina-streaked cliffs and mesas covered with pines and flecked with fish-filled lakes.

Vivid landscapes aren't the only rewards of a trip through southwestern Utah. Not far from Zion is the town of Saint George, boyhood home of the famed outlaw Butch Cassidy, where you'll find a 19th-century Mormon tabernacle and the winter quarters of Brigham Young. Outside of town are Pine Valley, a pioneer village hardly changed since the 19th century, and Silver Reef Ghost Town—old kilns, mining trails, a Wells Fargo Building and two cemeteries. Old Paria, near Bryce, and Old Frisco are two more ghost towns; and in the still-living town of Beaver, 60 percent of the structures boast historical significance.

Those tired of history and scenery can exert themselves boating, swimming and fishing at the Gunlock State Recreation Area, the Pine Valley Reservoir or the Minersville State Park and Reservoir. And year-round recreation is assured by Mount Holly and Brian Head ski resorts where both novice and expert can find the slope appropriate for their skill or lack of it; nonskiers can take advantage of the area's snowmobiling.

And culturally speaking, there's Cedar City's Utah Shakespearean Festival each August. We think Shakespeare would have preferred the Indian "Sleeping Rainbow" to the modern "Color Country"—but southern Utah by any other name looks just as good.

—C.J. Burkhart

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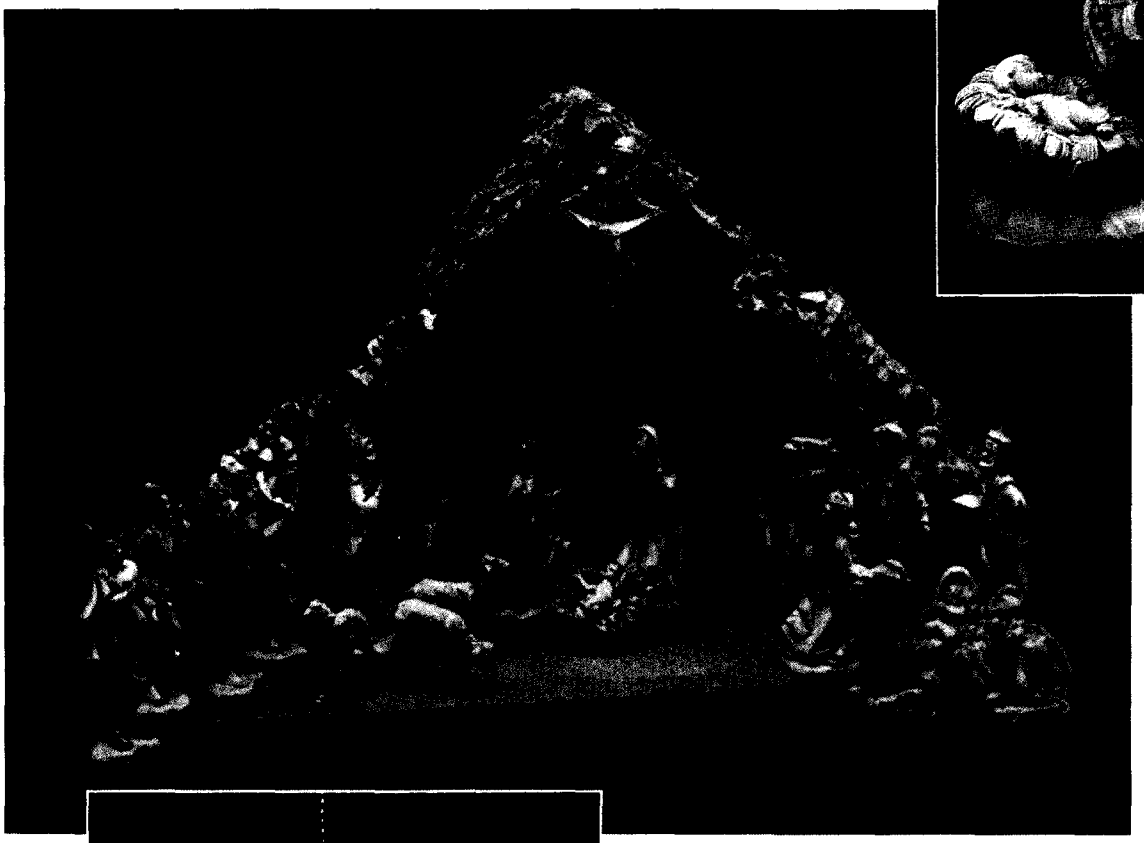

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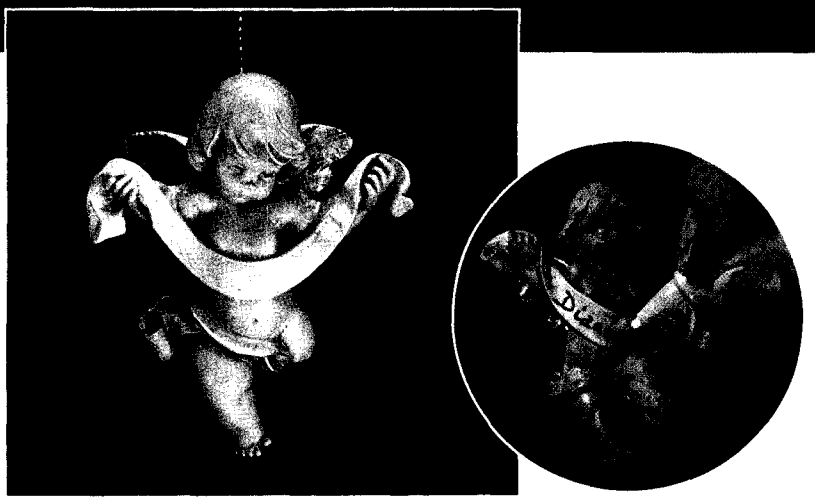

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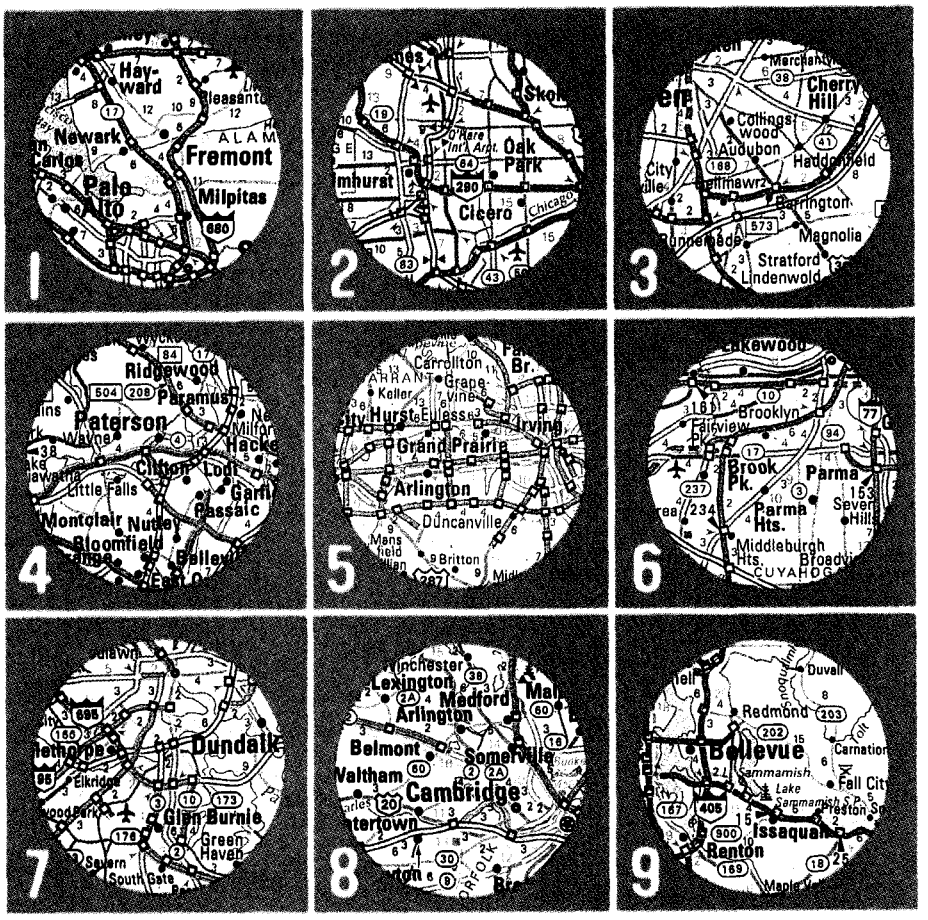
City Side

continued from page 94

an Australian emu and even pet a koala. Park attendants don't allow visitors to hold the sleepy creatures, which may become frightened and scratch.

Just north of Sydney, surrounded by five national parks, the broad Hawkesbury River flows in a grand finale into Broken Bay. The Hawkesbury, once populated by aborigines who lived in the limestone caves along its banks, is now a favorite playground of city dwellers who relax in its quiet coves. Amphibious planes stand ready at Broken Bay's Palm Beach to taxi visitors back home.

But Sydney's most popular attraction is its own front yard, the combined handiwork of God, British convicts and Australian workingmen. To one side stands the mighty Sydney Harbour Bridge, alias "the iron lung." To the other is the unsinkable Sydney Opera House, built at an 850 percent cost overrun for $102 million. The view has been praised by poets and statesmen, but perhaps the most memorable comment came, long before the bridge and the opera house were built, from a convict condemned to hang on a rocky little island just off the coast. Asked for his last words, he simply looked around and exclaimed, "Lovely harbor ye've got here." It's the kind of story Sydneysiders like.



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Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't), add the requirement that you place the area, north, south, east, west or central in the designated locale.

(Answers on page 110)

Wounds

continued from page 67

mitted Christian physicians who are in private practice and willing to pay their own expenses, we are helping to reverse this trend.

How we provide relief is as important as what we do. Integrity is essential. When presenting a need, I never twist people's arms or manipulate them into giving. I simply communicate what I have seen in my travels, then let God move people to contribute. When someone specifies that a donation is to be used for a particular project, we apply 100 percent of the gift to that purpose and deduct no administrative costs. People like to give when they know their funds actually reach those they want to help.

People sometimes ask me how I decide which needs we should try to meet. After all, situations in which people need help always outnumber the resources available for relief. My answer is: Although we can't help everybody, we can help some. In Jesus' story about the good Samaritan, just one man was beaten and robbed; because no one else had stopped, the Samaritan became involved. We help people, especially those overlooked by others, one at a time as we encounter them along life's road. We are not responsible for all the people in the world—only for the people in our personal sphere. The question is: Are we willing to become involved?

I know of one man who, even though he had a heart condition, went to the Middle East at age 55 to build a mission hospital. While he was there the mission ran out of money, so he cabled his son back home and ordered him to sell 40 acres of the family farm. Several months later, the mission again ran short of money, so he sent another telegram: "Sell the farm." This man gave of himself, and when more was needed, he sold the farm. He was willing to become involved, and so should we be.

What does the future hold for my work? My plan is to meet needs one at a time as they arise, to fulfill the unique calling God has given me through Samaritan's Purse and World Medical Missions. Our organizations have grown much since we began, and in a hurting world, they have plenty of room to grow.

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Melon

continued from page 53

"What are we going to do with it?" I said.

"There's nothing we can do," J.D. said. "I can just see us taking a piece of this melon home for the folks."

"It's eat it or leave it," Freddy Gray said.

We were depressed suddenly. It was such a waste, after all the struggle and the danger, that we could not eat every bite. I stood up, not looking at the two boys, not looking at the melon.

"Well," I said, "I guess I'd better get home."

"But what about this?" J.D. said insistently, motioning toward the melon.

I kicked half the melon, splitting it in three parts. I stamped one of the chunks under my foot. Then I set methodically to work, destroying the rest of the melon. The boys watched me silently until I picked up a chunk of rind and threw it at them. Then they swept into the destruction also, and we were laughing again. When we stopped, only the battered rinds were left, the meat muddied on the ground, the seed scattered.

We stood silent, looking at one another. "There was nothing else to do," I said. They nodded solemnly.

But the depression went with us toward home, and when we parted, we did so with sober voices and gestures. I did not feel triumph or victory, as I had expected, though I knew that tonight's action had brought me closer to my friends than I had ever been before.

"Where have you been?" my father asked as I stepped up on the porch. He was sitting in his rocker.

"Swimming," I said.

I looked toward Mr. Wills' barn. The moon was still high and bright, but I could not see him. My breath caught in my throat when I saw him in the field, walking toward the middle. I stood stiffly, watching him. He reached the place where the melon should have been. I saw him hesitate, looking around; then he bent, and I knew he was looking at the depression in the earth where the melon had lain. He straightened, a great, strangled cry tearing out of his throat. It chilled me deep down and all the way through, like the cry of a wild animal.

My father, startled by the sound,

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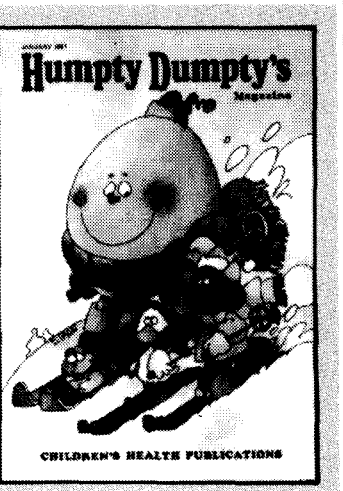

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jerked himself out of the chair. He turned in time to see Mr. Wills lift the shotgun over his head and hurl it from him, his voice crying out again in a terrible, surging yell of pain and anger.

"Lord, what's the matter?" my father said.

Mr. Wills was tearing up and down the melon patch, and I was puzzled by his actions. Then I saw; he was destroying every melon in the patch. He was breaking them open with his feet, silent now, and concentrating on his frantic destruction. I was horrified by the awful sight, and my stomach moved sickly.

My father stood for a moment, watching Mr. Wills; then he jumped off the porch and ran toward him. I followed him. I saw Mrs. Wills and Willadean huddled together in the kitchen doorway. My father ran into the melon patch and caught Mr. Wills by the arm.

"What's come over you?" he said. "What's the matter, man?"

Mr. Wills struck his grip away. "They've stolen my seed melon," he yelled. "They took it right out from under me."

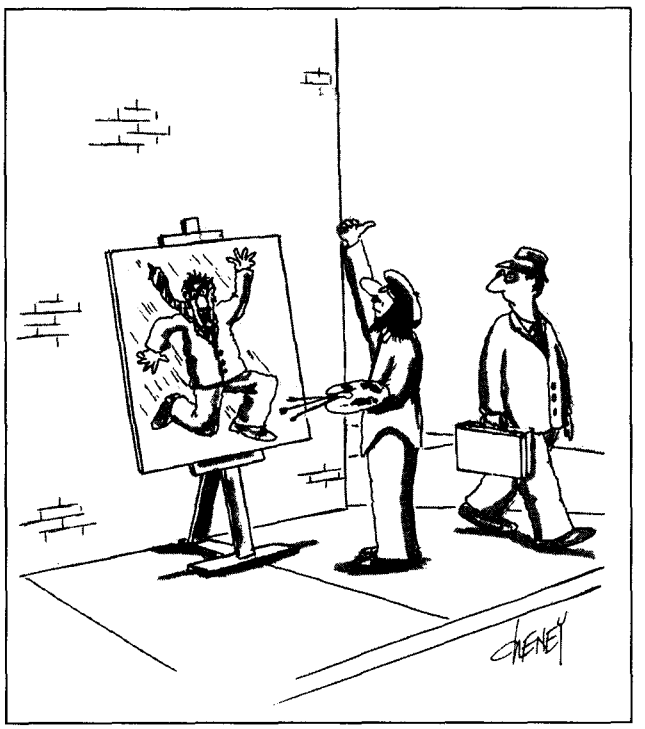
My father grabbed him with both arms. He was a brave man, for he was smaller than Mr. Wills, and Mr. Wills looked insane with anger, his teeth gripped over his lower lip, his eyes gleaming furiously. Mr. Wills shoved my father away, and struck him with his fist. My father went down into the dirt. Mr. Wills didn't seem to notice. He went back to his task of destruction, raging up and down the field, stamping melons large and small.

My father got up and began to chase him. But he didn't have a chance. Every time he got close, Mr. Wills would sweep his great arm and knock him away again. At last Mr. Wills stopped of his own accord. He was standing on the place where the great melon had grown. His chest was heaving with great sobs of breath. He gazed about him at the destruction he had wrought, but I don't think that he saw it.

"They stole my seed melon," he said. His voice was quieter now than I had ever heard it. I had not believed such quietness was in him. "They got it away, and now it's gone."

I saw that tears stood on his cheeks, and I couldn't look at him any more. I'd never seen a grown man cry, crying in such strength.

"I had two plans for that melon," he told my father. "Mrs. Wills has been poorly all the spring, and she dearly loves the taste of melon. It was her melon for eating, and my melon for planting. She would eat the meat, and next spring I would plant the seeds for the greatest melon crop in the world. Every day she would ask me if the great seed melon was ready yet."



I looked toward the house. I saw the two women, the mother and the daughter, standing there. I couldn't bear any more. I fled out of the field toward the sanctuary of my house. I ran past my mother, standing on the porch, and went into my room.

I didn't sleep that night. I heard my father come in, heard the low-voiced conversation with my mother, heard them go to bed. I lay wide-eyed and watched the moon through the window as it slid slowly down the sky and at last brought a welcome darkness into the world.

I don't know all the things I thought that night. Mostly it was about the terrible thing I had committed so lightly, out of pride and out of being 16 years old and out of wanting to challenge the older man, the man with the beautiful daughter.

That was the worst of all, that I had done it so lightly, with so little thought of its meaning. In that country and in that time, watermelon stealing was not a crime. It was tolerated, laughed about. The men told great tales of their own watermelon-stealing days, how they'd been set on by dogs and peppered with salt-loaded shotgun shells. Watermelon raiding was a game, a ritual of defiance and rebellion by young males. I could remember my own father saying, "No melon tastes as sweet as a stolen one," and my mother laughing and agreeing.

But stealing this great seed melon from a man like Mr. Wills lay outside the safe magic of the tacit understanding between man and boy. And I knew that it was up to me, at whatever risk, to repair as well as I could the damage I had done.

When it was daylight I rose from my bed and went out into the fresh world. It would be hot later on; but now the air was dew cool and fragrant. I had found a paper sack in the kitchen, and I carried it in my hand as I walked toward the swimming hole. I stopped there and looked down at the wanton waste we had made of the part of the melon we had not been able to eat. It looked as though Mr. Wills had been stamping here too.

I kneeled down on the ground, opened the paper sack and began picking up the black seeds. They were scattered thickly, still stringy with watermelon pulp, and soon my hands were greasy with them. I kept on doggedly, searching out every seed I could find, until at the end I had to crawl over the ground, and seek for the last ones.

They nearly filled the paper sack. I went back to the house. By the time I reached it, the sun and my father had risen. He was standing on the porch.

"What happened to you last night?" he said. "Did you get so frightened you had to run home? It

continued on following page

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FILE REPORT #68

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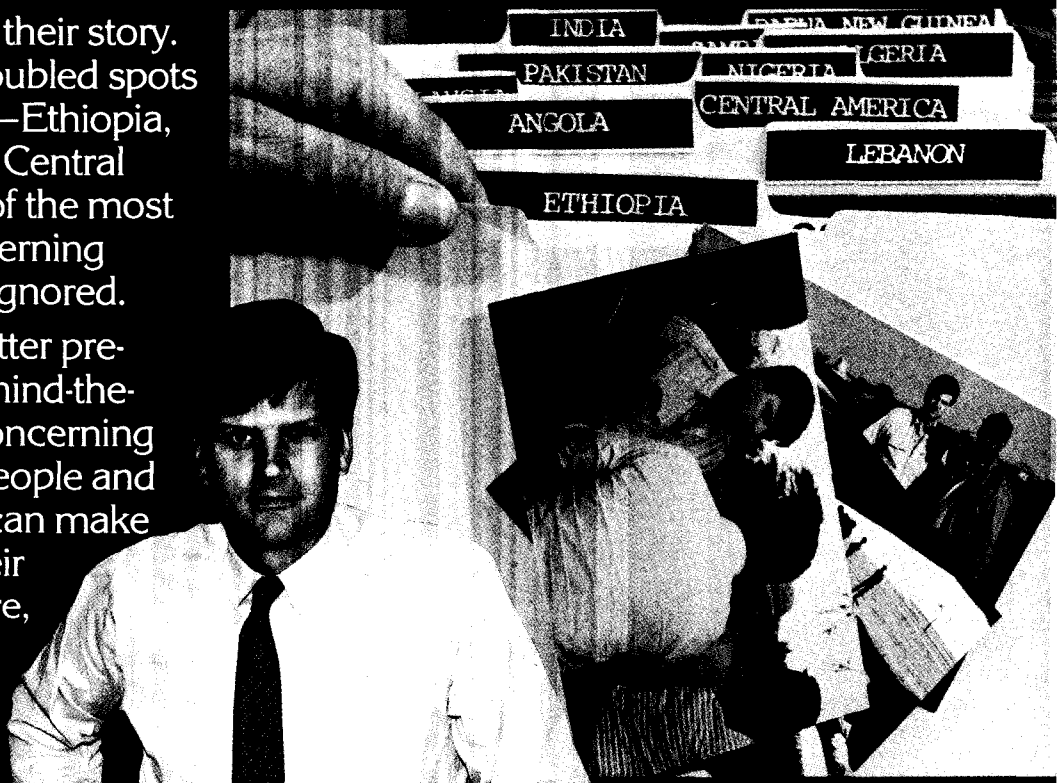

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was frightening to watch him, I'll admit that."

"Father," I said, "I've got to go talk to Mr. Wills. Right now. I wish you would come with me."

He stopped, watching me. "What's the matter?" he said. "Did you steal that seed melon of his?"

"Will you come with me?" I said.

His face was dark and thoughtful. "Why do you want me?"

"Because I'm afraid he'll shoot me," I said. My voice didn't tremble much, but I couldn't keep it all out.

"Then why are you going?" he said.

"Because I've got to," I said.

My father watched me for a moment. "Yes," he said quietly, "I guess you do." He came down the steps and stood beside me. "I'll go with you," he said.

We walked the short distance between our house and his. Though it was so near, I had never been in his yard before. I felt my legs trembling as I went up the brick walk and stood at the bottom of the steps, the paper sack in my hand. I knocked on the porch floor, and Willadean came to the screen door.

I did not look at her. "I want to talk to your father."

She stared at me for a moment, then she disappeared. In a moment Mr. Wills appeared in the doorway. His face was marked by the night, his cheeks sunken, his mouth bitten in. He stared at me absent-mindedly, as though I were only a speck in his thinking.

"What do you want, boy?" he said.

I felt my teeth grit against the words I had to say. I held out the paper bag. "Mr. Wills," I said, "here are the seeds from your seed melon. That's all I could bring back."

I could feel my father standing quietly behind me. Willadean was standing in the doorway, watching. I couldn't take my eyes away from Mr. Wills' face.

"Did you steal it?" he said.

"Yes, sir," I said.

He advanced to the edge of the porch. The shotgun was standing near the door, and I expected him to reach for it. Instead he came toward me, a great, powerful man, and leaned down to me.

"Why did you steal it?" he said.

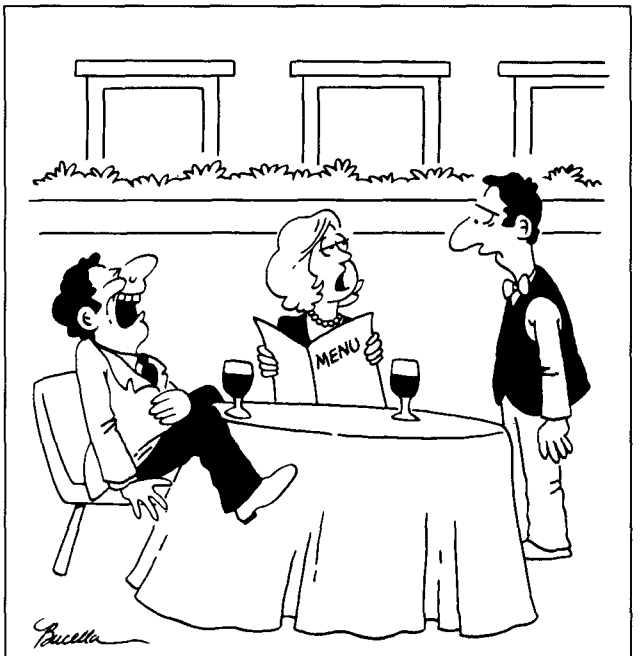
"I don't know," I said.

"Didn't you know it was my seed melon?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "I knew it."

He straightened up again, and his eyes were beginning to gleam. I wanted to run, but I couldn't move.

"And my sick wife hungered for the taste of that melon," he said. "Not for herself, like I thought. But to invite the whole neighborhood in for a slice of it. She knew I wouldn't ever think of anything like that myself. She hungered for that."



"Could we have a wine that's a little less amusing?"

I hung my head. "I'm sorry," I said.

He stopped still then, watching me. "So you brought me the seeds," he said softly. "That's not much, boy."

I lifted my head. "It was all I could think to do," I said. "The melon is gone. But the seeds are next year. That's why I brought them to you."

"But you ruined this year," he said.

"Yes, sir," I said. "I ruined it."

I couldn't look at him any more. I looked at Willadean standing behind him. Her eyes were a puzzle, watching me, and I couldn't tell what she was thinking or feeling.

"I'm about as ashamed of myself last night as you are of yourself," Mr. Wills said. He frowned at me with his heavy brows. "You ruined the half of it, and I ruined the other. We're both to blame, boy. Both to blame."

It seemed there ought to be something more for me to say. I searched for it in my mind and discovered only the thought that I had found this morning in the gray light of dawning.

"The seeds are next year," I said. I looked at him humbly. "I'll help you plant them, Mr. Wills. I'll work hard."

Mr. Wills looked at my father for the first time. There was a small, hard smile on his face; his eyes didn't look as fierce as before.

"A man with a big farm like mine needs a son," he said. "But Willadean here was all the good Lord saw fit to give me. Sam, I do wish I had me a boy like that."

He came close to me then, put his hand on my shoulder. "We can't do anything about this year," he said. "But we'll grow next year, won't we? We'll grow it together."

"Yes, sir," I said.

I looked past him at Willadean, and her eyes were smiling too. I felt my heart give a great thump in my chest.

"And you don't have to offer the biggest melon in the world to get folks to come visiting," I blurted. "Why, I'll set on the porch with Willadean any time."

Mr. Wills and my father burst out laughing. Willadean was blushing red in the face. But somehow she didn't look mad. Flustered, I began to beat a retreat toward the gate. Then I stopped, and looked back at Mr. Wills. I couldn't leave yet.

"Can I ask you one thing, Mr. Wills?" I said.

He stopped laughing, and there was no fierceness in his voice. "Anything you want to, boy," he said.

"Well, I just wanted to know," I said. "Was there double-ought buckshot in that gun?"

He reached around and picked up the gun. He unbreeched it and took out a shell. He broke the shell in his strong fingers and poured the white salt out into his palm.

"You see?" he said.

"Yes, sir," I said, taking a deep breath. "I see."

I went on then, and the next year started that very day.

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Preparing for Perth

continued from page 61

ports. In the first two months membership rose to 40,000, a good first step toward the goal of 500,000 members.

At least five other Australian syndicates will also sponsor defending yachts, but Shankland is convinced that *Australia III* (or if necessary a further version, *Australia IV*) will be one to watch. "I don't think there's any doubt [we can win]," he says. "We've got the right designer, the crew is right and they're sailing in waters they know."

But challengers from abroad have different ideas. *America II*, the New York Yacht Club's early entry, will be only a prototype; further versions are on the way, and other Americans will be there, too: The San Diego Yacht Club, the Yale Corinthian, the Newport Harbor Yacht Club and the Saint Francis Yacht Club, to name a few.

The challenge won't come just from Americans, either. The Canadians, the Italians and the French, spurred on the cup's new-found aura of vulnerability, are eager to knock the wind from the Australians' sails.

Traffic will be thick on the 24.3-mile triangular course at Fremantle, and the number of challengers will be perhaps the greatest in recent history. But another flotilla will also add flash and class to the spectacle—a lavish fleet of luxury launches brought in by corporations and individuals to serve at VIP viewing stands. The one-upmanship here may be as exciting as the race itself.

The *America II* challenge syndicate fund-raising chairman, Rich DeVos, backer of *America II*, will be there in his brand-new yacht, *Enterprise*, a 54-meter cruiser being built in Holland for the occasion. He'll share harbor space with the Gucci family's 63-meter, three-masted schooner, *Creole*; the Arab financier Dr. Ghaith Rachad Pharaon's 54-meter motor yacht, *Re Phaeaon*, and the Royal Perth Yacht Club's own 30-meter *Oceanfast 3000*, a futuristic, aluminum jaguar of a boat with formal dining rooms and a spa bath.

Although these yacht owners will attend primarily for the fun of it, others will combine business with pleasure. Australia's Westpac Bank-

continued on page 110

Do You Have A Sore Knee?

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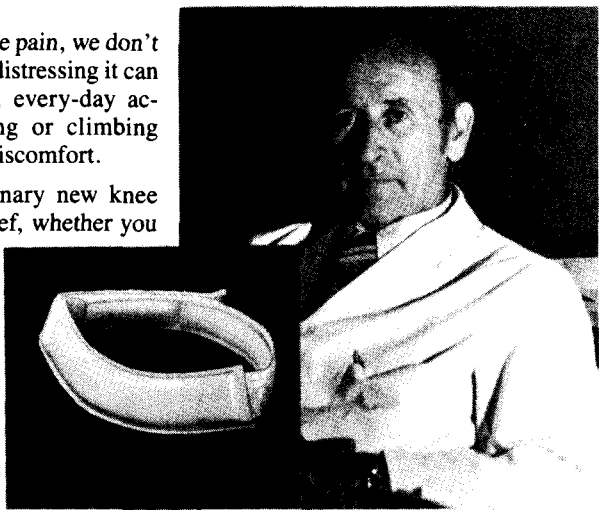

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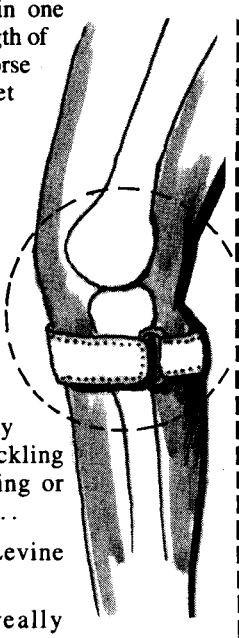

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SEPTEMBER ON THE 700 CLUB'S LIFECARE DIGEST

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Snuffing Out Snuff.
Increasing numbers of teens are putting a pinch between their cheek and gum—and risking their lives. Learn more about the dangers of smokeless tobacco and see the story of a popular high school student who used snuff and died from oral cancer.

September 13
Cancer-Preventing Diets.
Find out which food groups are most effective in preventing cancer. A new study tells why some Chinese have such a low incidence of this deadly disease.

September 20
Fish Oil and Your Heart.
Evidence suggests that the reason some populations have so little heart disease is because of their daily consumption of fish. Tune in to find out how you can incorporate the health-enhancing properties of fish oil into your diet.

September 27
Hug Your Baby For Life.
Choking is the leading cause of death for infants. That's why every mother should be able to perform the Heimlich maneuver, a life-giving hug for a baby whose breathing is obstructed. After watching, you'll know how it's done.

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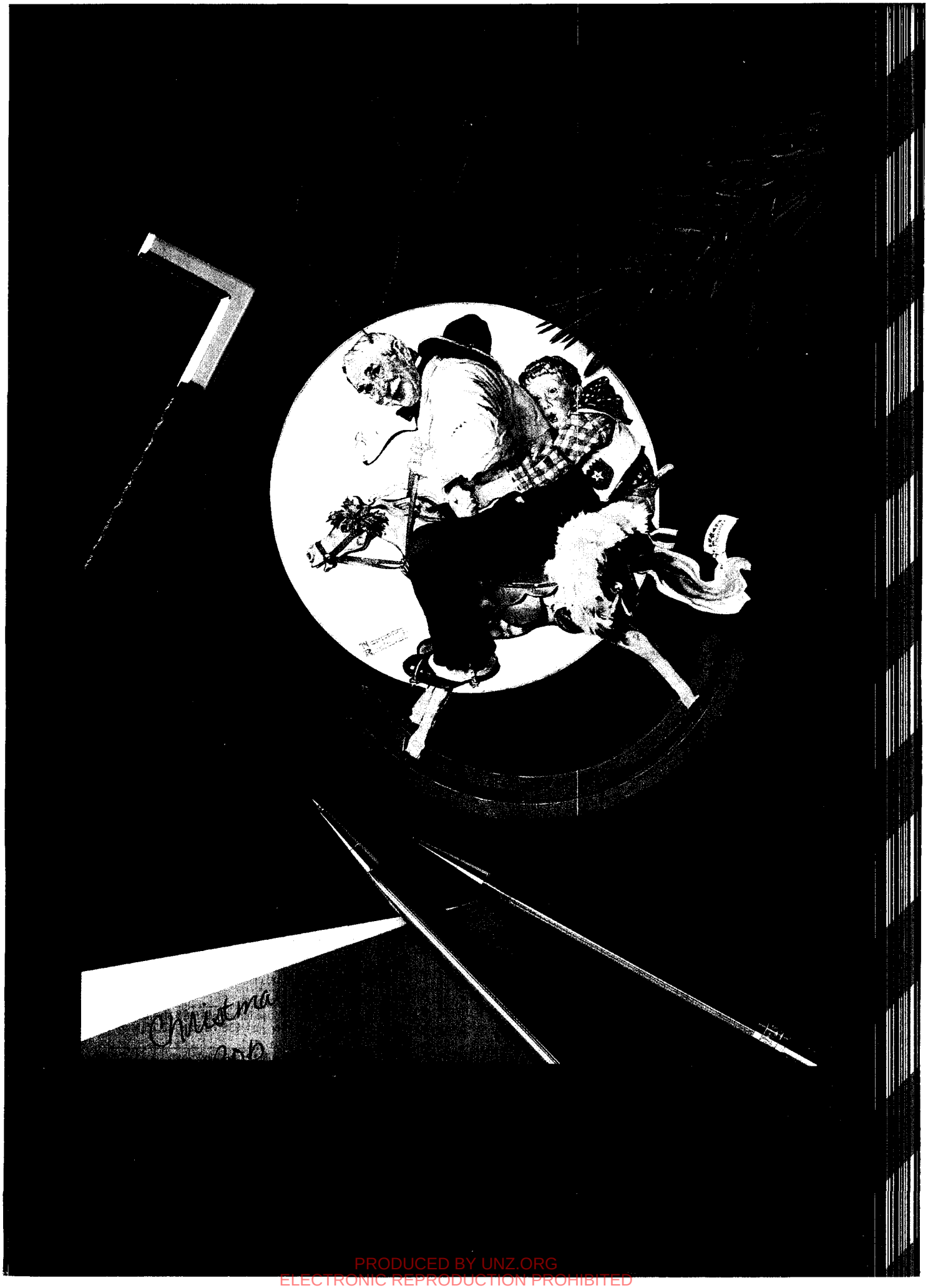

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

by Cory SerVaas M.D.

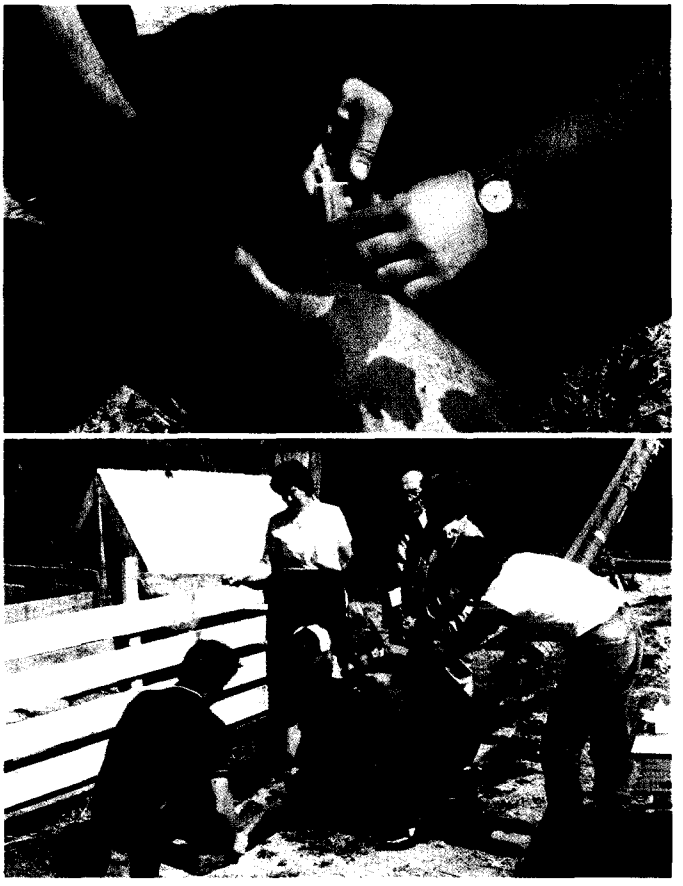
"Common sense is in medicine the master workman."
—Peter Mere Latham

Studies on Garlic, Oats and Fish to Prevent Heart Attacks

What do garlic, oats and fish have in common? They're all being studied for the effect they may have in preventing heart disease. Having platelets that agglutinate (clump) too readily is a source of blood clots that cause sudden heart attacks, strokes or thrombophlebitis. For this reason, many young doctors and others take an aspirin every day. Aspirin is known to slow down platelet agglutination. We wanted to find out if garlic might do the same thing. Italian men who eat it also have fewer heart attacks. Some people are reluctant to take aspirin daily because it sometimes causes peptic ulcers.

Dr. Ed Mertz went with us to the farm in Iowa where Dorothy and Paul TerLouw have been feeding garlic-laced pig chow to our test pigs, and the same pig chow without garlic to a control group of pigs. The baby pigs, randomly divided litter mates, had been fed for eight weeks. Dr. Kendal Johnson, an Iowa veterinarian, drew blood from the pigs in each group. Then the tubes of blood were flown to Des Moines, where the pathology department at Methodist Hospital tested the blood for the platelet agglutination. The pigs receiving garlic had slower blood clotting than those who hadn't received garlic, and one of the garlic-fed pigs' platelets wouldn't clump at all.

At the farm, a pig in the garlic group succumbed soon after its blood was drawn. Another veterinarian, Dr. Tim Lucas, did an autopsy on the pig and stated, "It is my opinion that death was directly caused by a failure of the clotting mechanism after the needle punctured the anterior vena cava." Evidence of bleeding led Dr. Mertz to believe that the pig died because the heavy garlic rations had thinned the blood and slowed down the platelet clumping *too* much. The clotting mechanism did not respond in time to prevent the pig from hemorrhaging to death.



Might garlic be a human-blood thinner—preventing clots that cause heart attacks? Post Society researchers went to Iowa where blood was drawn from garlic-fed pigs and controls. Blood samples were flown to Des Moines to be tested for clotting time.

When the rest of the pigs are butchered, the arteries of the garlic-fed and the control pigs will be saved and compared. Pathologists will look for the presence of plaque in the walls of the arteries to determine if garlic retards hardening of the arteries.

The TerLouws have agreed to feed a new group of pigs, this time with a smaller dose of garlic. In another test a group of litter mates will be divided so that one-third will be fed oat bran, another third will be fed barley bran and the last third will receive wheat bran. We will then determine whether the oat-bran pigs have higher or lower cho-

"You did *mind if I smoked."*

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lesterol levels than the other two groups.

Feeding pigs instead of humans to study the effects of bran has its advantages. Their arteries can be studied for atherosclerosis after slaughter, and pigs are good models to study because their physiology is quite similar to that of humans.

On page 54 of this issue, an article tells of the effect oat-bran muffins had on students' cholesterol levels at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Students receiving oat-bran muffins had lower levels of cholesterol than those eating wheat bran to the extent that Dr. James Anderson computes a 10 percent lessening of heart-attack risk.

In the industrial town of Zutphen, the Netherlands, a larger heart-disease research project has been going on for more than 20 years. There, 852 middle-aged Dutchmen ate fish daily. The results indicate that as little as one ounce of fish a day may lower a man's risk of dying of heart disease by one-half. This study also shows that eating fatty fish (such as herring and mackerel) is just as protective against heart disease as eating lean fish (such as cod and plaice). These findings conflict with traditional advice given by the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services to consume less fatty fish.

Further, fish oil in the diet was praised in the study as possibly doing even more to prevent heart disease than can be gained from simply eating fish. Fish oil not only appeared to reduce the blood clots that threaten the heart and clog blood vessels but also seemed to slow down the body's inflammatory response. An excessive inflammatory response underlies so-called autoimmune diseases.

The results of the study are so striking that the researchers said the lack of fish consumption should be regarded as "an independent risk factor for coronary artery disease." This means the lack of fish consumption as a cause for heart disease is serious enough to stand on its own with cigarette smoking, age and saturated-fat consumption.

The Dutch researchers do not yet have a complete explanation of why eating fish helps prevent heart disease. They theorized, however, that the result may come from a fatty acid in fish called *eicosapentaenoic acid* (EPA). This acid seems to slow down the clumping of platelets, a part

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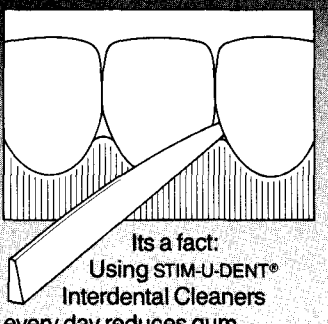

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of the blood that aids in clotting.

In a related study, the Dutch researchers found that patients with elevated levels of triglycerides were able to lower both their cholesterol and their blood-fat levels by eating fish or fish oil instead of vegetable oil. Another study showed that men who ate normal diets, supplemented each day with capsules of two fatty substances from fish (*eicosapentaenoic acid* and *docosahexaenoic acid*), reduced their chances for heart disease. The scientists discovered that the fatty acids slowed down the biochemical "pathways" through which specific white blood cells produce the inflammatory response. When the men stopped taking the capsules, the effect was reversed.

There is a low incidence of heart disease among Eskimos, who eat an average of 14 ounces of fish a day, and among the Japanese, who eat about 3½ ounces a day. A study that supports the Dutch data took place among Greenland Eskimos in July and August 1978. It was the last segment of a four-part series of studies that began in 1970 under the direction of Drs. Hans Olaf Bang and Jorn Dyerberg of Denmark. Their intent was to examine the extremely low incidence of coronary heart disease and other thrombotic diseases among the Eskimos.

The Eskimos' diet was found to be very high in protein derived from massive consumption of fish and sea mammals. Meat from seals and whales was eaten almost daily. Heart disease was rare. In fact, between 1968 and 1978 not a single death from ischemic heart disease or heart attacks occurred in the district where the study was conducted (population 2,600).

As in the recent Dutch studies, the Danes discovered that the Eskimos had a high level of eicosapentaenoic acid (EPA) in their diets. They observed that the EPA appeared to reduce the incidence of coronary blood clots as well as hardening of the arteries. The Eskimo population also showed low levels of plasma cholesterol and plasma triglycerides. These data were supported by an examination of the "bleed time" for the Eskimos. Their blood clotting was considerably slower than that of persons on Western diets.

Good Nutrition for Healthy Gums

How does a person develop healthy teeth? The usual advice—which is still valid, of course—is to brush after meals, floss daily and have regular checkups and cleaning by a dentist. Adequate amounts of vitamin D and calcium have also traditionally been recommended.

Today, however, researchers are becoming more and more aware that other factors play a substantial role in healthy teeth and gums. For instance, the American Dental Association points out that smoking cigarettes, chewing tobacco and "dipping snuff" are dangerous, because of the risks of oral cancer as well as the dangers to general periodontal health.

Those who smoke have greater accumulations of plaque and calculus in their mouths, leading directly to tooth decay and gum disease. Tobacco chewing and "snuff dipping" also increase plaque and calculus and cause cankers and other mouth irritations.

Consumption of sugar is another danger in maintaining healthy teeth. Sugar actually acts like an acid on teeth surfaces, and, like tobacco, promotes plaque and calculus.

On the positive side, there are some indications that vitamin C is an aid in the prevention of gum disease. A recent study using animals shows that vitamin C may have an effect on gum tissue's resistance to disease. Vitamin C was found to prevent the scourge of scurvy several hundred years ago. Bleeding gums are one of the signs of scurvy. The role of other nutrients, such as folic acid, calcium and phosphorus, in the prevention and treatment of gum disease is also currently being studied.

Researchers say the preliminary indications are that vitamin C promotes the formation of collagen, an important protein found in connective tissue. Swollen and bleeding gums result from poorly formed collagen and can lead to pyorrhea, the leading cause of tooth loss.

You be the Judge

by John A. Ritter

Helen, an elderly widow, had both money and "religion." When she died at 83, her grandchildren gathered at the lawyer's office, where they expected to learn of a large inheritance.

"I leave all my property to my grandchildren who are members of the Presbyterian Church," directed Helen's will.

None of the grandchildren belonged to a church. Together, the faithless grandchildren vowed to fight the church requirement in court. "The condition of membership is unconstitutional and unenforceable," they argued. "Grandma can't control our religious preference from the grave."

How would you decide, if you were the judge?

The will is valid.

"The condition of the will is neither illegal nor immoral," said the judge. "Since the grandchildren never had any claim upon Helen's money in the first place, they can't complain of the condition of church membership."

(In re Estate of Laning *[1975, Pa.] 339 A.2d 520)*

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O'Connor

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think so," she says with conviction. "In our law schools today at least half the students are women. I fully expect to see the percentages of women in the practice reflected in the roughly similar percentages on the bench and in other activities in which lawyers are generally engaged.

"So I certainly do think we are going to see that reflected—not only here but in judicial offices across the nation."

Have the confines of Washington and its turmoil made a severe change in the lifestyle of Justice O'Connor after a childhood spent in the wide-open spaces and an early career in ozonic Arizona? Her answer is not surprising: "When we lived in Arizona I was an active worker in a variety of civic projects and a volunteer in a good many different agencies. Today, I don't have the time to do much in terms of caring for my household or anything else except doing work that's demanded by this job. So it's a complete change."

Once an avid cook, Justice O'Connor must now leave most of the cooking to others. Her diet has changed too, "rather dramatically," she says. Once a staunch beef eater, the justice has turned to fish, fruits and vegetables. She says she tries to avoid sugars and salt but confesses a weakness for coffee. She also takes several vitamins each day.

As for indulging in her favorite recreation—tennis—the justice says she was very fond of her tennis-playing friends in Phoenix and misses them in Washington. She still manages to get in a game a week, at noon, in a facility near the Court.

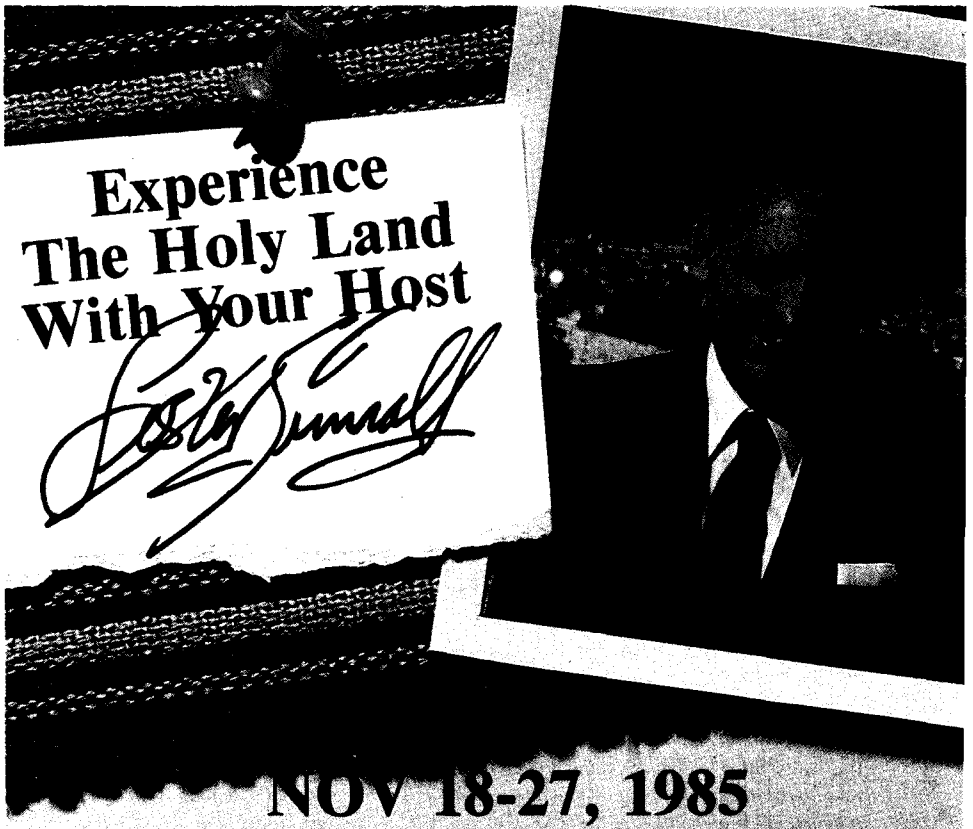
And her beloved boys? "They are all very responsible young adults; all have performed well indeed," she says. "I see them already taking on jobs as volunteers in some of the things I was interested in long ago. And that's just wonderful to me. I think it's important that young people get involved, and I'm extremely proud that our sons are becoming a part of community activities."

Sandra O'Connor's busy work schedule may have served through the years to bring her family closer together. "We all like sports," she says. "Through the years we planned our vacations so we could take them skiing—winter skiing in Utah and California, water-skiing in summer. We also like to play tennis, as you know, and golf. The children learned to play both sports. We also managed to take backpacking trips and camping trips together.

"Years ago we had family gatherings for our friends in Phoenix where we would stage things like 'Family Olympics Day.' We'd set up a whole range of sports activities and encourage each family to construct their own flag, march in the grand parade and enter all the events as families."

The older the boys got, the more their father enjoyed being with them, she says, adding, "I think they are as close as a father and sons could possibly be. John has such a great sense of humor, and all three of our boys are very witty. They have a wonderful time entertaining one another."

John O'Connor's sense of humor, a tonic for Sandra as well, has been a great antidote to the somber issues she must contend with on the Supreme Court. "It just bubbles out of him on an impromptu basis," she says. "Sometimes the first statement of the day will be some funny little comment that will have us both laughing. He has kept me laughing for 30 years."



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Getting Tuff on Snuff

continued from page 65

caller, who announced he was taking a survey, questioned her about who should be held responsible when teenagers use alcohol, salt, sugar, butter, shortening or saffron with damaging results to health.

Then the caller asked whether she thought that tobacco companies should be regarded as responsible if an 11-year-old boy started using snuff. When the Ada resident disclosed her personal knowledge of the Marsee case, the questioner said he thought he was calling Oklahoma City, not Ada, and hung up.

Betty Marsee is making sure that Sean's memory is kept alive—for in the memory of his tragic death, there is hope that other children may be saved from the life-threatening dangers of snuff.

Concerned readers can receive a copy of the Oklahoma bill making it illegal to sell smokeless tobacco to minors and a copy of our "Snuff Out Snuff" poster for posting in school locker rooms and other areas frequented by young boys. Other items available on the dangers of smokeless tobacco are reprints of an earlier *Saturday Evening Post* article and a television script from the Christian Broadcasting Network's "LifeCare Digest" program. If you would like to receive any of these materials, send a tax-deductible donation of any amount to "Snuff Out Snuff," Children's Better Health Institute, Box 567, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206.

Smoking Victims

continued from page 65

attorney and see." He pointed out, however, that when a person dies from a tobacco-related illness "the clock on limitations goes back to zero and starts running again for those in the estate who might want to sue." His organization advises attorneys and victims contemplating such suits.

One of the recent Massachusetts suits was filed by Dr. John Bullitt, a 63-year-old former English professor at Harvard University who suffers from lung cancer. Dr. Bullitt quit his 47-year-old, three-pack-a-day habit in August 1984, a month before his cancer was diagnosed. He is suing the Liggett Group, which makes Chesterfields, Philip Morris (Marlboros), and American Brands (Carltons). Also named in the suit is the Tobacco Institute, a lobbying group for the tobacco industry.

Joining his father in the suit is 13-year-old David Bullitt, who seeks damages for the loss of his father's companionship because of the illness. The suit is being handled by David Barry of the Boston law firm Sugarman, Rogers, Barshak and Cohen.

Barry describes Dr. Bullitt as someone "who clearly became addicted to cigarette smoking, both physiologically and psychologically. He made several attempts, including some rather desperate ones, to quit smoking from the time he first became concerned about possible health effects, and each time he was unable to quit."

A second case was filed against the makers of Lucky Strike and Winston cigarettes by Charlene Viola, the widow of Lawrence Viola of Stoughton, Massachusetts, who died of lung cancer April 29, 1984. Howard Wayne of Boston's Lawson and Wayne Law firm said Lawrence Viola smoked four packs of cigarettes a day from 1931 until his death. He did not break the habit until the day of his death.

A third case was filed anonymously as a "John Doe" case by a lung-cancer victim's wife.

One person actively supporting the Tobacco Products Liability Project and urging fellow surgeons to do the same is Dr. Dwight E. Harken, clinical professor of surgery emeritus at the Harvard University School of Medicine. Dr. Harken sent 500 letters this summer to thoracic surgeons around the country and asked them to help their patients take action against the tobacco companies.

Dr. Harken, who was one of the doctors who worked to ban cigarette advertising from radio and television and to provide segregated smoking and nonsmoking sections in public places, told his colleagues to "serve victims and their families" by providing information on litigation procedures. "Litigation may simultaneously educate the public and the tobacco industry," Dr. Harken said.

Preparing for Perth

continued from page 101

ing Corporation has chartered the 93-meter *Sea Goddess* for $10 million and expects to recoup its investment. At the last race Westpac chartered a 20-meter yacht and wrote $10 million in business on board.

In addition to the wheeling and dealing, the sightseeing, the champagne sipping and the great sailing shenanigans that accompany any America's Cup race, next year's event will have something more. Not only personal but national egos will be riding on the outcome, and the competitive edge between nations will be the finest ever.

"Australians are extremely competitive," says Shankland. "They are interested right now and will be until the race is run. That's over two years of sustained interest. The America's Cup has never had that before."

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

(Answers from page 96)

1. California
2. Illinois
3. New Jersey
4. New Jersey
5. Texas
6. Ohio
7. Maryland
8. Massachusetts
9. Washington

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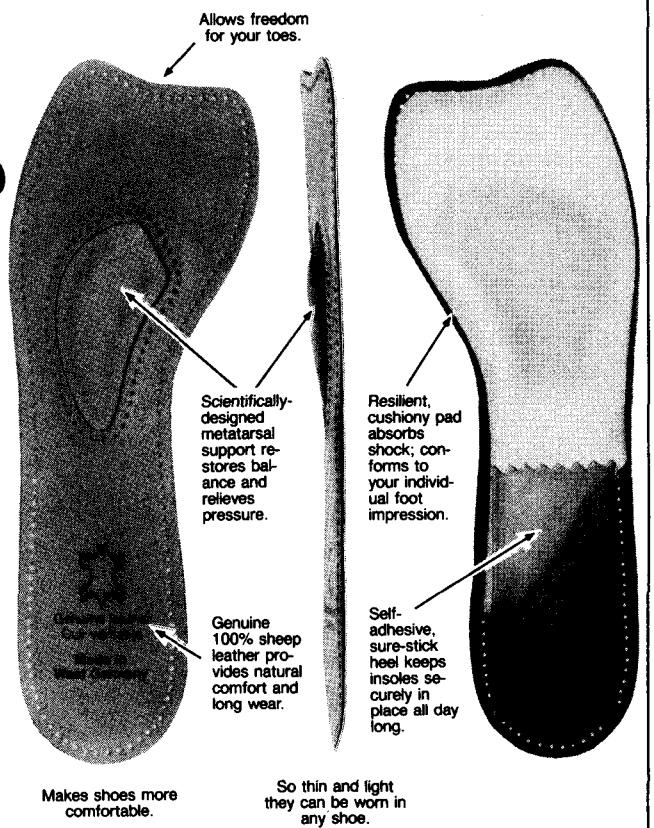
How a Stop in a German Shoe Store Ended a Lifetime of Foot Pain...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"We were in Germany on the very first day of our vacation but my feet were killing me already. I thought a pair of more comfortable shoes might help and I fell in love with a pair in a shoe store in Wiesbaden, Germany.

But when I tried them on, they hurt too. I explained my problem of sore aching feet to a friendly clerk and she pointed to a counter display and said, maybe I needed a pair of special Leather Insoles.

I took her advice and was I glad I did . . . the instant I slipped them into my shoes, my foot pain vanished! I've worn them ever since and my painful foot problems are a thing of the past."

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Squashy Hollow

continued from page 73

"Might I ask you to look me in the eye for a moment, Mr. McMurdo?" he said. "Thank you. Yes, as I thought. You are drowsy. Your eyes are closing. You are falling asleep."

"No, I'm not."

"Yes, you are."

"By Jove, I believe you're right," said Sidney McMurdo, sinking slowly into a conveniently placed deck chair. "Yes, I think I'll take a nap."

The Professor continued to weave arabesques in the air with his hands, and then suddenly Sidney McMurdo sat up. His eye rested on Cyril, but it was no longer the flaming eye it had been. Almost affectionate it seemed, and when he spoke his voice was mild.

"Mr. Grooly."

"On the spot."

"I have been thinking it over, Mr. Grooly, and I have reached a decision, which, though painful, I am sure is right. It is wrong to think only of self. There are times when a man must make the great sacrifice, no matter what distress it causes him. You love Agnes Flack, Agnes loves you and I must not come between you. Take her, Mr. Grooly. I yield her to you, yield her freely. It breaks my heart, but her happiness is all that matters. Take her, Grooly, and if a broken man's blessing is of any use to you, I give it without reserve. I think I'll go to the bar and have a gin and tonic," said Sidney McMurdo, and proceeded to do so.

"A very happy conclusion to your afternoon's activities," said Professor Farmer as the swing door closed behind him. "I often say that there is nothing like hypnotism for straightening out these little difficulties. I thought McMurdo's speech of renunciation was very well phrased, didn't you? In perfect taste. Well, as you will now no longer have need of my services, I suppose I had better dehypnotize you. It will not be painful, just a momentary twinge," said the Professor, blowing a lemonade-charged breath in Cyril's face, and Cyril was aware of an odd feeling of having been hit by an atom bomb while making a descent in an express elevator. He found himself a little puzzled by his companion's choice of the expression "momentary twinge," but he had not leisure to go into what was, after all, a side issue. With the removal of the hypnotic spell, there had come to him the realization of the unfortunate position in which he had placed himself, and he uttered a sharp "Oh, golly!"

"I beg your pardon?" said the Professor.

"Listen," said Cyril, and his voice shook like a jelly in a high wind. "Does it count if you ask a girl to marry you while you're hypnotized?"

"Keep your eye on that new in-flight computer. . . ."

"You are speaking of Miss Flack?"

"Yes. I proposed to her on the practice green, carried away by the super-excellence of her chip shots, and I can't stand the sight of her. And, what's more, in about three weeks I'm supposed to be marrying someone else. You remember Patricia Binstead, the girl who showed you into my office?"

"Very vividly."

"She holds the copyright. What am I to do? You couldn't go and hypnotize Agnes Flack and instill her, as you call it, with the idea that I'm the world's leading louse, could you?"

"My dear fellow, nothing easier."

"Then do it without an instant's delay," said Cyril. "Tell her I'm scratch and pretended to have a 24 handicap in order to win the medal. Tell her I'm sober only at the rarest intervals. Tell her I'm a Communist spy. Tell her I've two wives already. But you'll know what to say."

He waited breathlessly for the Professor's return.

"Well?" he cried.

"All washed up, my dear Cyril. I left her reunited with McMurdo. She says she wouldn't marry you if you were the last publisher on earth and wouldn't let you sponsor her novel if you begged her on bended knees. She says she is going to let Simon and Schuster have it, and she hopes that will be a lesson to you."

Cyril drew a deep breath.

"Pepperidge, you're wonderful!"

"One does one's best," said the Professor, modestly. "Well, now that the happy ending has been achieved, how about returning to the bar? I'll buy you a lemonade."

"Do you really like that stuff?"

"I love it."

It was on the tip of Cyril's tongue to say that one would have thought he was a man who would be more likely to share Count Dracula's preference for human blood when thirsty, but he refrained from putting the thought into words. It might, he felt, be lacking in tact, and after all, why criticize a man for looking like something out of a horror film if his heart was so patently of the purest gold? It is the heart that matters, not the features, however unshuffled.

"I'm with you," he said. "A glass of lemonade would be most refreshing."

"They serve a very good lemonade here."

"Probably made from contented lemons."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the Professor.

He smiled a hideous smile. It had just occurred to him that if he hypnotized the waiter, he would be spared the necessity of disbursing money, always a consideration to a man of slender means.

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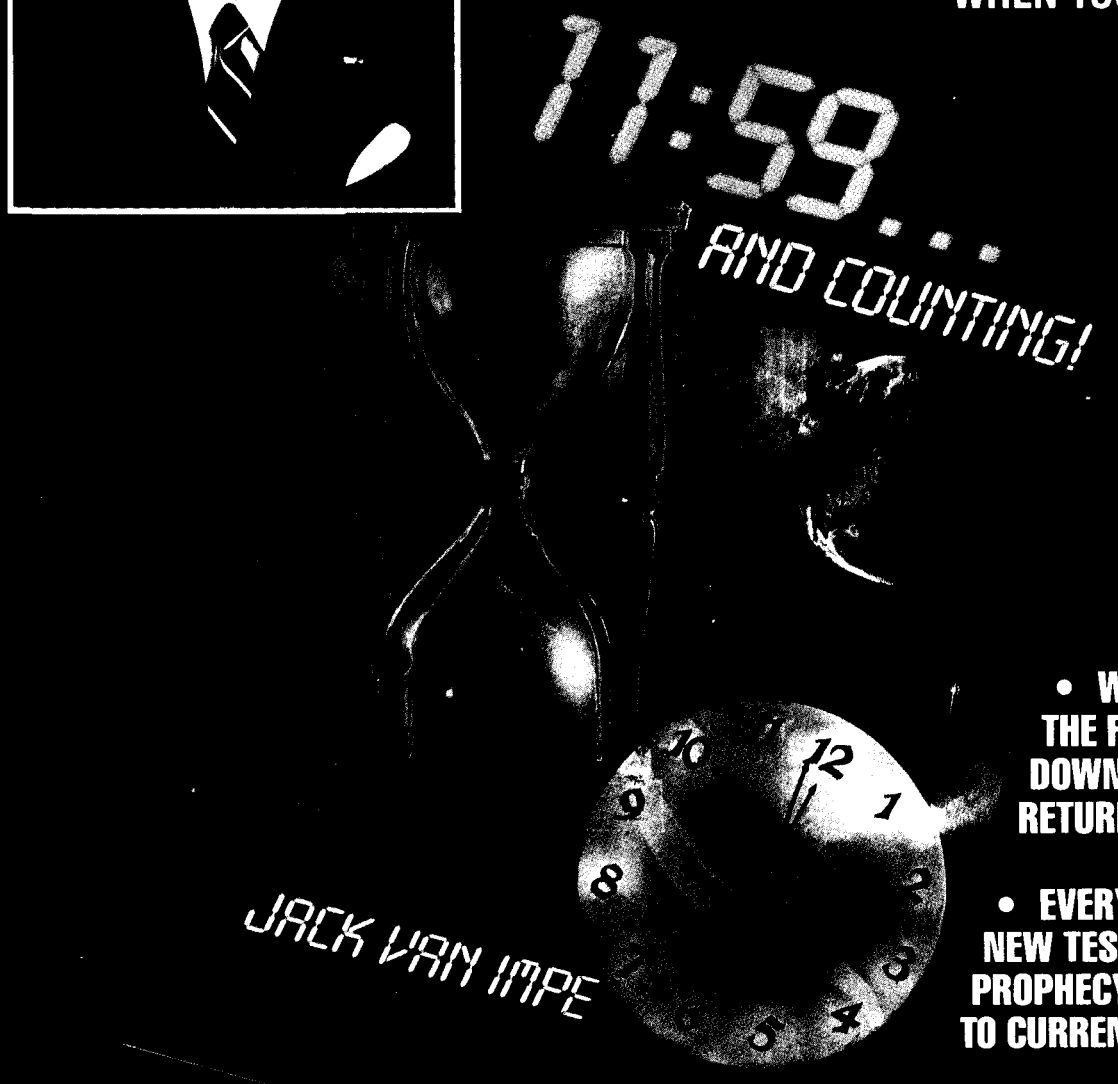

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